G. 406. 32.

TREASURE ROOM
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THE VISION

of Pierce Plowman, now fyrste imprynted by Roberte Crowley, dwellyng in Elyrentes in Holburne.

Anno Domini.

1550.

Cum priuilegio ad imprimendū solum.

The Printer to the Reader.

BEynge desyerous to knowe the name of the Autoure of this most worthy worke, (gentle reader) and the tyme of the writynge of the same: I did not onely gether togyther suche aunciente copies as I could come by, but also consult such men as I knew to be more exercised in the studie of antiquities, then I my selfe haueben. And by some of them I haue learned that the Autour was named Roberte langelande, a Shropshere man borne in Cleybirie, aboute viij. myles from Malvernehilles.

For the time when it was written: it chaunced me to se an auncient coppye, in the later ende wherof was noted, that the same coppye was written in the yere of oure Lorde. M. iiii. C. and nyne, which was before thys presente yere, an hundred & xli, yeres. And in the seconde side of the. lxviii. leafe of thys printed coppye, I finde mention of a dere yere, that was in the yere of oure Lorde, M. iii. hundred and. L. John Chichester than beynge mayre of Loudon. So that this I may be bold to reporte, that it was fyrste made and wrytten after the yeare of our lord. M. iii. C. L. and before the yere. M. iiii C. and. ix which meane spase was. lix. yeres. We may iustly coniect that sort, ye it was firste written about two hundred yeres paste, in the tyme of Kynge Edwarde the thyrde. In whose tyme it pleased God to open the eyes of many to se hys truth: geuing them boldenes of herte, to open their mouthes and crye oute agaynste the worckes of darckenes, as did. John wicklefe, who also in those dayes translated the holye Bible into the Englishe tonge, and this writer who in reportynge certaine visions and dreames, that he fayned him selfe to haue dreamed: doeth moste christianlye enstruct the weake, and sharply rebuke the obstinate blynde. There is no maner of vice, that reigneth in anye estate of men, whiche this wryter hath not godly, learnedlye, and wittilye rebuked. He wrote altogyther in miter: but not after ye maner of our rimers that write nowe adayes (for his verses ende not alike) but the nature of hys miter is, to haue thre wordes at the leaste in euery verse whiche beginne with some one letter. As for ensample, the firste two verses of the boke renne vpon: s. as thus,

In a somer season whan sette was the Sunne,
I shope me into throbbes, as I a shepe were.

The next runneth vpon. D. as thus.

In habite as an Hermite vnholy of werckes. &c.

This thinge noted, the miter shal be very pleasaunt to read, The Englishe as according to the time it was written in, and the sence somewhat darcke, but not so harde but that it may be vnderstande of suche as will not sticke to breake the shell of the nutte for the kernelles sake.

As for that is written in the xxvi. leafe of this boke concernynge a dearth thēto come: is spoken by the knowledge of astronomie as may wel be gathered, bi that he saeth, Saturn sente him to tell. And that whiche followeth and geueth it the face of a prophesie, is lyke to be a thynge added of some other man than the fyrste autour. For diuers copies haue it diuers waies. For where the copie that I followe hath it thus.

And when you see the sunne amisse & two monkes heades
And a mayde haue the maistrye, and multiplie by eyght.
Some other haue,
Thre Shyppes and a shife, with an eight followynge,
Shall brynge bale and battel, on both half the more.

Now for that whiche writtē in ỹ l. leafe, cōcerning ỹ suppression of Abbaies, the Scripture there alledged, declareth it to be gathered of the iuste iudgement of God, who, wyll not suffer abomination to raigne vnpunished. Loke not vpon this boke therfore, to talke of wonders, paste or to come, most charitably rebuked. The spirite of God geue the grace to walke in the waye of truthe to Gods glory, & thyne own Soules trouthe,

So beit.

IN a somer season when sette was the sunne
I shope me into shroubes as I a shepe were
In habyte as an Hermet vnholie of werkes
Went wyde in thys worlde wōders to here.
And on a Maye morynge on Malverne hylles
Me befel a ferly of fayry me thought.
I was wery of wandrynge and went me to reste
Under a brode banke by a bourne syde
And as I laye and lened and loked on the water
I slombred into a slepyng, it swyzed so mery.
Than gan I to meten a marueylouse sweuen
That I was in wyldernes I wyste neuer where
As I beheelde into the este an hyghe to the sunne
I sawe a tower on a toft trychelyche ymaked
A depe dale benethe, a dungeon therin
Wyth depe dyches & darcke and dreadfull of syght
A fayre felde full of folke, found I there betwene
Of all maner of men the meane and the ryche
Werkynge and wandrynge as the worlde asketh.
Some put hem to the ploughe, pleden full selde
In settynge and sowynge swonken full harde
And wonnen that wasters wyth glotony distroyen
And some put hem to pryde apparelde thereafter
In countinaūce of clothynge commenly disgised
In prayers and penaunce putten hem manye
In hope to haue after heauenryche blysse
And for the loue of our lorde lyueden full harde
As Ankers and Hermets that hold hem in her selles
And coueten nought in contrey to carien aboute
For no lyquerouse lyuelode her likam to please.
And some chosen chaffer, they cheueden the better
As it semeth to oure syghte that suche do thriuen

And myrthes to maken as mynstrelles kunneth
And getten golde wyth her glee, synles I leue
As Japers and Janglers Judas chyldren
Fayneth hem fantasies, and foles hem maketh
And han her wytte at wyll to werke if they shoulde
That Paule preacheth of hem I nel not preue it here
Qui loquitur turpiloquium. &c
Bydderis and beggeris faste aboute yede
Wyth hyr bealles & hyr bagges of bread ful crāmed
Faytenden for her fode, foughten at the ale.
In glotony God wote gone they to bedde
And ryse wyth rybaudy as Rebertes knaues
Slepe and sorzy slouth seweth hem euer
Pilgrimes & Palmers plyght hem togyther
For to seke. S. James and sayntes at Rome
They went forth theyr way, wyth many wyse tales.
And had leaue to lye all hyr lyfe after
I see some that sayd they had sought sayntes
To ech a tale ỹ they tolde, her tong was tēpred to lye
Moze then to say sothe, it semed by hyr speache.
Hermets on a heape wyth hoked staues
Wenten to Walsingham, & her wēehes after.
Greate loubeis and longe ỹ loth were to swynke
Clothed hem in copes to be knowen from other
And shopen hem Hermets her ease to haue.
I found ther the fryers all the four orders
Preached to the people for profite of hem selues
Glosed the gospell as hem good lyked
For couetous of copes, construe it as they would
Many of these maister friers might cloth hē at liking
For her money & her marchaundise marchen togither.
For sith charitie was chapmā & cheke to shrine lordes

Many

Many ferleis haue fallen in fewe yeres
But holy churche and I hold better togyther
The most mischiefe on molde is mountinge wel fast.
There preached a Pardoner as he a priest were
Brought forthe a bull with many byshoppes seales
And said that him selfe myght absoyle hem all
Of falsehode and of fastinge, and of vowes broken
Lewde men leued hym well and lyked hys wordes
Commen vp knelynge to kysse hys bulles
He bouchid hem with his brenet, and blered her eies
And raught with his ragmaboth ringes and broches
Thus they giue theyr gold glotons to kepe
And leueth it to suche losells as lecherie haunteth,
Were the bysshop blessed, and worth both his eares
Hys seale shoulde not be sent to deceyue the people
And it is nought by the bishop that the boy precheth
For the paryshe priest & the pardoner part the siluer
That the pouerty of the parysh should haue if theyne
Persōs & her priestes pleyned hē to ẏ bishop (were
That her parishes were poore sithē ẏ pestilēce time
To haue a lycence and leue at London to dwell
To synge there for Simony, for siluer is swete.
Bishops and bachilors, both masters & doctours
That haue cure vnder Christe, and crowning in tokē
And signe that they should shryue her parishynges
Preache and pray for hem, and the pore fede,
Lye at London in lenten and elles
Some seruen the kynge, and hys syluer tell
In Cheker and in chauncery, chaleng his dettes.
Of wardes & warmottes of wayues and strayues
And some serue as seruaūtes to lordes and to ladyes
And in stede of Stewardes sitte and deme,

Pardonars

Nourdence

Her masses and her mattens, and many of her hours
Are done vndeuoutlye, dredeis at the laste
Lest Christ in consistory accurse full many.
I perceyued of the powre that Peter had to kepe
To bynden and vnbinden, as the boke telleth
Howe he left it wyth loue, as our lorde hyght
Amonges foure vertues, the best of all vertues,
That Cardinalles ben called and closing yates.
There Christ is in kingedome to close and to schit,
And to open it to hem, and heuens blisse shewe
And of Cardinals at court ỹ caught of that name
And power presumed in hem a Pope to make
To haue that power that Peter had, inpunge I nel,
For in loue and letture the election belongeth,
Forthy I can and can not, of court speke more.
Then came there a kynge, knyghthode hym ledde
Myght of the commons made him to reygne,
And than came kinde wytte, and clerkes he made
For to counsell the king and the communes saue.
The kynge and knyghthode, and clergy bothe
Casten that the commons shoulde hem selues fynde,
The commons contriued of kinde wytte craftes
And for profit of all the people plowe men ordeyned
To tyll and to trauel as true lyfe asketh.
The kynge and the commons, and kind wit the third
Shope lawe & leauty euery man to know his owne.
Then loked vp a Lunatike, a leane thinge wyth all
And knelynge to the kynge clergially he sayd
Christ kepe the syr kynge, and thy kingryche
And leue the lede thy londe so leauty the loueth
And for thy rightfull rulynge, be rewarded in heuen,
And sithen in the ayre on height an aungel of heuen

Lowde

Lowde to speake in latin, for lewde men ne coulde
Iangle ne iudge that iustifie hem shoulde
But suffren and seruen, forthye sayd the angell

Sum rex sum princeps, neutrum fortasse deinceps
O qui Jura regis, Christi specialia regis,
Hoc quod agas melius, iustus es esto pius
Nudum ius a te vestiri vult pietate.
Qualia vis metere, talia grana sere
Si ius nudatur, nudo de iure metatur,
Si seritur pietas, de pietate metas.

Than greued hym a Goleardeis a glotō of wordes
And to the angell on hygh answered after

Dum rex a regere, dicatur nomen habere,
Nomen habet sine re, nisi studet iura tenere.

Than gan all the commons crye in verse of latine
To the kinges counsel construe who so woulde

Precepta regis, sunt nobis vincula legis.

The tale of the ratons.

Wyth that ranne there a route of rattons at once
And small mise wyth hem moo then a thousand
And commen to counsel for the common profit
For a Catte of a contrye came whan hym lyked
And ouerleapt hem lyghtly & caught hem at his wyl
And plaied wyth hem perelously, and posted aboute,
For doubt of diuers dredes we dare not wel loke
And if we grutche at hys game, he will greuen vs al
Scratchyng vs & clawyng vs, & in hys clawes hold
That we loth the lyke or he lette vs passe.
Myght we with any wytte hys wyll wythstand
We myght be Lordes aloft, and lyue at our ease.
A ratton of renowne most renable of tonge
Sayd for a soueraygne helpe to him selfe.
I haue sene segges, quod he, in the city of Lōdon
Bere bigbes ful bryghte aboute theyr neckes

And some colers of craftie werke, vncopled they wēte
Both in waren and in waste where hem self lyked
And other whyle they ar els wher, as I heare tell,
Were there a bel on her bight, bi Jesu as me thinkith
Men might wyt where they went and a wayn rūne.
And right so, quod that ratton, reason me sheweth
To by a bell of brasse, or of bryght syluer
And knyt it on hys coller for oure comen profyt
Whether he ritte or rest or run to pleye
And if hym list for to lake than loke we myght
And pere in his presens the while hym playe liketh
And if he wrath, be ware and his waye shonne
Al this rowt of Rattons to this reason they assented
And tho the bel was brought, & on the bight hanged
There ne was a rattē in al ẏ rowte for al ẏ realme of
That durst bynd the bel aboute ẏ cats necke (fraūce
Ne hang it abowt the catts halse al Englande to win
And helde hem vnhardie and her cowncell feble
And let her labor loste and al their longe studie.
A mowse that muche goode coude as me thought
Stroke furth sternelye and stode before hem all
And to the rowte of rattons rehersed thes wordes.
Though we kyl thys cate, yet shulde ther cū an other
To catch vs & al our kind, though we crep vnder bē-
Forthie I coūcel al ẏ cōmens to let ẏ cat worch)ches
And be we neuer so bolde, the bel hym to shewe,
For I harde mi sire say seuen yere passed
Where the cat is a kylling, the courte is full elenge
That wytnesseth holy writinge who so will it rede
✝ Ve terre Vbi puer Rex est
For may no reuke there rest haue, for ratons bi night
The whil he catcheth couies, he couiteth not our cariō

✝ Omnium doctissimorum suffragio, dicuntur, hec de lassiuis, fatuis, aut ineptis principibus, non de etate tenellis. Quasi dicat, vbi rex pueritis est.

But

But fedeth hym wyth veneſõ, defame we hym neuer
For better is a lyttel loſſe then a longe ſorowe —
The maze amonge vs al though we miſſe a ſhrewe
For manie mens malte we myſe wolde deſtroye
And alſo the rowte of rattons rente mens clothes
Ner the cat of that courte that can vs ouerleape
For had you rats youre wyl, you could not rule your
I ſate for me, quod ỳ mouſe, I ſe ſo mekel after (ſelfe
Shal neither ỳ Cat ne ỳ kitling bimi coũcel be greuid
Ne carpinge of this coler that coſted me neuer
And though it had coſt me Catel; beknown it I nold
But ſuffre as hym ſelfe wolde to done as hym liketh
Coupled and vncopled lo catche what they maye.
For thie eche a wiſe wight I warn, wit wel his own
What this mettles bymeneth, ye men that be mery
Deuine ye for I darenot, by dere God in heauen,
yet houed ther an hundred in hownes of ſilke
Sergeaunts ỳt beſemed that ſeruen at the barre
Pleten for penies and pondes the lawe
And not for loue of our lord vnclaſen their lips once
Thou myghteſt better mete ỳ miſt on maluerne hils —
Thã gette a mũne of her mouth til mony be ſhewed
Barons and burgeſes, and bonde men alſo
I ſee in thys aſſemble as ye ſhall here after
Bakeſters, and bruеſters and bochers many
Wollen webſters, and weuers of lynnen
Taylers and tinkers, and tollers in markettes,
Maſons and minours, and many other craftes
Of all kynne lyb bynge laborers loyen forth ſome
As dikers and deluers that done their dedes ỳll
And dryue forth the long day with dieux ſaue dame
Cokes and her knaues criden hote pies hote (Eme
Good

Good geese and gris goo wee dyne goo we
Tauerners vntyll them tolde the same
Wyth wyne of Osey, and redde wyne of Gascoyne
Of the rynne and of the Rochel the roste to defye
Thys sawe I slepynge, and seuen sithes moze.

Hic assus primus de visione.

What this moũtein bemeineth & ỹ merke dale
And ỹ feld ful of folke I shal you faire shewe
A louely lady of lere in lynen clothed
Came downe from a castel & called me faire
And sayde sonne seapest thou, seest thou thys people
Howe busy they be all aboute the mase?
The most part of this puple ỹ passeth on this earth
Haue they worschyp in this world, they wil no better,
Of other heauen, then here holde they no tale
I was afrayed of her face, though she fayre were
And sayd, mercy madame, what is thys to meane?
The toure vpon the toft, quod she, truth is therin
And woulde that ye wrought as hys word teacheth
For he is father of fayth, and former of you all
Both with fel and wo face, and gaue you fyue wittes
For to worschyp him therwo, yea whyle ye ben here
And therfore he heyght the erth, to helpe you eche one
Of wollen of lynnen and of lyuelode at nede
In mesurable maner to make you at ease
And cõmaũded of his curtesy in cõmen thre thynges.
Arn none nedful but two? and named hem I thinke
And reckened hem by rewe, reherse ye hem after.
That one is vesture, from cheyle to saue
And meate at meale for disease of thy selfe

And

And drinke whã thou drest, & do nought out of reasõ
That ỹ worth the worse, whã thou worke shouldest
For Lothe in his lyue dayes for lykynge of drynke Lorv,
Did wyth hys doughters that the deuil lyked
Delited in drynke as the deuyll woulde
And Lechery him laught, and lay by hem both,
And all he wytte the wyne that wicked dede
Inebriamus eum vino, dormiamusque cum eo vt
seruare possimus de patre nostro semen.
Through wyne & women there was Loth accũbred
And there gat in glotony gyrles that were cherels
Forthy drede delectable drinke, & thou shalt do ỹ bet-
Measure is medicine, though you michel yerne (ter
It is not all for the goste that the gutte asketh
Leefe not thy lykam for a lyer hym techeth body
That is the wretched worlde woulde ỹ betray
For the fende and the flesche folo weth the togythers
This & that seeth thy soule, and seeth it in thine herte,
And for thou shouldest beware, I wysche the the best,
Madame mercy, quod I, me liketh wel your words
And the monye of this mold that men so fast holdeth
Tell me to whom madame that treasure appendeth bilongeth
Go the gospell, quod she, that god sayd hym selfe
Tho ỹ people him apposed wt a peny in the tẽple
Whether thei should therwt worship the king Cesar
And God asketh hem of whom spake the letter
And the image ylike that therein standeth
Cesares they sayde, we sene her well ichone
Reddite Cesari quod god, that Cesari belongeth
Et que sunt dei deo, or els ye done yll
For ryghtfull reason shoulde rule you all
And kynd witt be warden your wealth to kepe
guardian

And tutor of your treasure, and take you at nede
For husbandrye and hit holden togither.
Than I frayned hyr fayre for hym that me made
That dungeon in the dale, that dredfull is of syght
What may it be to meane, madame I you beseech.
That is the castell of care, who so commeth therin
May banne that he borne was, to body or to soule,
Therin wonneth a wyght that Wronge is yhote
Father of falsehead, and founded it him selfe
Adam and Eue he egged to yll,
Councelled Cayne to kyll hys brother,
Judas he taped wyth Jewes syluer
And sithen on an elder hanged hym after
He is letter of loue, and lyeth hem all
That truste in hys treasure betraieth he soonest.
That had I wõder in my wyt, what womã it were
That suche wyse wordes of holy wryte shewed
And I asked her on ỹ height name or she thẽce yede
What she were wysely, that wyshed me so fayre
Holy church I am, quod she, ỹ oughtest me to know
I vnderfeng the fyrst, and the fayth taught
Thou broughtest me borowes, my biddings to fulfyll
And to loue me lelly, ỹ whyle the life dureth
Than I courbid on my knees, and cried her of grace
And prayed hyr pitiously pray for my synnes
And also kenne me kyndely, on Christe to beleue
That I myght worke hys wil ỹ wrought me to mã
Teache me to no treasure, but tell me thys ilke
Howe I may saue my soule, that saynt art yholden.
When al treasures are tried, quod she, truth is best
I do it on Deus charitas, to deme the sothe
It is as dere worth a diury, as deare God him selfe,

Who so is true of hys tonge, and telleth no other
And doth the workes, therew̃, and wylleth no mã yll
He is a god by the gospell a grounde, & a loft
And lyke to our Lord by saint Lukes wordes
The clerkes that knowe thys, should kenne it aboute
For christen, and vnchristen claymeth it echone
Kynges and knyghtes shoulde kepe it by reason
Riden and rapen downe in realmes aboute
And taken transgressours and tye hem faste
Tyll Truth termined her trespace to thende
And ẏ is the professiõ apartly ẏ appẽdeth to knyghts
And not to fast one ffriday, in hyue score wynter
But hold wyth him and w̃ hir, that wolden al truth,
And neuer leue hem for loue, ne for lackyng of siluer.
For Dauid in hys dayes dubbed knyghtes
And did hem swere on her swerd to serue Truth euer
And who so passed ẏ poynt was apostata in ẏ ordre
But Christe kyngof kyngis made knyghtes ten
Cherubin and Seraphyn suche seuen and other
And gaue hẽ might in his maiestie, ẏ merier hẽ thought
And ouer yis mene meiny made hẽ archangels
Taught by the trinitye Truth to knowe
To be buxome at hys byddinge, he bade hẽ nought
Lucifer with legions, lerned it in heauen
But for he brake buxomnes, hys blysse can he tyne
And fel from that felowshyp, in a fendes lykenes
Into a depe darke hell to dwell there for euer
And moo thousandes w̃ hym, thã man could nũbre,
Loppen out wyth Lucifer in lothlych forme
For these leuden apon hym that lyed on thys manere
Ponam pedem in aquilone et similis ero Altissimo.
And al ẏ hoped it might be so, no heuẽ might hẽ hold

But fell out in fendes lykenes nyne dayes togyther
Tyll god of hys goodnes gan stable and stynte
And garde the heuen to stycke and stond in quiet
When these wycked went out, in wōderwise they fell
Some in ayre, some in earth, and some in hell depe.
And Lucifer lowest leth yet of hem all
For pride that he pult out hys payne hath no ende
And al that worke wyth wrong wende they shal
After their death day, and dwell wyth that shrewe.
And tho that worke well, as holy wryte telleth
And end as I ere sayd in Truth that is the beste
May be siker that their soules shal wende to heauen
There Truth is in trinitie and troweth hem all
Forthy I say as I sayd ere, by syght of these textes,
Whan all treasures are tried truth is the beste
Lerne on thys lewd men, for lettred men it knoweth
That Truth is treasure the triest on earth.
I haue no kind knowing quod I, ye mote me kē bet-
By what craft in mi corps it comseth, & wher, (ter
Thou dotest daffe, quod she, dull are thy wyttes
To tel latin thou learnedest, leode in thy youth
Heu mihi, quia sterilem duxi, vitam iuuenilem
It is a kind knowing, quod he, that kenneth in ȳ hert
For to loue thy Lorde leuer than thy selfe.
No deadly synne to do, dye thoughe thou shouldeste,
Thys I trowe be truth, who can teach the better
Loke thou suffer hym to say, and sith lerne it after
For Truth telleth that loue is triacle for synne
May no synne be on hym sene, that vseth that spyce
And al hys worke he wrought with loue as him list
And lerned it Moses for pleuiest thing, of all
And also the plant of peace, most precious of vertues

For

For heuen myght not hold it, it was so heauy of him
Tyll it had of the erthe yoten it selue (selfe
And whan it had of this folde flesshe and bloud taken
Was neuer leafe apon linde, lyghter there after
And portatiue and persante as the poynt of an nedle
That might non armoure it let, ne none heigh walles
Forthie is loue leader of the lordis folke of heauen
And a meane as the Maire is betwene ỹ king & the
Right so is loue a leader, & the lawe shapeth (cõmons
Upon man for his misdedes, the mercymẽt he taxeth
And for to knowe it kyndlie, it cõmeth by mighte
And in the hert there is the hefde, and the hygh wyll
For of kynd knowing in hart there a might begineth
And that faileth to the father that formed vs al
He looked on vs wyth loue, and let his sone die
Mekelie for oure misdedis to amende vs all
And yet wold he hẽ no woo ỹ wrought him ỹ payne
But meklie wyth mouth mercie he besought
To haue pitty on that people that pained him to deth
Here might you see examples in selfe one
That he was mightfull and meke ỹ mercie can graũt
To hem that hange him on height, & his hart thirled
For thie I red you Ryche haue ruthe on the poze
Though ye be mightti to mot be meke in youre woz
For the same mesure ỹ ye mete, amis, other ells (kes
Ye shall be weien therewyth whan ye wenden hence
Eadem mensura qua mensi fueritis, remetietur vobis
For though ye be true of your toung & truelich wyn
And as chast as a childe that in churche wepeth
But if ye loue lelie, and leue the poze
Such good as God you sent goodliche parte
You haue no moze merit in masse nor in houres

Than Malken of her maydenhede ẏ no man desireth
For James the Jentle Judged in hys bokes
That faythe w̄ owte ẏ feate is right nothing worth
And as deade as dore tree, but if the dedes followe
Fides sine operibus mortua est &c
Forthi chastiti w̄ ought chariti worthi cheines in hel
It is as lewde as a lampe that no lyght is in
Manie chaplens ar chast and charitie is awaye
Ar no mē auariciouser thā they, whā thei be auaūced
Unkynde to theyre kynne and to all christen
Chewen theyre charitie and chiden after more
Such chastitie w̄out charitie worthie chaynes in hel
Manie curators kepe hem clene of here bodies
They be acūbred w̄ coueties they cā not do it frō thē
So harde hath auarice hasped them togythers
And that is no trueth of ẏ trinitie but trechery of hel
And lernyge to lewde men the latter for to dele
For thie these wordis be written in the gospel
Date et dabitur vobis. for I dele you all
That is the locke of loue that letteth owte my grace
To comforten the carefull accombred w̄ synne
Loue is leche of lyfe and next owre lorde selfe
And also the grayth gate that goith into heuen
For thie I saye, as I sayde er, by the textes
Whan all tresures be tryed truthe is the best
So haue I told you what truth is ẏ no tresor is bet
I may no lōger leng ye w̄, now loke ye oure lord (ter

Passus secundus de visione

Yet

Et I corbed on mi knees ⁊ cried her of grace
And seid merci madā for maris loue of heuē
That bare ẏ blisful barne ẏ bought vs on ẏ
Ken me bi some craft to know ẏ fals. (rode
Loke apon thy lefte halfe and lo where he stondeth
Both false and fauel and her feris many
I loked on my left halfe as the ladie me taught
And was ware of a woman worthilech clothed
Purfiled wyth plesure the fynest apon erthe
Crowned wyth a crowne the Kynge hath non bittter
Fettisleche her fyngers were fretted w̄ goldewyer
And there on red Rubies as red as any glede
And dyamōds of derest price ⁊ double maner saphirs
Orientales and Ewages venemis todestroye
Hyr robe was full riche, of red scarlet engrayned
Wyth Rybandes of red golde and of rych stones,
Her arraye me rauished, such Riches sawe I neuer,
I had wonder what she was, ⁊ whose wyfe she were
What is this woman, quod I, so worthilie atyred.
That is Medeẏ maid quod she hath noied me ful oft
And lacked my lemman that leautie is hote
And bilowe her to lordes that lawes haue to kepe
In the popes palaice, she is preuy as my selfe
But Sothenes wolde not so, for she is a bastarde
For false was her father that hath a fyckell tounge
And neuer sothe sayd sithen he cam to erth
And Mede is maried after hym right as kind asketh
Qualis pater, talis filius, bona arbor, bonum fructū facit.
I ought be hier than she I cam of a better
My father the gret God is, and ground of al graces
One God w̄oute bigininge, ⁊ I hys good daughter
And hath gyuen me mercie to marrie wyth my selfe

And

And what man be mercifull and lelle me loueth
Shalbe my lozde and I his life in the heigh heuen
And what man taketh mede my hede dare I leye
That he shal lease foz her loue a lyppe of Charitatis
How construeth Dauid the kyng of mē ỹ take mede
And men of this molde that mayntaynith truthe
And howe ye should saue youre selfe ỹ psalter berith
Domine quis habitabit in Tabernaculo tuo ⁊ c (witnes
And nowe wozthe this Wede maried vnto a mãzed
To one Fals fikell tounge a fendes byete (shrewe
Faucl through his fair speche hath this folk enchaũtid
And al his liers ledinge that she is thus wedded
The mozowe was made the maydens bridalle
And there might thou wit if ỹ wilt, which thei ben al
That longen to that lozdship, the lesse and the moze
Knowe hym there if thou canst, ⁊ kepe thou thy toũg
And lak hē not, but let hē wozke tyl leutie be Justice
And haue powz to pũnysh hē than put fozth thi reasõ
Foz I bikēne the Christ quod she ⁊ his clene mother
And let no conscience acũbre the foz couetise of Wede.
Thus lefte me that ladie ligging a slepe
And howe mede was maried in metals me thought
That al the riche reteinaunce ỹ reineth w̄ the false
Were bounden to the bridale on both twoo sides
Of al maner of men the meane and the riche
To marie the mayde was manie a man assembled
As of knights ⁊ of clarkes and other cõmon people
As sisozes and somoners, Shreues and ther clerks
Bedelles and baillifes and brokers of chaffer
Forgoers and vitellers and aduocates of tharches
I can not reken the route that ranne aboute Wede
And Simonye and Cuttle and Sisours of courtes

were

Were moste priuie wͭ Mede of any men me thought
And Fauell was the fyrste that fet her out of boure,
And as a broker brought hir to be wͭ False enioyned
Whan Simony and Ciuyll see hir both wyll
They assented for syluer to saye as bothe woulde
Than leepe Lyer forthe and sayde, lo here Charter
That Gyle wͭ hys greate othes gaue hem togyders
And prayed Cyuyll to see, and Simony to reade it
Than Simony and Ciuyl stond forth both togyther
And vnfolde the feoffemente that False hath ymade
And thus beginneth these gomes to gredē ful heygh.

¶ Sciant presentes et futuri. & c.

Wytteth & witnesseth al ẏ wōneth apon thys earth
That Mede is maryed more for hir goodes
Than for anye vertue or fayrenes, or anye free kynd,
Falsenes is fayne of hyr, for he wooteth hyr ryche
And Fauell wyth his ficle speach feffeth him by thys
To be prynce in pryd, & Pouerty to despise (charter
To backebite and to bosten & to beare false wytnes
To scorne and to scould, and sclaunder to make
Unboxome and bold to breake the ten hestes
And the Erledome of Enuye and Wrathe togythers
Wyth the Chastilet of Cheeste and chateryng out of
The contry of couetise & al the costes about (reason
That is vsury and auarise, all hem graunt
In bargaines & in brocages wͭ al ẏ borough of theft
And all the lordeshyp of Lechery in length & in brede
As in workes & in wordes & in waytinges with eyes
And in wedes & in wishynges, & wyth idle thoughtes
There as wyl woulde & the workmanshippe fayleth.
Glotony he gaue hem eke and great othes togither
And all daye to dryncke at diuerse tabernes

Maritagium pr uum cu feoffemē to in ma lo feodo et de per uersa te nura.

And there to iangle & to iape, & iudge hir euenchristen
And in fastynge dayes to frete ere full tyme were
And than to sitte and soupe, tyll sleepe hem assayle
And bede furth as borough the swine, and bedden hem
Tyll Sleuth and slepe slyken hyr sydes (easelye
And than Wanhope to awaken hem so wyth no wyl
For they liuen by luste that is hir laste ende. (to amēd
And they to haue and to holde and hyr heyrs after
A dwellynge wyth the deuyll & damped be for euer
Wyth al ỹ appertinañces of purgatory into ỹ paine
Yeldynge for thys thynge at one yeres end, (of hell
Their soules to Satan to suffer wyth him paynes
And wo hym to wōne wo woo, whyle god is in heuen
In witnes of which thinge, Wronge was the fyrste
And Pierce the pardoner of Paulines doctryne
Bette the bedell of Buckyngham shiere
Raynolde the reue, of Rutlande sokene
Waude the mylner, wyth many mo other
In the date of the Deuyl thys dede I enseale
By syght of syr Simony and Ciuyls leaue.

Thā tened him Theology whē he this tale harde
And sayd to Ciuyl, nowe sorowe myght you haue
Such weddinges to worke to wrath with Truth,
And er this wedding be wrought, now god giue ỹ sorowe
For Wede is mulier of amendes engendred
And God graunteth to gyue Wede to Truth
And ỹ hast geuē hir to a gilor, wo the betyde
Thie text teileth the not so, Truth woote ỹ Sothe
For Dignus est operarius, his hyre to haue
And thou hast fastened hir to False, fye on thy lawe
For al by lesynges thou liuest and lecherous workes
Symony and thy selfe shenden holy church

The Notaries and ye noye the people
Ye shall abye it both by god that made me
Well ye wytte wernardes, but if your wyt fayle
That False is faythles and fykil in hys werkes
And was a bastard borne of Belsabubs kynne
And Mede is a mulier a mayden of good
And myght kysse the kynge for cosin if she would.
Therefore worke by wysdome, and by my wyt also
And leade hyr to London there it is shewed
If anye lawe wyll loke, they lygge togyther
And thoughe iustice iudge hir to be ioyned to False
Yet beware of weddynge, for wytty is Truth
And Cōsciēce is of his coūsel, & knoweth you echone
And if he find you in default, and wyth false hold
It shall biset your soules full sore at the laste
Hereto assent Cyuyle and Simony ne wolde
Tyl he had mony for hys seruice, & also the notaries
Than fet Fauell forth florences inowe
And bade gyle to gyue golde aboute
And namely to the Notaries that hem none fayle
And feffe False wytnes wyth florence inowe
For they may Mede maystrye and make at my wyl.
Tho this gold was geuen great was the thāking
To False and to Fauell for hir fayre gyftes
And come to conforten fro care the False
And sythen certes syr ceasen shall we neuer
Til Mede be wedded wife through ẏ wits of vs al
For we haue Mede maistred wyth oure merye
That she graūteth to go with a good wyll (speach
To London, to loke if the lawe woulde
Judge you ioyntly in ioye for euer
Than was Falsenes fayne, and Fauell as blyth,

Brybes

And letten sommon all segges in shires aboute
And bade hem al to be bowne beggers and other
To wend w̄ hem to Westminster to witnes this dede.
And thā caried they forth caples to cary hem thither
And Fauell fette forth then foles inowe
And set Wede vpon a Shireue shode all newe
And False sate on a Stsoure that softly trotted
And Fauel on a flatterer feetely attired.
Tho had Notaries none anoied they were
For Simony and Ciuill shoulde on theyr fete gange,
And than swore Simony and Ciuill bothe
That somners should be sadled, & serue hem echeone
And let apparel these prouisors in palfreis wise
Sir Simony hym selfe shall sit on their backes
Deanes and Subdeanes drawe you togyther
Archedecons and officials and all your regesters
Let saddle hem wyth syluer our synne to suffer
As aduoutrye and diuorces, and derne vsury
To beare Bishops about abrode in visitynge
Paulines prines, for pleyntes in consistorie
Shal serue my selfe that Ciuyll is named
And carte saddle the Comisarye, our cart shal be lead
And fetche vs vitayles at Fornicatores
And maketh of Lier a long cart, to lead al these other
As friers and faytours that on their fete runnen
And thus False and Fauell faren forth togyther
And Wede in the myddes and all these men after.
I haue no tyme to tel the taile that here folowetb
And Gyle was forgoer. and guyded hem all
Sothnes seethe hem well, and sayth but lyttle
And pricked his palfrey and passed hem all
And came to the kinges court, & Conscience it told

And

And Conscience to the kinge carped it after. told
Now bi Christ quod ỹ kyng and I catch might
Fals or Fauel or anie of there feeris
I wolde be wroken of tho wreches ỹ worken thys il revenged
And done hẽ hang bi ỹ hals & al that hẽ meinteyneth
Shal neuer man of thys molde maynprise the leest
But ryght as the lawe wol loke, let fal on hem all
And cõmaunde a Constable that can at the fyrst
To attache tho Tyrauntes for any thing I hote hose
And fetter fast Falsnes for any kynnes gyftes on foe
And gyrde of Gyles hed and let hym go no ferther
And if ye cache Lyer let hym not escape
Or he be put on the pillerye for any prayers I hote
And bringe Wede to me in mauger them all in spite of
Dreede at the doore stode, and the dome harde judgment
How the king cõmaũdid Constables & Sargeantes
Falsnes and his felosship to fetter and to binden
Than dread went wyghtlye and warned the Fals
And bad hym fle for fere. And his fellows all
Falsenes for feare than fledde to the Freers
And Gyle doth hym to go agast for to die
And Marchaunts meten w̃ him and made him abide
And shitte hym in her shoppes to shewen here ware hurt their
Appareiled hym as a Prentice the people to serue
Lyghtlie Lyer leped awaye than
Lurkynge through Lanes to be lodged of manye
He was no where welcome for his manie tales
Ouer all he hunted, and I hote trusse
Tyll Pardoners had pitie and pulled him in to house
They wash him & wipe him & woundẽ him in clouts
And sent hym wyth seales on sondayes to churches
And gaue hym pardon for pence poundmele abowt

Then loured Leches and Letters they sente
That he shoulde wonne with hem waters to loke
Spicers speken wyth hym to spie theire ware
For he conde of ther crafte, and knewe many gõmes men
And minstreles and messengers mete with hym once
And helde hym halfe a yere and a leuen dayes eleuen
Freers wyth faire speche fet hym thence
And for knowinge of cõmers coped him as a frere
And he hath leue to leppe owte as ofte as him liketh
And is welcome whan he wyl & wonneth wt thẽ ofte dwell
All fledden for feare and floone in to hernes
Saue mede the maide, no mo durst abyde
And, trulie to tell, she trembled for drede
And eke wepte and wronge whan she was atached

Passus tertius de visione

NOwe is Mede the maide & no mo of hẽ all
wt Bedels & baillifs brought before ỹ kyng
The king called a clark can I not his name knowe
To take Mede the mayde & make her atease
I shall assaye hir mi selfe and southelyche appose
What man of this molde that her were leuest
And if she worke by wyt, and my wyl followe
I wol forgeue her thys gylte so me God helpe
Curteslie the clarke than as the kynge hyght
Toke mede bie the middle & brought her into chãbre
And there was mirth and minstrelsi, Mede to please
They that woũne In westminster worshippid her al dwell
Gentlie with Joye, The Justices some
Busked hem to the bower there the bride dwelled chamber
To comforte her kindlye by clergies leaue
And sayde morne not Mede ne make ye no sorowe

mourne

For

For we will wisshe the kinge and the shape
To be weddyd at thy will, and where the leefe liketh
For al conscience cast and crafte as I trowe.
Mildlie Mede than, mercide them all
Of her grete goodnes and gaue hem echone
Copes of clene golde and Copes of siluer
Rynges wyth Rubies and Rych̄es manie
The lest man of ther menie, a noton of golde.
Than lafte they leue, these lordis at Mede.
Wyth that comon Clarks to comfort her sone
And bydden her be blyth for we be thine owne
For to worke thy wyll the while we moune laste
Hendiliche the than bihyght them the same
To louen hem leilie and lordis to make
To begge hem benifices, pluralities to haue
And in consistorie at courte do calle her names
Shal no lewdnes lette the clerke that I loue
That he ne worthe fyrst auaunced for I am bikn owē
Ther cunning clarkis scholen cloke behynde
Than came there a confessor copid as a Frere
To Mede the mayde he melluid thes wordes
And sayde full softile in shrifte as it were,
Though lewd mē & lerned mē had lien by thee both
And falsenes had I folowed the all thys forti winter
I shall assoyle the my selfe for a seme of whete
And also be thy bedman and bere wel thy message
Amoungest knyghtis & Clarkes conscience to turne
Than Mede for her misdedis to that man kneled
And shroue her of her shroudenes shamles I trowe
Tolde hym a tale and toke hym a noble
For to be her bedman and brokar also
Than he assoyled her sone and sithen he sayde
We haue a wyndowe in worknge, wol set vs high

Confessors

confession

Woldest thou glase ỹ gable, & graue therein thi name
Sure Seker shuld thy soule be heuen to haue.
knew I Wyst I that quod the woman, I wold not spare
For to be your frende Freer, and fayle you neuer
Whyle you loue lordes that lecherie haunten
dispraise And lake not Ladies that loue wel the same
It is frailenes of the flesche, ye fynde it in bokes
And a course of kynde, wherof we comen all
f. fault. Who so may escape ỹ slaũder ỹ scath is sone amẽded
It is synne of the seuen souest relessed.
Haue mercy quod mede of men that it haunten
And I shal couer your kyrke, your cloysture do makẽ
Walles do whyten and wyndowes glasen
Do peynten and portraye and paye for the makyng
man That euery segge shall say I am syster of your house
And God to al good folke such grauinge defend
To wryte in wyndowes of her weil deades
Ou auẽture Pryd be painted there, & pomp of ỹ wor
For Christ knoweth thi cõsience & thi kind wil (lde
And thy cost and thy couetis, & who thy cattel ought
Therfore I lerne you lordes, leaue such worckes
To writen in wyndowe of your wel dedes
Or to greddẽ after goddesmen whan thei delen doles dole
Ou auẽture you haue your hier here, & your heuẽ also
Nesciat sinistra quid faciat dextera.
hand side Lette not thy lefte halfe late ne rathe
Wyt what thou worckest with thy right side
For thus beddith ỹ gospel, good mẽ done her almes.
Wayres and Wacerls that meanes be betwene
The kynge and the comon to kepe the lawes
To pũnyshen on pylories and pynning stoles
Brusters and bakesters, bochers and cokes
Brewers & Bakers Taylors not Butchers Bouchers.
for

For these ar mē on this mold ꝑ most harme worketh
To the pore people that percel mele byghe
For they poyson the people priuilie and ofte
They richen thrughe Regratrie & rentis hem bighen
With ꝑ the pore people should put in here wombes
For toke they all trulie they tymbred not so high
Ne bought no burgages be they full certen
And Wede ꝑ mayde the Wayte hath besought
Of al suche Sellers siluer to take
Or presentes wythoute pence as peces of syluer
Ryngis or other riches the Regrators to mainteine
For my loue quod that Ladie loue hem echeone
And suffer hem to sell some deale agaynst reason
Salomon the sage a Sermon he made
For amende Wayres and men that kepe lawes
And tolde hem this teme that I tell thinke
Ignis deuorabit tabernacula eorū qui libenter accipiūt mu-
Amōg these lettred leodes this latē is to mene (nera
That fyre shal fal and brenne, al to blo asches
The houses and homes of hem that desireth
Gyftes or yeres gyues bicause of her offices
The king frō the councel came & called after mede
And sent for her a swith with sargeantes manie
That brought her to boure with blis and with ioye
Curteslie the kynge thau comsed to tell
To mede the mayde melleth these wordis
Unwittelie woman wrought hast thou ofte
And wurse wroughteste ꝑ neuer than tho ꝑ fals toke
But I forgeue the that gylte & graūt the my grace
Hence to thie deth daye do so no more.
I haue knyght Consience came late from beyond
If he willeth the to wyfe wilt thou hym haue:

their Bills
would not build
Iob.xv

Yea lorde quod that ladie, God forbyd els,
But I be wholie at your heste let hange me sone.
And than was conscience called to come and appere
Before the Kynge and hys councell as clarks & other
Knelynge Conscience to the kinge louted.
To wit what hys wyl were and what he do should.
Wylt ÿ-wed this womā quod ÿ King if I wil assēte
For she is fayne of thy felloship for to be thy make.
Quod conscience to the kyng Christe it me forbydde
Or I wede suche a wife woo me betide
For she is fraile of her fayth fykel of her speche
And maketh misdo many score tymes
Trust of her treasure betrayeth full manie
Wyues and wydowes wantones she teacheth
And lerneth hem lecherie that loue hyr gyftes
Your father she felled throughe false byhest
And hath poysoned Popes and peyred holie churche
Is not a better baude by hym that me made
Betwene heauen and hel in erth thoughe men sought
For she is Tikel of her tayle, talewyse of her tonge
As cōme as a cartwaye to eche a knaue that walketh
To monkes & to minstrels to mesels in hedges
Sisours and somnours such men her praiseth
Shyreues of shires ware shent if she were not
For she doth men lese her lond and her life bothe.
She letteth passe prisoners, and prayeth for them oft
And geuith the Gailors golde and grotes togethers
To vnfettren the false fle where hym lyketh
And taketh the true by the top and tieth him fast
And hangeth hem for hatred that harme dyd neuer
To be cursed in Consistorie she coūteth not a beane
For she copith the Cōmissarie and coteth hys clarkes

She

She is a soyled as sone as her selfe liketh
And may nighe as moch do in a monthe one
As maye youre secret Seale in syxscore dayes.
For she is priue wyth the pope prouisors it knoweth
For sir simonie and her selfe sealeth the bulles.
She blysseth these bushops though they be lewde
Prouendreth persons and preistes meyntemeth
To haue lemmans and lottebies al her liue dayes
And bringeth furth barnes agayne forbode lawes
There she is wel wt the kyng woo is the Realme
For she is fauorable to false and fouleth truth oft
Bi Jesus with her Jwels your Justicis she chēdith
And lieth ageyne the lawe and letteth hym the gate
That fayth maynot be of force her florens fli so thick
She leadeth the law as her list a louedaies maketh
And doth mē lese through hyr loue ỹ law might win
The maze for a meane man though he mote her euer
Lawe is so lordleche, and lothe to make ende
Wythouten presents or pence she pleaseth ful fewe
Barons and Burgesses she bringeth in sorowe
And al the cōmon in care that coueteth liue in truethe
For Clargie and couetis she coupleth togyther
This is the life of that lady now lord giue hir sorow
And ai that meyntineth hyr men meschance hē betide
For poze mē mai haue no powr to plain hē when they
Suche a master is mede among mē of God (smarte
Than moued Wede and meued her to the Kinge
To haue space to speke spede if she myght
The Kynge graunted her grace wt a good wyll
Excuse the if thou canst I can no moze sayne
For conscience accuseth the to cougayne the for euer.
Nay lorde quod that ladie leue hym the wurse

Whan ye witten witterlie where the wronge lieth
There that mischefe is great, mede maye healpe
And thou knowest conscience I came not to chide
Ne depraue thie person with a proude herte
Wel thou wotest warnarde but if thou wyll gabbe
Thou hast hanged on me halfe a leuen tymes
And also griped my golde, giue it where the liked
And why thou wrathest the now, wõder me thinkith
yet I maie as I might menske the wyth gifts
And mainteine thie manhod more than thou knowest
And thou hast famed me foule before the kynge here
For kylled I neuer no kinge ne councelled therafter
Ne did as thou demest I do it on the Kynge
In Normandie was he not noyed for my sake
And thou thy selfe southlie shamedst him ofte
Crope in to a Chabane for colde of thie nailes
Wendest that wynter wolde haue lasted euer
And dredest to be deade for a dym cloude
And hydest vpward for hounger of thy wombe
Wyth oute pittie, Pilor, pore men thou robbedest
And bare hyr brasse at thy backe to Calleis to selle
There I laste wyth my lorde hys life for to saue
I made his men merie and mourning let
I battred hem on here backe and boldid here hertes
I did hem hoppe for hope to haue me at wyll
Had I bene marshall of his men by Marie of heuen
I durst haue leyde my lyfe and no lasse wede
He should haue be lorde of ỹ land in lenghth & bredth
And also Kynge of that kyth his kyne for to helpe
The lest broll of hys bloude, a barons Pere
Cowardlie thou conscience counceledst hym thens
To leuen his lordshipe for a little syluer

That

That is the richest realme that raygneth ouer heigh.
It becometh to a kyng that kepeth a realme
To gyue Mede to men that mekely hym serueth
To alientes and to all men to honerne hem w̄ giftes
Mede maketh him beloued, and for a man holden
Emperours and Erles, and all maner Lordes
For gyftes haue yong men to runne and to ryde
The Pope & al the prelates prelētes vnderfoggen
And medeth men hem selues to maintaine her lawes
Sergeauntes for their seruice, we se wel the south
their Taken Mede for her maistris as they may accorde.
Beggers for their bydding bydden me mede
Mynstrels for hyr myrth mede they aske
The king hath mede of hys mē, to make peace in lād,
Men that teachen children crauen after mede
Priestes that preachē the people to good, aske mede
And masse pence and her meate at the meale tymes.
All kynde craftes men crauen mede for her prētises their
kinds of Marchauntes and mede muste nedes go together
No wyght as I wene w̄outen mede may lyue.
Quod the king to cōscience by Christ as me thinketh
Mede is wel worthy the maistry to haue
Nay quod Cōscience to ỹ king, & kneled on the earth
Ther are .ii. maner of Medes my lord w̄ your leaue,
That one God of hys grace graunteth in hys blysse
him To hem that wyll worke whyle they be here
The prophete preacheth therof, & put it in the psalter
Domine quis habitabit in tabernaculo tuo. &c. Psal. xv
will in thy house. Lord who shal wōne in thy wonnes, and w̄ thy holy
Or reste in thy holy hils this asketh Dauid (saintes
And Dauid assoileth it him selfe as the psalter telleth answers
Qui ingreditur sine macula et operatur iustitiam.

They that entren of one colour and of one wyll
And haue wrought workes, w̄ right & wyth reason
And he that vseth not the lyfe of vsurye
And enfourmeth pore men and preserueth truth.

Qui pecuniam suam non dedit ad vsuram
Et munera super Innocentem non accipit.

And al ỹ helpe the innocent, & holden w̄ the rightfull,
Wtthout Mede doth thē good, & the truth helpeth
Such maner men my Lord, shal haue this first mede
Of God at her great nede, when they gone hence.
Ther is an other mede mesureles, ỹ masters desireth
To meynteyne misdoers mede they take.
And thereof sayth the psalter in a psalmes ende

In quorum manibus iniquitates sunt
Dextera eorum repleta est muneribus.

And he that gripeth her golde, so me god helpe,
Shall abye it bytter, or the boke lyeth
Prestes and persons that pleasinges desiereth
That takē Mede & money for masses that they synge
Taken her mede here, as Mathew vs teacheth.

Amen amen, recipiebant mercedem suam.

That labourers and lowe folke takē of her masters
It is no maner mede, but a measurable hyre
In marchaundise, is no mede, I may it well auowe
It is a permutatiō apertly, a penyworth for an other
And reddest ỹ neuer Regum thou recraed mede
Whē the vēgeaūce fel on Saule, & on hys chyldren
God sent to Saule by Samuel the prophete
That Agag, and Amelec, and al hys people after
Should dye for a dede that done had her elders
Therfore said Samuel to Saul god him self hoteth
The be buxome at his biddynge hys wyll to fulfyll,

Wēd to Amalec w̄ thine host, & what ȳ findeste there
Burnes and Beastes brene hem to death (slea it
Wydowes, and wyues, women and children
Mouable, & vnmouable, & al ȳ thou might fynd
Brenne it, beare not away, be it neuer so ryche
For mede, nor for money, loke thou destroy it
Spyll it, and spare it not, thou shalt the better
And for he coueted her cattell, and the king spared,
Forbare him & his beastes both, as ȳ bible witnesses
Otherwyse then he was warned of the prophete
God sayd to Samuel that Saule shoulde dye
And all hys sede for that synne shamefully ende
Suche a mischiefe mede made Saule ȳ king to haue
That God hated him for euer, & all hys heyres after
The colour of thys case, ne kepe I not to tell
On auenture it noyed men, no ende will I make
For so is thys world wont w̄ hem that haue power
That who so sayeth sothe, is sonest yblamed
I Conscience knowe this for kind wyt it me taught
That reason shal raigne, and realmes gouerne
And ryght as Agag had, happe shal come
Samuel shal slea hem, and Saule shal be blamed
And Dauid shalbe diademed, & daunten hem all
And one christen kyng kepe hem eche one
Shall no more mede be maistry, as she is nowe
And loue and lownes, and leauty togyther
These shall be maisters on molde truthe to saue
And who so trespaceth against truth, or taketh again
Leauty shal done him lawe, & no life els (his wil
Shal no sergeant for his seruice, weare no silke hode
Ne no Pelure in his cloke, for pledyng at the barre
Mede of misdoers maketh many Lordes,

And

And ouer Lordes lawes, ruleth the realmes
And kinde loue shal come yet, and conscience togyther
And make of lawe a labourer, such loue shal arise
And such a peace amonge the people, & a perfit truth
That Jewes shal wene in their wit, & waxe wõders
That Moses & Messia be come into this erth (glad
And haue wonder in her hertes that men be so true,
All that beareth bastarde brode swerde or launce
Axe, or yet hachet, or any weapon els
Shalbe demed to death, but if he do it smythy,
Into sycle or into sythe, to share or to culter.
Conflabunt gladios suos in vomeres.
Esai. ii.
Euery man to play w̃ a plowe, pykeaxe, or spade,
Spynne or spread donge, or spill him selfe w̃ sloughe,
Priestes or persons with Placebo to hunte
And dynge apon Dauid euery day til euen
Huntynge or haukynge, if any of hem vse
Hys boast of benifice worth by nome him after
Shal neither kinge ne knyght constable nor mayre
Ouerlcade the common, ne to the courte sõmone
Ne put hem panel, to done hem plight her truth
But after ỹ dede is done one dome shal reward
Mercy, or no mercy, as truth wyll accorde.
Kinges court, cõmon court, cõsistorie, and chapter
All shall be but one courte, and one Baron by iustice
Thã wel worth true tõg, a tidy mã ỹ tened me neuer
Battels shall none be, ne no man beare weapon
And what smith that any smithed, be smitẽ therw̃ to
Non leuabit gens contra gentem gladium. & c. death
Esa. ii.
And or thys fortune fall, fynde men shall ỹ werste,
By six sones and a chippe and halfe a shefe of arowes
And ỹ mydle of a mone shal make ỹ Jewes to turne

And

And Saracines of that syght shall synge.
Gloria in excelsis deo. &c.
For Makometh and Mede mischap shal that time
For melius est bonum nomen quam diuitie multe
As wrothe as the wynde waxe Mede in a whyle
I can no latin, quod she, clerkes wote the sothe
Se what Salomon sayth, in Sapientie bokes
That they ỹ gyue gyftes, the victory wynneth
And most worshyp haue therw as holy wryte telleth.
Honorem acquiret, qui dat munera.
I leue wel lady quod cõscience that the latin be true
And thou art like a lady that radde a lesson once
Was Omnia probate, and that pleased her well
For that was no longer at the leaues ende
Had she loked that ouer halfe and the lefe turned
She shuld haue soũd fel words folowyng therafter
Quod bonum est tenete. Truth that texte made
And so fared ye Madame, ye could no more finde
Tho ye loked on Sapience sytttynge in your studye
Thys texte that ye haue tolde were good for lordes,
And you failed a good clerk ỹ could ỹ lefe haue turned
And if ye seke Sapiẽce oft, finde ye shal ỹ folweth
A full tenefull text to hem that taketh mede
And that is Animam autem aufert accipientium. &c.
And ỹ is the tale of the text of that that she shewed
That thoughe wee wyn worshyp & with mede haue
The soule that the sonde taketh by, (victory
So muche is bounde

Psalus quartus de bilione.

CEase saieth the kinge, I suffer you no longer
Ye shal sangtle forsoth, & serue me both
Kysse hyr quod the kynge, conscience I hote

Haye by Christ quod Conscience, cõgay me for euer
But Reason rede me therto, rather wyl I dye,
And I cõmaund you quod the king to Cõscience thẽ
Haste Raye the to ride, and Reason to fetche.
Commaunde hym that he come, my councel to hear
For he shall rule my realme, and reade me the best aduise
And accoũten with the Conscieẽce, so me Christ helpe,
Howe thou learnest ỹ people, the learned, & the lewd unlearned
I am faine of that forward, said the Fraike than,
And ryt ryght to Reason, and roundeth in hys eare,
And sayd as the kyng bade, and syth toke his leaue
I shal aray me to ryde quod Reason, rest the a while
And called Caton hys knaue, curtesse of speche smart
And also Thome true tonge, tell me no tales,
Ne lesyng to laughen of, for I loued hem neuer,
And set my sadle apon Sufferaũce, til I se my time,
And let waroken him wel, wt wytty words girthes
And hãg on him the heauy bridle, to holde his head
For he wil make wehe, twyse er he come ther (lowe
Thã Cõscience apon his caple, carieth forth fast
And Reason wyth him, rit rownynge togythers,
Whyche maistris Wede maketh on this earth.
One waryn Wysedome, and wytty hys feer,
Folowed hym faste, for they had to done,
In the Escheker, & in ỹ Chaũcerí, to be discharged of
And riden fast, for Reasõ should rede hẽ best (things aduise
For to saue hem for siluer, frõ shame and harmes
And Cõscience knewe hem well, they loued couetyse,
And bade Reason ride fast, & reck of hem neither,
Ther be wiles in her words, & with Wede their dwel
Ther as wrath & wrangling is, there get they syluer,
And wher is Loue & Leauty, they wil not come there

Con

Contritio et infelicitas in viis eorum. &c.
They ne gyue not of God, one goose wynge.
Non est timor Domini ante oculos eorum. &c.
For God wot they wyll do more for a dosen chickens
Or as many Capons, or for a seame of Otes,
Than for loue of our Lord, or al his leue sayntes.
Therfore reason let hem ryde, the ryche by hē selfe
For Cōsciēce knoweth hē not, ne Christ as I trowe. thinke
And than Reason rode faste the right hye gate high way
And Conscience him kenneth, tyl they came to ỹ king
Curtesly the king than came agaynst Reason,
And betwene him selfe and hys sonne, set him on bēch
And wordeden wel wisely a greate while togythers. Medl
And thā came Peace into parlimēt, & put forth a byl
Howe Wrong against hys wyll had his wife taken
And howe he rauished Rose, Raynoldes loue
And Margaret of hyr maidēhed, maugre hir chekes
Both my geese and my gris, his gadlinges fetcheth,
I dare not for feare of him fyght ne chide, horse
He borowed my bayard, & brought him neuerhome
Ne no ferthing therfore, for ought I could pleade
He mainteyneth his men to murther myne ewne
Forstalleth my fayres, fyghteth in my chepynge,
And bicketh vp my barne doore: & steleth awaye my
And taketh me but a taile, for tē quarter otes (whet whoat
Yet he beateth me therto, and lyeth by my mayde
I am not hardy for hym vnneth to loke.
The king knewe he said soth, for Cōscience him told,
That Wrōg was a wycked luske, & wrought much
Wrōg was afraied thē, & wisdome he sought (forow
To make peace w̄ his pence, and profered him manye
And said, had I loue of the King, litle would I reche

Thoughe Peace and hys power playned hym euer,
Tho wende wysedome, and sir Waren the wytty
For that Wrong had wrought so wycked a dede
And warned Wronge tho with such a wyse tale
Who so worketh by wyll, wrath maketh oft
I say it by my selfe, you shal it well fynde.
But if Mede it make, thye myschyefe is vp.
For bothe thy lyfe and thy lande lyethe in hyr grace,
Than wowed Wronge Wysedome full yerne
To make hys peace wyth hys pence, hãdy dãdy paid
Wysedome and Wytte than went bothe togythers
And toke Mede myd hem mercy to wynne.
Peace put forth hys head, and hys pan bloudy
Wythoutẽ gilt God wot, gate I thys scape, scath
Conscience and the Commune knowen the sothe
And Wysedome and Wytte weren aboute faste,
To ouercome the kynge wyth cattell, if they myght.
The king swore by Christ, & by his crowne both
That Wrong for his werkes should woo thorowly
And commaunded a Constable to caste hym in yrons
And let hym not these seuen yeres see hys fete once
God wot quod Wysedome, that were not the beste
And he amẽdes might make, let mainprice him haue
And be borowe for hys bale, and byggen hym boote
And so emende that is misdo, and euer the better
Wytte accorded therewyth, and sayde the same
Better is that boote, bale aboune bryngе,
Than bale be bett, and boote neuer the better.
Thã came Mede to meuẽ hir, & mercy she besought, moue
And proferd Peace a present, all of pure gold
Haue this, man of me, quod she, to amend thy frathe
For I wyl wage for Wronge, he wyl do so no more

Pitt-

Pyttuousſie Peace than prayed for the Kynge
To haue merci on that man, that miſdid hym ſo oft
For he hath waged me wel as wiſdome hym taught
And I forgeue him that gylte wyth a good wyll
So that the aſſente, I can ſaye no bettre
For Mede hath me amẽds made I mai no moze aſke
Nay quod the kynge tho ſo, Chriſt me helpe,
Wronge wendeth not ſo awaye, erſt I wil wit moze
For lope he ſo lyghtlie, laughen he woulde
And efte be the bolder to bete myne euen.
But Reaſõ haue ruth on him he ſhal reſt in my ſtocks
And that as lõg as heliueth, but lownes him borow
Some men red Reaſon tho, haue ruth on that ſhrew
And to councell the kynge, and conſcince after
That mede might be meinperner Reſõ they beſought
Rede me nought quod Reaſon, no rueth to haue
Tyl lordes and ladies loue al truthe
And haten all harlotrie to heare or to mouth it
Tyll Pernellis Purſtill be put in her huche
And childernes cheriſhing be chaſtinge wyth yardes
And harlots holines be holden for an hyne
Tyl clerken couetis be to cloth the poore and fede
And religious romers Recordarie in here cloiſtures
As ſaynte Bennet hem bad, Barnard and Fraũces
And til prechours prechinge be preuid on hem ſelfe
Tyl the Kyngis cowncel be the cõmon profyte
Tyl byſhops barns be beggers chambers
Their hauks and their hounds, to pore relygious
And tyl ſaynt James be ſought there I ſhall aſſygne
That no man go to Callice but if he go for euer
And al Rome renners for robbers be yonde
Bere no ſiluer ouer ſea that ſigne of kinge ſheweth

Neyther

Neyther grauen nor vngranen golde neither syluer
Apon forfeture of that fee, who so fynde it at douer
But if he be marchant or his mā or messēger w̄ leters
Prouisor or priest or penant for hys synnes
And yet quod Reasō bi ẏ roode I shall no ruthe haue
While Mede hath the masterie in this mouth hal
And I maye shewe examples as I se otherwhile
I say it be my selfe quod he, And it so were
That I were kyng wyth croune to kepe the realme
Shoulde neuer wrong in this world ẏ I wit might
Be vnpunished in my poure for peril of my soule
Ne get my grace for gifts so me God saue
Nefor Mede haue mercie but if mekenes it made
For Nulum malum the man mette wyth Impunitum
And badde that Nulum bonum be Irremuneratum
Let thy cōfessoure sur king construe this vnglozed
And if ye worken it in warke, I wed myne eares
That lawe shalbe a laborer aud leade afelde dounge
And loue shal leade the lande as the leefe lykith.
Clarkes ẏ were Confessours couplid hem togithers
Al to construe this clause for the kyngys profit
And not for ẏ comforte of ẏ pore cōmō, ne kings soule
For I se Mede in the mouth hal, on mē of law winke
And they laughing lope to her and lefte reason manie
Waren Wisdome wynckid apon Mede
And sayd madame I am your mā, what so mi mony
I faile florens quod ẏ freke ⁊ fail speche oft, (iangleth
Al rightful recorden that Reason truth tolde
And wyt acorded therwith and cōmēded his wordis
And the moste people in the hal and mani of the grete
And letten mekenes a master ⁊ mede a manzed shrew
Loue lett of her light, and leautie yet lasse
And sayd it so highe that al the hal it ~~hall it~~ hard
Who so wilneth hir to wyfe for welth of her goodes

But he be knowne for a Cokeolde cut of myne nose
Mede mourned sore tho and made heuie chere
For the moste cõmon of that court called hir an hore
And a sisor and a somnoure sued her faste
And a shreues clarke byshroued al the route
Forofte haue I quod he holpon you at the bar
And yet gaue ye me neuer the worth of a ryshe
The kyng called Conscience and after ward reason
And recorde that reason had rightfully shewed
And moodelich apon Mede, wt might the king loked
And gan war wroth wt law for mede had it were shẽt
And said through law as I leeue I lost manie schetes
Mede ouer-mastrith law, and mych trueth letteth
And reason shal reken wyth you, if I reigne whyle
And deme thou by thys daye as ye haue deserued
Mede shal not mainepryse you by the mary of heuen
I wyl haue Leauty in law & let be al your tanglynge
And as most folke wytneseth wrong shalbe demyde.
Quod conscience to the kinge but ỹ cõmon will assent
It is ful hard be myne hed herto to bringe it
All your lege leodes to leden thus euen
By hym ỹ raught on the rode quod reason to ỹ kinge
But if I rule thus youre realme rent owt my guttes
If ye bydden boxomnes be of myne assent.
And I assent sayth the Kyng by saynt mari my ladye
By my coũcel cõmune of clarkes and of erles
And reddyly reason thou shalt not ride from me
For as longe as I lyue leaue the I nelle
I am redy quod reason to rest wyth you euer
So conscience be of oure councell I kepe no better
And I graunt quod the Kyng gods forbod it faile
As long as our lyues lasteth lyue we togythers

THe kyng and his knights to the kyrke wēte
To here mattēs of the day and ỳ masse after
Thā waked I of my winking, & wo was wᵗ
That I ne had slept sadder & sighen moze (al
And er I had faren a furlonge Fentise me hente
That I ne might farder a fote foz defaute of slepinge
And sat softlie adoune and sayde my beleue
And so I bablid on mi beads, thei brought me aslepe
And than I sawe moch moze than I befoze of tolde
Foz I se the felde ful of folke, that I befoze of sayde
And how Realō can araiē hym al ỳ realme to pzeche
And wyth a Tros afoze ỳ king comsed thus to techē
He pzeuid that these Pestilences were foz pure synne
And the southwestozne winde on Satter daie at euen
Was partly foz pure pzyde, and foz no poynt els
Piries and plumtryes were pusted to the erth
In ensample the segges ye should done the better
Beches and bzode okes, were blowen to the grounde
Turned bpwarde her tayles in tokeninge of dzede
That dedlie synne er domes daye shal fozdone hem al
Of thys matter I might mamelie ful longe
And I shall saye as I sawe, so me God helpe,
How partely afoze the people, Realō began to pzech
He bad waster go wozke, what he best coude
And wynne hys wastyng wyth som manner craft
He prayed Pernel her purple to lete
And kepe it in her cofer foz cattel at her nede
Tomme Stowne he taught to taken two staues
And feche Felice home from the wynen pyne
And he warned Wat his wife was to blame
That her hed was wozth halfa marke & his hod not
And he bad Bet kut a bow in twain (wozth a grot

And

And beate Beton therw̄, but if she wyll werke
And thā he charged chapmen to chasten her chyldren
Let no winning hem forwany, whyle they be yonge
Ne for no ponste of pestilence, please hem not oute of reason
My sier said to me, and so did my dame,
That the leuer child, the more lore behoueth
And Salomon said the same, that Sapientie made.
Qui parcit virge, odit filium.
The Englyshe of thys latine, who so wyl knowe
Who so spareth the sprynge, spilleth the chyldren
And sythen he prayed prelates and prestes togither
That ye preache to the people, preue on your selfe,
And do it in dede, it shal drawe you to good,
If ye lyue as ye learne vs, we shal leue you ỹ better,
And sithen he radde religion her rule to holde
Lest the king and hys councel, your commons apere
And be stuardes of your stedes, tyl ye be ruled better.
And sithen he counseled the kinge hys cōmons to loue
It is thy treasure if tresō ne were, & treacle at thy nede
And sithē he praied ỹ Pope, haue pyty on holy church
And ere he geue any grace, gouerne fyrst him selfe.
And ye ỹ haue lawes to kepe, let trueth be your coue
More thē gold or gifts, if ye wil god please (tise
For who so cōtrarieth trueth, he telleth in the gospel,
That god knoweth him not, ne no sayntē in heauen.
Amen dico vobis, nescio vos.
And ye that seketh saint James, & saintes at Rome
Seke saynt truth, for he may saue you all,
Qui cum patre et filio, that fayre hem befall,
That sueth my sermon, and thus sayd Reason.
Than ranne Repentaunce, and rehersed his teme
And gart Wyl to wepe water with hys eyen,

Pernell proude herte platte hyr to the earth
And laye longe or she loked, and lorde mercy cryed
And behyghe to hym that vs all made
She shoulde vnlowe hir serke, and set theron heere
Shal neuer hygh hert me hente but hold me lowe
And suffer me to be myssayde, and so dyd I neuer
But nowe will I meke me, and mercy beseche
For all thys I haue hated in my hert.
Than Lechoure sayd alas, & on our lady he cryed,
Wythȳ he should the saturday, for seuen yere after
Drynke but myd the day, and dyne but once
Enuy wyth heuy hert asked after Christe
And carfully Mea culpa, he comsed to shewe
And was as pale as a pellet, in the Palsey he semed
And clothed in Caurymaury, I can it not discriue,
In kyrtyll and curtepy, and a knyfe by hys syde
Of a Fryers frocke were the foresleaues
And as a leeke that had lyed longe in the sunne,
So loked he wyth leane chekes lourynge foule
His body was bowne for Wrath, ȳ he bote his lips
And wringig w̄ the fist to wrek him self he thought
With workes or w̄ wordes, whā he se his time
Ech word that he warped was of an edders tonge
Of chidyng & of chalenging was his chiefe lykelode
With backebyting & bisme, & bearing of false witnes
This was al his curtesy wher ȳ euer he shewed him
I would be shryuē of this shrew, if I for shame durst,
I would be gladder by god, ȳ Gibbe had mischaūce.
Thā if I had wonne this weke a wey of Essexe chese
I haue a neighbour nye me, I haue noyed him ofte
And lowen on him to lords, to don him lose his siluer
And made his frend be his foe, through my false tōg

His

His grace & his good happes greueth me ful sore,
Betwene many and many, I make debate oft
That both lyfe and lyme is loste throughe my spech,
And when I mete him in market that I most hate
I halse hym hendlech, as I hys frende were
For he is doughtier then I, I dare do no other
And had I maistry and myght, god wot my wyl.
And whā I come to ỹ kyrke, & should knele to ỹ rode
And pray for the people, as the prieste teacheth
For pilgrames & for palmers, & for al ỹ people after
Than I cry on my knees, ỹ Christe gyue him sorow
That bare away my bole, & my broke shete.
Away from the aulter than turne I myne eyen
And beholde how Elen hath a newe cote
I wyshe that it were myne, wt all the webbe after
And at mens lesinge I laughe, that lyketh mine hert
And for their wynninge I wepe, and wele the tyme,
And deme that they do yll, thoughe I do well worse
Who so vndermineth me hereof, I hate him deadlye
I would that ech a wight were my knaue
For who so hath more then I, ỹ angreth me sore
And thus I lyue loueles lyke a Luther dogge
That al my body bolneth for bytter of my gall
I myght not eten many yeres as a man ought
For Enuy and euyll wyll is euil to defie
Nay no suger nor no swete thig aswag my swelling
Ne no Diapenidion dryue it from myne herte
Nether shrift nether shame, but shraping of mi maw.
Yes redily quod repentaunce, & red him to ỹ beste
Sorowe for synnes, saluation is of soules.
I am sorye quod that segge, I am but selde other
And ỹ maseth me thus megre, for I ne mai me beng

Amonges Burgesis haue I be dwelling at London
And gard backbiting be a broker to blame mēs ware
Whan he solde and I not, then was I ready,
To lie & to lour on mi neighbour, & to lak his chaffer
I wil amēd this if I maie, through might of god al-
Wrath. Now awaketh Wrath, w̄ two white eyen (mighty
And muelynge wyth the nose and his necke hanging
I am Wrath quod he, I was continually a fryer
And the couentes gardiner for to graft Impes
On limitors and listers, lesynges I imped
Tyll they beare leaues of smal speach, lords to please
And sithē they blosomed abrod in bour to hir shrifts
And now is fallē therof a frut, ẏ folke hen wel leuer
Shew her shrifts to hem, thā shryue hē to her persōs
And persons haue perceiued that Friers part w̄ hem
These possessours preach, and depraue Fryers
And Friers findeth hē in default, as folk bear witnes
And whā thei prech the people in many places about
I Wrath walke with hem, & wish hem of my bokes
Thus thei spekē of mi spiritualtie, & despise ech other
Tyl they be both beggers, & by my spiritualtie libbē
Or els all ryche, and ryden aboute,
I Wrath haue such a fortune, ẏ I folow stil this folk
I haue an aunte to Nune, and an Abbeste both
Nunnes Her had leuer swowne or swelt, thā suffer any paine,
I haue bene coke in hir kitchen, and her couēt serued,
Many monthes with hem, and wyth Monkes both
I was the Priores potager, and other pore ladies
And made hē Iowts of iāglyng, ẏ dame Ione was
And dame Clarence a knightes daughter, (a bastard
a cok olde was hyr syre.
And dame Puel a priest file, priores was she neuer
For she had child in chery tyme, al our chapter it wist

Of

Of wyked wordes (I wrath) her wortis made
Tyl thou list and thou liest, lopon oute atonce
And eyther hyt other vnder the cheke
Had thei had kniues bi Chryst either had kylled other
Saynt Gregori was a good Pope ⁊ had a good for Gregori
That no prioresse were priest, for ẏ he prouided (wyt
Lest happeli thei had had no grace to hold harlatri in
For they are ticle of her tonges ⁊ must al secretes tel
Among monks I myght be and mani tyme I shamē
For they ben many fel frekes my ferys to spie
Bothe prior and Subpryor and oure pater abbas
And if I tel any tales they taken hem togethers
And do me fast fridayes to bred and to water
I am chalēged ⁊ chydē in chapter house, as I a chyld
And balased on ẏ bare arse ⁊ no brech betwen (were
Therfore haue I no lykinge wͥ tho leods to wonne
I ete there vnhende fyshe, and feble ale drynke
Other while whā wine cometh, I drink wine at euē
I haue a flux of a foule mouthe, wel fiue daies after
Al the wyckednes that I wote by any of mi brether
I kouth it in our cloystur, that al our Couent wot it
Now repēt you quod Repētaūce ⁊ reherce you neuer
Coūcel that thou knowest by coūtenaūce ne by ryght
And drynke not ouer delicatelie ne to depe neyther
That thie wyl because therof to wrath myght turne
Esto sobrius he sayde and assoyled hym after
And bad hym wyl to wepe his wykednes to amende
And than came Couetis can I hym not descriue
So hungrelye and hollowe: So sternly hym loked
He was bittil browed and babburlyppyd also
Wyth two blered eyen as a blinde hagge
And as a lethern purse lolled hys chekes

Wel syder then hys chynne they sheuered for olde
And as a boūd mā of his bacō his berd was bidraw-
With an hood on his hed, & a lousye hat aboue (led
And a tauny taberde of twelue wynter age
All totorne and bawdie and ful of lyce crepinge
But yf that a louse coude haue lopen the better
She had not walkt on ȳ welth so was it thred bare.
I haue ben couetous quod thys katife I be know it-
For somtyme I serued Symme at style (here
And was hys prentice plight, his profyt to wayt
Fyrst I lerned to lie a leeke, on ther twayne
Wyckedlye to weye was mi fyrst lesson
To Wy and to Wynchester I wente to the fayre
With mani maner merchādise as mi master me hight
Ne had the grace of Gyle I goo amongest my chaffer
It had bene vnsolde thys seuen yere so me god helpe
Than draue I me amoug drapers, my donet to lerne
To drawe the lyser a longe the lenger it semed
Amonge the riche Rayes I rendred a lesson
To broche thē w̄ a packenedle & plitte hem togithers
And put hem in a presse and pynned them therin
Til ten yardes or twelue had tolled owte .xiii.
My wyfe was a webster and wollē cloth made
She spake to spynsters to spynnen it out
And the pound ȳ she paied be paised a quartern more
Than myne owne auncer, who so wayed trueth
I bought her barely malte, she brewed it to sell
Penyale and puddyng ale she poured togethers
For labourars and lowe folke that lay by it selfe.
The best ale lay in my boure or els in my chambre
And whoso bummed therof bought it there after
A gallon for a grote god wote no lesse

And

And yet it came in cupemele thys craft she vsed.
Roose the Regrater was her ryght name
She hath holden hukkerth al hire lyfe tyme
And I swere nowe sothelich that sinne wolde I let
And neuer wyckedly wey, ne wicked chaffre vse,
But wenden to walsingham, and my wyfe Alis
And vyd ỹ Roode of vrõholme bring me out of dette
Repentest thou euer (quod Repentaunce)
Or restitucion madest?
Yes once I was herberd quod he, w̃ a hepe of chap-
I rose whã they were at rest & rifled their males (mẽ
That was not restitucio & repẽtaũce but robers theft
Thou hadest bene better worthy be hanged therfore
Than for al that, that thou hast here shewed.
I toke rifling for restitutio & he, for I neuer red boke
And I cã no frẽch in faith, but of ỹ fer end of Norfolk
Used ỹ euer vsarte quod repẽtaũce, inal thy life time?
Nay sothly he sayde saue in my youthe
I lerned amonge Lumbards and Iewes a lesson
To wey pence w̃ a payes and pare the heuyest
And leue it for loue of the crosse to ley a wed & lesen it
Suche dedes I dyd wryte, yf he his daye brake
I haue mo maners by reragis, thã throughe micerea-
I haue lent lords & ladies mi chaffer (tur & cõmodat
And bene her broker after and bought it my selfe
Escheaunges and cheuisauncis w̃ such chaffer I dele
And lende folke that lease wyll, a lyp at euerie noble,
And wyth lumbards letters I lad golde to Rome
And toke it by tale here and tolde hem there lesse.
Lẽdest thou euer lordis for loue of her meinteinaũce?
yea I haue lent lordes that loued me neuer after
And haue made menie a knight both mercer & draper

That

That paied not for his prētishode one paire of glouis
Hast thou pitie on pore men ẏ must nedes borowe?
I haue as mich pitie on ẏ pore as pedler hath of cats
That kilth hem if he cā hē catch, for couet of her skins
Art ẏ mālich emōg thy neibours of thi mete & drinke?
I am holden quod he as hinde as is hound in kitchin.
Amongest my neibours namely such a name I haue.
God leue ẏ neuer quod repētaūce, but ẏ repēt ẏ rather
Grace on thys ground thie good wyll to byset
Ne thyne heyres after ẏ haue Joye of ẏ thou winest
Ne thine executors wel biset ẏ syluer ẏ thou thē leuest
And ẏ was wōne w̄ wrōg w̄ wicked mē be dispēdid
For were I frier of ẏ house ther good feith & chariti is
I nold cope vs wyth thy cattel ne oure brike amende
Ne haue a penye to mi pettaūce so God my soul help
For ẏ best boke in our house, bryght golde if it were,
And I wyst wetterlie thou were such as thou tellest.

Seruus es alterius cū fercula pinguia queris
pane tuo potius vescere liber eris

Thou art an vnkynde creature I can the not assoile
Tyl thou make restitusion and rekenyng w̄ them al
And syth that reason rolle it in the regester of heauen
That ẏ hast made eche mā good, I may ẏ not assoyle.

Non demititur peccatum nisi restituatur ablatum

For al that haue of thy good haue God my trouth
Bene holdē at the heygh dome to help the to restitue
Who so leueth not this be soth loke in ẏ psalter clause
In miserere mei deus whether I mene truthe

Ecce enim veritatem dilexisti &c.

Shal neuer workeman in this worlde thriue w̄ that thou winest

Cum saucto sanctus eris Constru me that in englysh,

Than

Than wax ẏ shrew in wãhop & wold hang him selfe
Ne had repẽtaũce ẏ rather recõforted him in this ma-
Haue merci in thy minde & w̃ thi mouth beseh it (ner
For Gods mercy is more than al hys other workes
And al wikednes in ẏ world ẏ mã mai work or think
Is no more, to ẏ mercie of God than in ẏ sea a glied

Omnis iniquitas quantum ad misericordiam dei
Est quasi scintilla in medio maris

Therfore haue ẏ merci in mind & merchãdise leue it;
For thou hast no good ground to get therw̃ wastell
But if it were wyth thy toũg or else w̃ thy two hãds
For the good ẏ thou hast gotten, began all w̃ falshed
And as lõg as ẏ liuist therw̃ ẏ paist not but borowst
And if ẏ wyt neuer to which ne to whome to restore
Bere it to the byshop and byd hym of hys grace
Biset it hymselfe as best is for thy soulle.
For he shall answere for the at the heygh dome
For the & for manie moo ẏ man shall giue a reckening
What he lerned you in lent, leue you none other
And ẏ he lent you of oure lord god to let you frõ sinne
Now begynneth Gloton for to go to shryfte
And carieth him to the kyrkward hys coppe toshew
And Beton the bruster bad hym god morowe
And asked of hym w̃ that, whetherwarde he wolde
To holy churche quod he, for to here masse
And sythen I woulde be shreuen and syn no more.
I haue good ale gossip quod he, Gloton wold ẏ assay
Hast thou ought in thy purse any hote spices?
I haue pepper & piones quod he, & a poũd of garlyk
And a farthing worth of fennel sede for fasting dayes
Than goeth Gloton in and greate othes after
Sus the souteres sat on the benche

Wat the warner and hys wyfe bothe
Tyme the tynker and tweine of hys prentices
Hycke the hackeney man, and Hughe the medler
Claryse of Cockeslane, and the clerke of the church
Dawe the diker and a dosen other
S. Pierce of Pridy, and Pernell of Flaunders
A Ribibour, a ratoner, a rakier of chepe,
A Roper, a reding king, and rose the disheris
Godfray of garlyke hyue, and Gryffin the walshe
And vpholders an heape early by the morrowe
Geuen Gloton wyth glade chere good ale to hansell,
Clement the cobler cast of hys cloke
And at the newe fayre, he nempned it to sell
Hycke the hackeney man hytte his hode after,
And bade Bete the bocher be on hys syde
There were chapmen ichose thys chaffer to prayse
Who so hath ẏ hood should haue amendes of ẏ cloke
Two rysen vp in rape, and rouned togythers
And praysed these penyworthes aparte by the selfe
They could not by their conscience accorden in truthe
Tyll Robyn the roper arose by the south
And named him for an vmper that no debate nere
Hycke the hosteler hadde the cloke
In couenaunt that Clement should the cuppe fyl
And haue Hyckes hodde hostler, & holdē him serued
And who so repented rathest should aryse after
And greten syr gloton with a gallon of ale,
There were laughyng & lourynge, & let go the cuppe
And sytten so tyl euensonge, and songen somewhyle
Tyll glotton had ygolped a galon and a gyle,
His guttes began to gothlen as two gredy sowes
He pyssed a pottell in a Pater noster whyle,

And

And blew his round rewet at his rugge bones ende
That al that harde that horne, helde his nose after
And wished it had bene wyped w̄ a wyspe of firses
He might neyther stepe nor stand, or he a staffe had
And than gan he to go, lyke a glewe mans bytch
Sometyme a syde, and sometyme a rere
As who so layeth lynes for to latche foules
And whan he drough the doze thā dimmed his eyen
He stōbled on ẏ threshold, & threwe to the earth
Clement the cobler caught hym by the myddle
For to lyft hym a lofte, and laied him vpon his knees
And Glotō was a great churle & a gryme in ẏ lifting
And kought vp a candle in Clementes lappe
There is none so hongry hounde in Herfordshere
Durst lap of tho leuinges, so vnlouely they smaught
With al the wo of thys world, his wife & hys wench
Bare hym home to hys bedde & brought him therin
And after al this excesse he had an accidie
That he slope saturday & sonday, til sunne wēt to rest
Than waked he of hys wynking, & wyped hys eyes,
The first word that he warped was, wher is ẏ bolle
Hys wife gan edwite him tho, how wickedly he liued
And Repentaunce right so rebuked hym that tyme.
As w̄ words & workes thou wroughst yll in thy lyfe
Shriue ẏ & be ashamed therof, & shew it w̄ thi mouth
I Gloton quod the grome, gyltye me yelde
That I haue trespaced w̄ my tōg, I cā not tel howe
Sworne gods soule, & so god me helpe & ẏ holidome
There no nede was nyne hundred tymes
And ouer se me at my soupe, and sometyme at nones
That I Gloton gyrte vp, ere I had gone a mile.
And I spilt ẏ might be spared & spēt on some hūgrye

Ouer delicatly on fasting daies drōkē and eaten both
And sat sūtime so long there ẏ I slept ⁊ eate at once
For loue of tales in taberns to drink ẏ more I dined
And hied to ẏ mete er none whan fasting daies were
This shoing shrift quod repentaūce, shalbe merit to ẏ
And than gan gloton gred and great dole to make
For hys lewde lyfe that he lyued had
And vowed to fast for honger and for thurste
Shal neuer fishe on friday diffien in my wombe
Tyl abstynence myne aunt haue gyuen me leue
And yet haue I hated her al my lyfe tyme
Than came Sloth al beslabered w̄ two slymy eyne
I must sit sayde the Segge or els I must nedes nap
I maye not stand ne stoupe ne w̄ out mi stole knele
Were I brought abed but if my talende it made
Sould no ringing do me ryse or I were ripe to dine
He begā Benedicite w̄ a belke and hys brest knoked
And raskled and rored and rutte at the last
What, wake reuk quod repentaūce, ⁊ rape ẏ to shrift
If I should dye by thys daye me lyst not to loke
I cā not parfitly mi pater noster as ẏ preist it singeth
But I cā ryms of Robēhode ⁊ Rand of erl of chester
But of our lorde or our lady, I lerne nothyng at all.
I haue made vowes .xl. ⁊ forgottē thē on ẏ morowe
I performed neuer penaunce as the preist me hyght
Ne right sorie for my sinnis yet was I neuer
And if I byd any bedes but if yt be wrath
That I tel w̄ my tounge is two mile from my herte
I am occupied euery daye holy daye and other
Wyth Idle tales at the ale and otherwhile in church
Gods payne ⁊ his passion full selde thynke I theron
I vysited neuer feble men ne fettred folke in puttes

I haue

I haue leuer here an harlotry, or a somers game
Or leasynges to laughe at, and bilye my neighbours
Thē all ỹ euer marke made, Watht, John, & Lucas.
And vigiles and fastynge dayes, al these let I passe
And lye in bedde in lent, & my lemmā in myne armes. wench sweetheart
Tyl mattens & masse be done, & thā go I to ỹ freyers
Come I to Ite missa est, I holde me serued,
I am not shryuen sometyme, but if sickenes it make
Not twyse in two yere, and thā vp gosse I shriue me
I haue ben prieste and person passynge thyrty winter
yet can I nether solfe ne singe, ne sayntes lyues read
But I cā find in a field, or in a furlong an hare,
Better than in Beatus vir. or in Beati omnes,
Construe one clause well, & kenne it to my parischens parishoners
I can holde loue dayes, and here a reues rekenynge,
And in Cannon or in decretals, I can not read a lyne
If I begge & borowe ought, but if it be tayled
I forget it as yerne, as if men me it aske
Syxe sythes or seuen, I forsake it wyth othes times
And thus tene I a true man ten hundred tymes
And my seruauntes somtymes their salary is behind wages
Ruth is to here ỹ rekning, whā we shal make acoūts
So wo wicked wil and wo wrath, int worke mē I pay
If any do me a benifite, or helpe me at nede
I am vnkind against his curtesy, & cā not vnderstād
For I haue & haue had somedeale haukes maners (it
I am not lured wloue, but ought be vnder ỹ thombe
That kindnes that mine euenchristen kyd me ferther
Syxe sythes I slougth, haue forgotten it syth
In spence, & in sparing of spence, I spilt many a time
Both flesche and fysche, and many other vitailes
Both breade and ale, butter mylke and chese

For slouthed in my seruice tyll it myght serue no man
I ranne aboute in youth, and gaue me not to lerning
And euer sith haue ben beggery for my foule slouth
Heu mihi quia sterilem duxi vitam iuuenilem
Repētest ÿ quod repentaūce, & ryght ẇ he swowned
Tyll Vigilate the veile set water at hys eyes
And flat it on hys face, and fast on hym cried,
And sayde ware the, for wanhope wyl the betray
I am sory for my synnes, say to thy selfe
And beat thy selfe on ÿ brest, & byd god of grace,
For is no gylte here so greate but ÿ hys goodnes is
Thā sate Sloth vp, & fayned hym Swith (more
And made a vowe tofore god, for his soule Slothe,
Shal no Sōday be this seuē yere, but sikenes it let
That I ne shal do me or day, to the dere church
And here mattens and masse, as I a monke were
Shall no ale after mete hold me thence
Tyll I haue euensong harde I behote to the Roode
And yet woll I yelde agayne, if I so muche haue
All that I wyckely wan, sythen I wytte had.
And thoughe my liuelode lake, letten I nell
That eche man ne shall haue his or I hence wend
And wyth the residue and the remnaunt by ÿ rode of
I shal seke Truthersf, or I see Rome (Chester
Robert the robber, on Reddite, loked,
And for there was not wherof, he wept swyth sore
And yet the synfull shrewe sayde to hym selfe
Christe that on Caluerie apon the crosse didest
Tho Dismas my brother besought you of grace
And haddest mercy on that man for Memento, sake
So Rue on thys robber that Reddere, ne hath,
Ne neuer wene to wynne wyth craft that I knowe,
But

But for thy mykyl mercy mitigation I beseche
Ne dapme me not at domisday for ꝥ I dyd so yll.
What befel on this felowe, I can not fayze shewe
Well I wot he wept fast water wyth hys eyen
And knowleged his gilt, to Chryst yet eft sones
That ꝑnitentia hys Pryck, he shoulde polishe newe
And leap wyth hym ouer laude all hys lyfe tyme
For he had leyne by Latro Lucifers aunte
And than Repentaunce Ruth, & radde hem alto knele
For I shall besech for al sinful our Sauiour of grace
To amende vs of our misdedes and mercy to vs all,
Now god qꝺ he, ꝥ of thi goodnes coud ꝥ world make
And of naught madest ought, & mā most like thi selfe
And sythen suffredest for synne, a sekenes to vs all
And al for ꝥ best as I leue what euer ꝥ boke telleth.

O felix culpa. O necessarium peccatum, &c.

For that synne thy sonne sent was to the earth
And became man of a mayde, mankynde to saue
And makest thy selfe wᵗ thy sonne, & vs synful ylyche.

Faciamus hominē ad imaginem et similitudinem nostrā, Et alibi. Qui manet in charitate in deo manet, et deus in eo.

And sythe wᵗ thy selfe sonne in our suite dydest,
On good Fryday for mās sake, at full tyme of ꝥ day
There thy selfe in thy sonne, no sorow in death feled.
But in our sect was the sorowe, and thy son it ladde.

Captiuam duxit captiuitatem.

The sonne for sorowe therof, lost light for a tyme,
At middaie whā most light is, & meletime of saintes.
Feddest wᵗ thi fresh bloud our forefathers in darkness

Populus qui ambulabat in tenebris, vidit lucem magnam.

And by ꝥ lyght ꝥ leaped out of ꝥ, Lucifer was blind
And blewe all thy blessed into ꝥ blysse of Paradyse,

The

The thyrde daye after thou yeldest into our sute.
A synful Mary the sawe, er saynt Mary thy dame,
And al to solace synful, thou suffredest it soner.
Non veni vocare iustos, sed peccatores ad penitenciam.
And al that Marcke made, Mathew John & Lucas
Of thy doubty dedes were done in our Armes.
Verbum caro factum est, et habitauit in nobis.

And by so muche me semeth the siker we may
Bidde and beseche if it be thy wyll.
That art our father & our brother, be merciful to vs
And haue ruth on these ribauds ẏ repēt hē selfs sore.
That euer they warped the in this worlde
in worde thought, or dede.
Thā hent Hope an horn of Deus tu cōuersus viuificabis
And blew it w̄ Beati quorū remisse sūt iniquitates. (nos.
That all Sayntes in heauen songen at once,
Homines et Iumēta saluabis quemadmodum multiplicasti, misericordiam tuam deus

A thousand of men tho througen togither thin throngi
Criden vpwarde to Christe, & to hys cleane mother
To haue grace to go wyth hem, Truth to seken.
And there was none so wyse, the way thyther could
But blusterynge forth as beastes ouer bankes & hils
Tyll late was and longe, that they a lade mette
Appareld as a Paynime in pylgrymes wyse.
He bare a burden bounden w̄ a brode lyste
In a wythe wandes wyse bounden aboute
A bole and a bagge he bare by hys syde,
An hundred Amples on hys hatte sette
Sygnes of Sinay, and Shelles of Calice
And many a crouch on his cloke and kayes of Rome
And the vernicle before for men should knowe.

And

And se by hys signes, whome he sought hadde,
Thys folke frained him fyrst, from whence he came.
From Sinay he seid, and from our Lords sepulchre.
In Bethlem and in Babilon, I haue bene in both,
In Ermonie and Alexander, and many other placis.
Ye maye see by my signis, that be set on my hatte
That I haue walked full wyde, in wette aud in drye
And sought many good Seints, for my soulis helpe
Knoweste thou not a corssent, that men call truth?
Coudst ÿ not wish vs ÿ wai, where ÿ wight wõnith?
Naye so me God helpe, seyd that gome than
I saw neuer Palmer wyth poke nor wyth scrippe
Aske after hym ere, tyll nowe in thys place.
Peter, quod a plowe man, and putforth hys heade
I knowe hym as kyndly, as clerke doeth hys bokes
Conscience and kynd wytte, kennid me to his place,
And dyd me suren hym sykerly, to serue hym for euer
Both to sowe and to set, the whyle I swinke myght.
I haue ben hys folower, all thys fifty wynter
Boeth sowen his seed and sued hys beastes
Wythin and wythoute, I wayted his profite.
I dyke and delue and do that truth hoteth
Some tyme I sowe and some tyme I thresh
In Tailars and tinkars craft, what truth can deuise
I wene and I wynde and do what truth hoteth.
For though I sey it my self, I serue hym to paye.
Iche haue myne hyre well and other whyles more.
He is prestiste payar that pore men knoweth,
He ne wh̃alt none helk his hire, ÿ he ne hath it at euen
He is as lowe as a lambe, and louely of spech.
And if ye wyll wytte where he wonnith:
I shall wysh you witterly, the hye waye to his place.

Yea leue Piers quod these pilgrãs & proferd him hyre
For to wende w̃ them to Truths dwellyng place
Nay bi my souls helth quod piers & gan for to swere
I nold fony a ferthing for saynt Thomas shrine
Treuth wold loue me ȳ worse lõg time therfor after
And if you wil to wẽd wel this is the way thither
Ye must go through mekenes both men & wiues
Til you cume in to Cõscience that Christ wit the soth
That ye louen oure lorde God leuest of al thyngs
And that youre neybours next in no wyse appeyre
Otherwise than thou woldest he wrought to thy selfe.
And so koweth furth bi a broke beeth burõe of spech
Tyll you fynden a forde your fathers honoreth

Honora patrem et matrem &c.

Wade in that water and wash you wel there
And you shal leape the lyghter al your lyfe after
And so shalt thou see, Swere not but if it be for nede
And namely on Idle the name of God almyghtie
Thã shalt͠ come by a croft but come thou not therin
That croft hight Couet not mẽs catel ne her wiues
Ne none of hyr seruants that noyen hem might
Loke ye breke͠ no bowes there but if thei be your own
Two stocks ther stonden, and stynt you not ther
Thei hight Stele not, ne Sle not strike forth bi both
And leue them on the left hande & loke not thereafter
And holde wel thie holyday heigh till euen
Thã shalt thou blẽsh at a berch, bere no false witnes
He is frithed in Flores and other foes manye
Loke thou pluck no plant there for perels of thi soule
Than shal ye see Seysoth so it be to done
In no maner els not, for no mans byddynge
Than shalt thou come to a court as clere as the sun

The

The mote is of mercie the maner a bowte
And al the walles bene of wyt to holden will oute
And kerneled wyth chriſtendome, mankinde to ſaue
Botraſed with beleue ſo or thou beeſt not ſaued
And al the houſes bene hyledhales and chambres
With no lead but w̄ loue & louelpech as bretherne
The brygge is of bide well the better may thou ſpede
Euery piller is of pennaunce of praiers of ſaynts
Of almes deds 'arey̆ hokes that the gates hangē on
Grace hygh the Gate warde a good man forſothe
His mā hight Amēd you, for many mē hym knowith
Telleth hym thys token that truth wyt the ſoth
I performed the penaūce that the prieſt me enioyned
And am full ſorie for my ſinnes & ſo ſhal I euer
Whan I thinke theron though I were a pope
Beddeth amende you mekē hym, tyl his maſter once
Towayue by the wyket that the woman ſhute
Tho Adam and Eue eten apples vnroſted.

Pena cunctis clauſa eſt, et per virginem
Mariam patefacta eſt

For he hath the keye & the clicket though ỹ kyng ſlepe
And if grace graunt to the to come in thys wyſe
Thou ſhalt ſee in thie ſelfe Truth in thyne herte
In a cheyne of charytie as thou a childe were
To ſuffer hym and ſe not agaynſt thy Sters wyll
And beware thou of Wrath that is a wyked ſhrewe
He hath Enuye to hym that in thy hert ſitteth
And poketh for pride to praiſe thy ſelfe
The boldnes of the benefites maketh the blynde than
And thā waſt ỹ dryuē oute as dewe & the doze cloſede
Keyed and clyketted to kepe the wyth oute
Happilye an hundred wynter er thou eft entre

Thus mightest ỹ lesen his loue, to let wel by thy selue
And neuer happily efte enter, but grace if thou haue.
And there are seuen systerne that seruen truth euer
And are porters of the posterns, that to ỹ place bilõg
That one of hem hight Abstinẽce, Humilitie an other
Charitie and chastitie, bene the chiefe maydens there.
Pacience and Peace, do much people helpe
Largenes the Ladye, lettith in full many
She hath holpe an hundred out of the deuils pinfold
And who is sybbe to these seuen, so me God helpe
He is wonderly welcome, and fayre vnderfonge.
And but ye be sybbe to some of these systers seuen
It is ful hard, bi my head, q Piers, for any of you al
To get ingõg at any gate there, but grace be ỹ more
Now by Christ q a cutpurs thã, I haue no kyn there
Nor I quod an apewarde, by ought ỹ I can knowe.
Wyt God quod a wafrestter, wyst I this forsoth
Shuld I neuer furdir a fote for anifriers preaching.
yis quod Piers ỹ plowman, & pokid hem al to good
Mercie is a mayden there, hath myght ouer them all
And she is sybbe to all synfull and her sonne also.
And through the helpe of hem two, hope ye nõe other
Thou might get grace therby, so thou go by tyme.
Bi. s. Paul q a pardoner, on a vẽture I be not knowẽ
I wyll go fetch my bore w my brenets al. (there
And also a bull wyth a Byshops letters.
By Christ, q a cõmõ womã, thy cõpany wil I folow
Thou shalt saye I am thy sister, I ne wote whether
(thei be gon

Thys

This were a wickid way, but if we had a gide
That wold wēde w̄ vs ech a fote, & ẏ wei tel
Quod perkin ẏ plowmā, bi.s. Peter of rome
I haue an halfe acre to erie by ẏ hygh waye
Had I eried thys halfe acre, and sowed it after
I woulde wend wyth you, and the way teach.
Thys were a longe lettyng ꝙ a lady in a Skleyre
What should we women worke in the meane whyle
Some shal sow the sacke ꝙ Pierce for sheding of the
And ye louely ladies w̄ your lōg fyngers (wheate
That ye haue silke and sandel to sow whan tyme is
Chesibles for chaplaynes churches to honour
Wyues and widdowes wolle and flaxe spinneth
Make cloth I counsell you, & ken so your doughters
The nedy and the naked, nimeth hede how they liggē
And cast hem clothes, for so commaundeth Truth
For I shall leue hem liuelode, but if the lande fayle
Fleshe and breade both to ryche and to pore
As longe as I lyue, for the lordes loue of heauen
And al maner of mē ẏ through meat & drinke libbeth
Helpe him to worke wightly that winneth your fode
By Christ quod a knight tho, he kenneth vs ẏ best
And on the teme truly taught was I neuer
And ken me ꝙ the knight & by Christ I wyl assaye
By saint Paule ꝙ Perkin ye profer me fayre
That I shall swynke and swete, & sowe for vs bothe
And other labours do for thy loue al my lyfe tyme
In couenaunt that thou kepe holy kyrke & my selfe
Frō wasters & frō wycked mē ẏ this world destroy-
And go hunt hardely to hares and to foxes (eth
To bores & to brocks ẏ breken adowne my hedges
And go affayte the Fawcons wylde foles to kyll

How Pi ers assig eth wom to work

Pier prayeth knyght t helpe to kepe holy church.

For such cumeth to my croft and croppeth mi whete
Curteslye the knyght than comsed these wordes
By my power Piers quod he, I plight the my trouth
To fulfill thys forwarde though I fyght shoulde
As longe as I lyue I shal the mayntaine
yea and yet a poynt quod Piers, I pray you of more
Loke ye teme no tenaunt, but truthe wol assent
And though ye may amarcie him, let merci be tayour
And mekenes thie master, mauger Wedes chekes
And though poore men proffre you presents and gyfts
Nym it not on a venture ye maye it not deserue
For ye shal yelde it agayne at one yers ende
In a ful parilous place Purgatori it hight
And misbed not thy bond-mē ỹ better migh ỹ spede
Though he be thi vnderling here, wel it may happen
That he were worthier set & w̄ moreblis (in heauē

Amice ascende superius

For inỹ charnel at churche cherls be ful euel to know
Or a knight from a knaue there, know this in thi hert
And ỹ thou be true of thy toung, & tales ỹ thou hate
But if thei be of wisdō, or of wit thi worknē to chastē
Holde wyth no harlots ne here not her tales
And namelie at the meate suche men eschw
For it be the deuills dyssours I do the to vnderstōde
I assent by saint Jame sayde the knyght thanne
For to work bi thy wordes ỹ while my life endureth
And I shal aparel me quod Piers in pilgrems wise
And wend with you I wyl tyl we finde truthe
And cast on my clothes cloutedand hole
My cokers and mi cuffes for colde on my nailes
And hang my hoper at my hals in stede of a scrip
A bushel of brede corne bring me therein

For

For I wolde sowe it my selfe and syth wyl I wende
To pylgramages as palmers dõe pardõ for to haue
And who so helpeth me to eyrie and sowe or I wend
Shal haue leue bi our lord god to glẽe here in heruist
And makẽ hẽ merri ther, maugre who so big rudge it
And al kynne craftì men that can lyue in truthe
I shal l fynde hem fode that faythfullie lybbeth
Saue Jake the Jugloure and Jonet of the stewes
And Daniell the dyspleyer and Denot the bawde
And fryer faytor and folke of hys order,
And Robyn the Rybauder for his rustie wordes
Truth tolde me once and bad me tel it after
Deleantur de libro viuẽtium. I shoulde not deale wi hym
For holy churche is hote, of hem no tithe to take
Quia cum Justis non scribantur.
They be escaped good auenture, God hem amende,
Dame werche whan tyme is Piers wyfe hyght
His daughter hight Doright so, or ỹ dãe shal ỹ beat
His sõne hight Suffre thy souerains to haue her will
Deme thẽ not for if thou dost thou shalt it dere abye
Let god worke wyth all for so hys worde teacheth
For nowe I am olde & hore and haue of mine owne
To pẽnaũce & to pilgrimag I wil passe wi these other
Therefore I wyl or I wende do write my bequest
IN DEI NOMINE amẽ I make it mi selfe.
How Pierce maketh hys testamẽt.
He shal haue mi soule that best hath deseruid it
And from the fende it defende for so I beleue
Tyl I com to my counts as my Credo me telleth
To haue a relesse and a remission, on that rẽtal I leue
The kyrke shal haue my carene, and kepe my bones,
For of my corne and cattel she craued my tythe
I payde it hym prestlie for peryle of my soule

Therfore

Therfore is he holde I hope, to mind me in his masse
And mengen in hys memory among all christen
My wife shal haue of ỳ I wan w Truth & no more,
And deale among my doughters and my dear childre
For though I dye to day my dettes are quyte
I bare home that I borrowed or I to bedde yede
And w the residue & the rēnaunt by ỳ rode of Lukes
I wyll worshyp therwyth Truthe by my life
And bē his Pilgraime at ỳ plowe for pore mēs sake
My plow fote shalbe mi pikstaf, & pitch ato ỳ rootes
And helpe my culter to kerue and clense ỳ forowes.
Nowe is Perkin & hys pilgraymes to ỳ plow faren
To erie this halfe acre helpen him many,
Dikers and deluers dygged vp the balkes
Therwith was Perkin apaied, & prayse hem fast
Other workemen were there that wrought ful yerne
Euery man in hys maner, made hym selfe to done
And some to please Perkin pycked vp the wedes.
At high prime Pierce let the plowe stonde
To ouer se hem him selfe, and who so best wroughte
He should be hyred therafter whā herueſt time came,
And than satten some and songe at the nale,
And holpen erie his halfe acre wyth hey trolly lolly
Now by ỳ peril of my soule q Pierce, al in pure tene.
But ye arise the rather, and rape you to werke
Shal no graine that growen serue you at nede
And though ye dye for dole, ỳ deuyl haue that retche.
Tho were faytors aferd, and feyned hem blind,
Some layde her legges a lyzye as such losels can
And made her mone to Pierce, and prayed of grace
For we haue no lims to labour w, lord graced be ye,
And we pray for you Pierce, & for your plowe both,

That

That God of hys grace your grayne multiply
And yelde you for your almes that ye gyue vs here
For we cā nether swink ne swet, such sicknes vs ailith
If it be soth q̄ Pierce ẏ ye sayne, I shal it sone espy
Ye be wasters I wot well, and Truth wot the soth
And I am his olde hyne, and height him to warne
Which they wer in this world, hys workemē apered
Ye wast ẏ men wynnen with trauayle and w̄ tene
And Truthe shall teach you his teme to dryue
Or ye shall eat barly bread, and of the broke drynke.
But if ye be blind or brokē leggid, or bolted w̄ yrons,
Ye shall eate wheate breade and drinke w̄ myselfe,
Till God of hys goodnes amendment you sende.
And ye might trauel as Truth would. & take meat &
To kepe kine in the field, ẏ corne frō the beasts (hyre
Diken or deluen or dingen apon sheues
Or helpe make morter, or beare mucke a felde.
In Lechery and in lustengerye ye liue, & in slouthe
And all is through sufferaunce, that vēgeaūce you ne
And Ankers & hermits ẏ eate but at nones (taketh
And no more or morow my almes shal not they haue
And of cattel to kepe hem w̄ ẏ haue cloysters & chur
And Robert runabout shall not haue of mine (ches
Ne apostles but thei prech cā, & haue bishops power
They shal haue pane & potage, & make hir self at ease
No reasonable religion hath right nought of certen.
And thā gan a wastour to wrath him, & would haue
And to Piers ẏ ploumā he profetd his gloue (fought
A Bretoner, a bragger, a bofted Pierce also
And bade him go pysse w̄ his plowe, forpined shrew
Wylt thou, or nelt thou, we wil haue our wyl
Of thy flour & of thy flesh, fetch whā vs lyketh,

And maken vs merye there myd, maugre thy chekes
Pierce pleinith to ẏ knyght. Than Pierce ẏ Plowmā playned him to ẏ knighte
To kepe him as couenaūt from cursed shrewes
And frō these wastors wolueskins, ẏ make ẏ world
For tho wasten & win nought, & that ilke while (dere
Worth neuer plēty amōg ẏ puple, ẏ while mi plow
Curtesly the knight thā, as his kind would (liggeth
Warned wastour, and wished him better,
Or ẏ shalt abie by the lawe, by thorder ẏ I beare
I was not wōt to work ꝙ wastor, & now will I not
And let light of the lawe, & lesse of the knight, (begin
And set Pierce at a pese, and his plowe bothe
And manaced Pierce and his men, if thei met eft sone
Now bi ẏ peril of mi soul ꝙ piers, I shal apeir you al
Pierce ꝛcide hō- And whouped after Hunger, ẏ heard him at the first
ger to re- Awreke me of these wastors ꝙ he, ẏ this world shen-
ēg hym. Hunger in hast tho hent, wastour by the maw (deth
And wrong him so bi the wombe, ẏ his eies watred,
He buffeted the breton about the chekes,
That he loked like a lanterne al his life after
He beat hem so both, he brake nere her guttes,
Ne had Pierce with a pese lof prayed Hūger to cease
They had ben doluen, ne deme thou none other.
Suffer hē liue he said, & let hē eat with hogges,
Or els beanes and branne, baken togythers
Faiters orke for ear ot hō er. Or els milke or meane ale thus prayed Pierce for hē.
Faytours for feare hereof, flowen into barnes
And flappen on with flailes, frō morow til euen
That Hunger was not so hardy, on hem for to loke,
For a potte full of pese, that Pierce had ymaked
An heape of Hermittes hent hem spades
And kyt her copes, and courtepies hem made

And

And wenten as workemē wyth spades & w̄ shouels,
And doluen and diggen to dryue away hunger,
Blinde and bedriden were botened a thousande
That sytten to begge syluer, sone were healed
For bread bakē for baierds, was bote for mani hōgri
And ech pore mā wel apaied to haue pesē for his hire
And what Pierce prayed hē to do, as prest as a hauke
And therof was Pierce proude, & put hem to worke.
And gaue hē meat as he might ford, & mesurable hire
Thā had Pierce pity, & prayed hunger to wende,
Home vnto his owne yard, and holden him there
For I am wel awroke of wasters, by thi might nowe
And I pray the yer thou passe quod Pierce to honger
Of beggers and bydders, what best to be done?
For I wot wel be thou went, they wil worch full yll,
For Mischiefe it maketh, they be so meke now,
And for defaut of her fode, this folke is at my wyll
They ar mi bloudy bretherq̄ Pierce, for god bought
Truth taught me once to loue hem ech one (vs all
And helpen hem of all thyng, aye as hem nedeth
And now would I wyt of the what were the beste
And how I might mastren hem, and make hē worke
Aeare now quod Hunger, and hold it for wisedome,
Bolde beggers & bygge, that may her bread swinke,
With hoūdes bread, & horse bread, hold vp her herts
Abate hem with beanes, for bowing of hyr wombe
And if her gommes grutche, bind hem to swynke
And he shal soupe sweter, whan he it hath deserued
And if thou find any Freke ẏ fortune hath apaired
Or any maner false men, found thou suche to knowe
Confort him w̄ thy cattell, for Christes loue of heuē,
Loue hem, and leue hem, so the law of God teacheth.

How beggers mai be made to worke.

Alter alterius onera portate.

And al maner of men that thou might espye,
That nedy ben and naughty, help hem wt thi goodes
Loue and lacke hem nought, lest god take ẏ vẽgeaũce
Though they do euil, let God worch,

Mihi vindictam, et ego distribuam.

If ẏ wilt be gracious to do good as ẏ gospel techith
And biloue ẏ amõg low mẽ: so shalt thou latch grace
Facite vobis amicos de mammone iniquitatis.

I nolde greue God q Pierce for al ẏ good on groũd,
Might I sinles do as ẏ seist, said Pierce thã (groũd
Yea I behote the q Hongry or els the bible lieth
God to Genesis the giant, the engendrour of vs al
In Sudore and swynke, ẏ shalt thy meat tylye
And labour for our lyuelode, and so our lord hygh
And Sapientie sayth the same, I sawe it in the byll
Piger pre frigore no feylde woulde tylye
And therefore he shal begge & bidde, & no mã bate his
Wathew wt mãs face mouthed these words (hũgre
That Seruus neq had a besaũt, & for he nolde chaffer
He had maugre of his maister, & euer more after
And byname him his Wnam for he wold not worke
And gafe that Wnam to him that ten Wnams had
And wyth that he said that holy kirke it had
He that hath shal haue, and helpe there it nedeth
And he ẏ hath not shal not haue, ne no mã him helpe,
And ẏ he weneth wel to haue, I wil it him bereue.

Kynd witte would that ech a wight wrought
Or in dikynge or in deluynge, or trauayle in prayers,
Contemplatiue life, or actiue life, Christe would they
The psalter saith in psalms of Beati omnes (wrought
The freke that fedeth him self wt his faithful laboure

Be blessed by the boke in bodye and soule.
Labores manuum tuarum. &c.
Yet I pray you ꝙ Pierce praye Charitie & ye canne, know
Any leche crafte lere it me my deare
For some of my seruauntes and my selfe bothe
Of al a weke worken not, so our wombeaketh,
I wote well ꝙ Hunger, what sikenes you ayleth
ye haue manged ouer muche, & ỹ maketh you grone,
And I hote the ꝙ Hunger, as thou thy hele wilneste
That thou drinke no day, ere thou dyne somewhat
Eate not I hote the, ere Hunger the take,
And send the of hys sauce to sauour wyth thy lyppes
And kepe some tyll souper time, and sytte not to long
And ryse vp ere appetite haue eaten his fyll
Lette not syr Surfet syt on thy borde
Leue him not for he is lecherours & licorous of tong
And after mani maner of meat his maw is a hũgred
And if thou diet the thus, I dare laye my eares
That phisike shal his furred hodde, for his foode sell
And hys cloke of Calabrye, w̃ al his knaps of golde,
And be fayne by my fayth his phisike to lette
And lerne to laboure w̃ hond, for lyue lode is swete,
For murtherers are many leches lorde hem amende.
They do mẽ dye by their drinkes yer destiny it wolde
By. S. Paule ꝙ Pierce these ar profitable wordes
Wend ỹ honger when ỹ wylt, ỹ wel be thou euer
For this is a louely lesson, Lord it the foryeld,
Bihote god quod honger, hence ne will I wende
Til I haue dined by this day, and dronken both.
I haue no peny quod Pierce, polettes for to bie pullets
Ne neither gose ne grys, but two grene cheses
A few curdes and creame, and an hauer cake oaten cake

How piers prayeth hũger to teche him a lich chraft for hym and for hys seruantes

And two loues of beanes & branne bake for mi folke
And yet I say by my soule, I haue no salt bacon
Ne no cokeney by Christe, coloppes for to make,
And I haue perceley and porets, & many cole plātes,
And eke a cowe and a calfe, and a cart mare
To draw a field my dung ẏ while ẏ drawght, lasteth
And bi this liuelod, I must liue til Lāmas time
By that I hope to haue heruest in my croft,
And than I may dyght my dyner, as my dere lyketh,
And al the pore people tho, Pescoddes fet,
Beanes and bakē apples, they brought in her lappes
Chyboles and chernell, and rype cheries many,
And proferd Pierce thys presente to please w̄ hūger
All honger eate in haste, and asked after more,
Than pore folke for feare, fedde hunger yerne
With grene poret & pesen, to poison him thei thought
By ẏ it neghed to haruest, new corne came to cheping
Than was folke fayne, and fedde hungre w̄ the beste
With good ale as Glotō taught, & gart hūgre a slepe
And tho would waster no work, but wādren aboute,
Ne no begger eate breade, that beanes in were
But of Coket and Clermatyne, or els of cleane wheat
Ne no halfepeny ale in no wyse drynke
But of the best & of ẏ browneste ẏ in burth is to sell.
Laborers ẏ haue no land to liue on, but her handes
Deyned not to dyne a daye nyght old wortes,
May no penyale hem paye, nor no pece of bacon
But if it be freshe flesh, other fyshe fried ether or bake
And ẏ chaud, or plus chaud, for chilling of her maw
But if he be hyghlye hyered, else wyll he chyde
And ẏ he was workeman wrought, waile the tyme
Agaynst Catons counsell, comseth he to iangle.

Pore folk fede hunger.

Pau-

Paupertatis onus patienter ferre memento.

He greueth him against god, & grutcheth against resõ
And thã curseth he the king, and all hys counsel after,
Suche lawes to loke, labourers to greue.
While hũger gafe hem hier, not one of hẽ wold chide,
Ne striuen agaynst his statute, so sternely he loked
And I warne you worckemen, win while ye may
For Hunger hytherwarde hasteth hym selfe
He shall awake wyth water, wastours to chast
Ere fyue be fulfylled such famine shal aryse
Through floudes and fowle weder fruite shal faile,
And so sayd Saturne and sent you to warne,
And whẽ ye se the sunne amisse, & two mõkes heades
And a maid haue the maistrye, & multiply by eight.
Than shall death w̃ drawe, and derth bye iustice
And Dawe the Diker shall dye for hunger.
But if God of his goodnes graunt vs a treue.

Passus septimus de visione.

TRuth hearde tell herof, and to Pierce sente,
To make his teme, and tile the earth
And purchased a pardone, A pena et culpa
For hym & for his heyres for euermore after
And bade hym holde him at home, and erye his laies
And al that helpe him to erye, to sette, and to sowe
Or any other mistery that might Pierce auaile,
Pardon w̃ Pierce Plowman Truth hath graunted
Knyghtes and kynges that kepeth holy kyrke,
And ryghfully in realmes ruleth the people
Haue pardon through purgatorie to passe ful lightly
With patriarks & prophets, in Paradice to be felow
Byshops blessed, if they bene as they shoulde,

Piercis Pardon.

Legisters

Legisters of both lawes the lewde therw̃ to preach,
And in as much as they may amend all sinful
Are peers w̃ thapostles, such pardõ Pierce sheweth
And at the day of dome, at the hygh deyse to sitte
Marchauntes in the mergen had many yeres
And none a pena et culpa, the Pope wyll hem graunt
For thei hold not her holi daies, as holi kirke techeth
And for they swere by her soul, & so god must hẽ help
Agayne clene conscience, her catell to sell.
And vnder his secrete seale Truth sẽt hem a letter
That they shoulde hugge boldly that hem best liked
And sythen sell it againe, and saue the wynnynge
And amẽd Mesõdieux her mede, & misease folk helpe
And wycked wayes wyghtly amende,
And do boote to Brugges that to broke were.
Marien maydens or maken hem Nunnes.
Pore people and prisons fynden hem her fode
And set scholers to schole, or to some other craftes
Releue religion, and reuten him better,
And I shal send you. S. Mihel myne archangelle,
That no deuil shal you dere, ne fere you in your doing
And wyten you fro̅ wanhope if ye wyl thus worke,
And send your soules in safety to my saintes in Joye,
Than were marchauntes mery, many wept for Joye
And praysed Pierce the Plowman ỹ purchased ỹ bul
Wen of law least pardon had, that pleden for Wede
For the psalter saueth hem not, such as take̅ giftes,
And namely of Innocent that no euyl ne canneth

Super innocentem munera non accipies,

Pledeth the ulde peine hem to pleade for such in helth
Princes & prelates should pay for her trauell.

& regibus et principibus erit merces eorum.

And

And mani a Justice and Jurour would for John do
Than Pro dei pietate, leue you no other (more
And he that spēdeth hys speche & speaketh for ẏ pore
That is innocent & nedy, and no man appeyreth
Conforteth him in that case, wout couetise of giftes,
And spekith law for our lords loue as he hath lernid
Shal no deuyl at his deathes daye deren him a mite
That he ne worth salfe & his soule, ẏ psalter beareth
Domine quis habitabit in tabernaculo tuo? (wytnes
And to bugge water ne wind, ne wit, ne fire ẏ ferth
These four the father of heuē made to this fold in cō-
These be Truthes treasures, true folk to help (men
That neuer shal wexe ne wane wout God hym selfe.
Whā they drawen one to die, & indulgēce wold haue
Their pardon is full petit at their partyng hence
That any mede of meane men for their mooting take
Ye Legisters and lawyers hold thys for Truthe,
That if I lye, Mathewe is to blame,
For he bade me tel you this, & this prouerbe me told
Quodcumque vultis vt faciant vobis homines facite eis.
Al lyuynge laborers that liuiden w̄ her handes
That truly taken, and truly wynnen,
And liuen in loue and in lawe for their lowe hertes
Haueth the same absolution that sent was to Pierce
Beggers & bidders ne be not in the bulle,
But if the suggestiō be south, ẏ shapeth hē to begge.
For he that beggeth one byt, but if he haue nede
He is false wyth the fende, and defraudeth the nedy
And also he begileth the gyuer, agaynst his wyll
For if he were not nedy, he would giue ẏ to an other
That were more nedy thā he, so ẏ nedest shold be hol-
Caton kēneth me thus, & the clerke of Stories (pen

Lawyers should take no money

Of geuyng of Almes.

Cui des videto, is Catons teachinge
And in the stories he teacheth to bestowe your almes
Sit elimosina tua in manu tua donec studes cui des,
And Gregory was a good man, & bade vs geuen all
That asketh for his loue, that vs all leueth
Non eligas cui miserearis ne forte pretereas illũ qui meretur accipere. Quia incertum est pro quo deo magis placeas.
For ye wit not who is worthi, & god knowth the nedi
In hym that taketh is ẏ trechery, if any treson walke
For he that geueth yeldeth and yarketh hym to rest
And he ẏ biddeth borowеth, & brigeth himself in det
For beggers borowẽ euer, & their bowgh is god al-
To yeld hẽ ẏ geueth hẽ, & yet vsure more (mighty
Quare non dedisti pecuniam meam ad mensam, vt ego meum cum vsuris exigerem.
Therfore byd not, o ye begers, but if it be great nede
For he ẏ must nedis begẽ bred, ẏ boke bereth witnes
He hath inough ẏ hath bred, though he haue nought
Satis diues est qui non indiget pane. (else.
Let vsage be your solace of saintes lyues readynge
The boke bãneth begery, & blameth hẽ in this maner
Junior fui etenim senui et non vidi iustum derelictum nec semen eius qnerens panem.
For ye lyue in no loue, ne no lawe holde,
Many of you ye wed not the women ẏ ye with deale
But as wild beasts with wehe, worthẽ vp & worchẽ
And bringen forth barnes, that bastardes men callẽ,
Or the backe or some bone, he breaketh in his youth
And sithe gone fayten ẇ your seruañts for euer after
There is more mishappe puple amõg these beggers
Than of al maner of mẽ that on thys molde walketh
And they that lyue thus her lyfe, may loth the tyme
That

That euer they were men wrought, whā he shal hēce
And olde mē & hore that helples be of strength (fare go
And women wō chylde that worke ne maye
Blynd & bedreden and broke there membres
That taken the myscheues mekely as mesels & other
Haue as pleyne pardon as the plowman hym selfe
For loue of yer low herts oure lord hath thē graūted
Their penaūce and their purgatorie here on this erth
Piers quod a priest tho thy pardon must I reade
For I wyl construe ech clause & kenne it ȳ in inglysh
And Piers at hys prayer that pardon vnfoldeth
And I behinden hem bothe beheld al the bulle
All in two lynes it laye and not a leefe more
And was wrytten ryght thus in wytnes of truthe

Et qui bona egerunt ibunt in vitam eternam
Qui vero mala in ignem eternam.

Peter quod the priest tho, I can no pardon fynde
But do well and haue wel, & god shal haue thy soule
And do yll and haue yll hope thou none other
But after thy deaths day, ȳ deuil shal haue thy soule
And Pierce for pure tene, pulled it in twaine.
And sayde Si ambulauero in medio vmbre mortis
Non timebo mala quoniam tu mecum es.

I shal cease of my sowinge quod pierce, & swinke not
Ne about my bealy ioy, so busy be no more (so hard
Of prayers & of penaūce, my plowe shalbe hereafter,
And wepe whā I shold slepe, though whet bread me
The prophet his pane eat, in penaūce & sorow (faile
By that the psalter sayth, so dyd other many,
That loueth god lelly, hys lyuelode is full easye

Fuerunt mihi lachrime mee panes die ac nocte.

And but if Lukelye, he learneth vs by kowles

We should not be busye about the worldes blysse
Ne soliciti sitis he sayeth in the gospell,
And sheweth vs by examples vs selfe to wysse
The foules in ẏ field, who findes hē meat in winter?
Haue they no garner to go to, but god fedes hem all,
What ꝙ the prieste to Perkin, Peter as me thynketh
Thou art lettered a lyttle, who learned the on boke?
Abstinēce ẏ Abbes ꝙ Pierce mine. a. b. c. me taught
And cōsciēce came afterward, & kēned me much more
Were ẏ a priest ꝙ he, ẏ mightst preach wher ẏ shold,
As diuinor in diuinitie, wh Dixit insipiens to thy teme,
Lewd lorel quod Pierce, litle lokest thou on ẏ byble
On Solomons sawes, seldome thou beholdest
Ecce derisores et iurgia cum eis ne crescant.
The prieste and Perkin apposed either other
And I through their words awoke, & waited about
And sawe the sunne in the south syt that tyme,
Meatles and moueles on Maluerne hylles
Musyng on thys metales, and my way eche yede.
Many tymes this metels hath made me study,
Of that I see sleapynge, if that so be myght
And also for Pierce the Plowman full pensife in herte
And which a pardon Pierce had al ẏ puple to cōforte
And how ẏ priest impūgned it, wh two propre words
And I haue no sauery in sōgwary, for I se it oft fayle
Caton and canonistres counsel vs to leaue
To set sadnes in songwarye for Sompnia ne cures.
And for the boke bible beareth wytnes,
How Daniel dimned the dreames of a kinge
That was Nabugodonosor named of clerkes
Daniel sayde syr kinge, thy dreames betoken,
That vnkougth knights shal come, thi kingdome to
(cleime

How Daniel dimid ẏ dreamis of Nabugodonosor.

Amõgst lower lordes thy lãd shalbe departed
And as Daniel dimned in dede, it fell after
The kynge lost his lordeshyp and lower mẽ it had
And Joseph met marueilously how ẏ mone & ẏ sũne
And the .xi. starres halsed hem all,
Than Jacob iudged Josephes swyuen,
Beau fitz quod hys father, for defaute we shall
I my selfe and my sonnes seche the for nede.
It befell as hys father said in Pharaos tyme
That Joseph was Justice Egypte to loken
It befel as his father told, his frẽds ther him sought
And al this maketh me on this metals to thinke
And how the prest preued no pardon to do well,
And demed that do well indulgences passed,
Biennales and triennales, and Bishops letters
And how do wel at ẏ day of dome, is dignly vnder-
And passeth al ẏ pardon of .s. Peters church (foũgen
Now hath ẏ Pope power pardõ to graũt the puple
Without any penaunce to passe into heuen,
This is our beleue, as lettered men do vs teach,
Quodcumque ligaueris super terram erit ligatum et in celis
And so leue lelly Lordes, for bode els
That pardon and penaunce, and prayers done saue,
Soules that haue sinned seuen sythes deadly
And to trust to these triennales truly me thynketh,
Is not so siker for the soules as to do well,
Therfore I red you reuks ẏ rich be on thys earth,
Apon truste of your treasure, triennales to haue,
Be ye neuer the bolder to breke the ten hestes
And namely ye maisters, mayres, and iudges,
That haue ẏ wealth of this world, & for wise mẽ be
To purchase you pardõs, & the Popes buls (holdẽ

Dẏ dremes of Iosephe.

At the dreadfull dome, whan the dead shall aryse
And commen all tofore Christe, accountes to yede
How ỹ leadest thy lyfe here, and his lawes kepest
And how ỹ didest day by day the dome wil reherse,
A poke full of pardon ther, ne prouincial letters
Though ye be foũdẽ in ỹ fraternitie of the .iiii. orders
I beset your patentes & your pardõs, at one pese hele
Therfore I counsell all christen to crye God mercy,
And make Christ our meane, that hath made emẽds
That god giue vs grace here, or we go hence
Suche worckes to worcke, whyle we be here,
That after our deathes day, do wel rehearse
At the day of dome, we dyd as he hyght.

Passus octauus de visione.

Et hic incipit inquisitio prima de dowell.

THus throbed in russet, I runned about
All a Somer season for to seke Dowel
And freyned full oft, of folke that I mete
If any wight wist wher dowel was at inne
And what man he might be, of many man I asked,
Was neuer wyght as I went, that me wyshe could
Where thys ladde lenged, lasse or more,
Tyll it befel on a Fryday, two Fryers I mette,
Maisters of the Menours, men of greate wytte
I halsed hem hendly, as I had lerned,
And prayed hem for charitie, or they passed further
If they knew any contrye or cost as they went
Where that dowel dwelleth, do me to wyt,
For they be men of this mold that most wyde walke.

And

And knowē contries & courtes, & many kings places
Both princes palaces, and poze mens cotes
And dowel & do euil, where they dwel both.
Amongest vs of the menours, that man is dwellinge
And euer hath as I hope, and euer shall hereafter,
Contra quod I, as a clarke, and cumsed to disputen
And sayde hym sothlye, Septies in die cadit iustus
Seuen sythes sayeth the boke, synneth the ryghtfull,
And who so synneth I say, doth euyl as me thinketh
And dowell and do euyl, may not dwell togither,
Ergo he is not alway among you Fryers
He is otherwhyle els where, to wyschen the people.
I shall say the my sonne, sayde the Frier than,
Howe seuen sithes the sadde man on a day synneth,
By a forbisne quod the Fryer, I shal the faire shewe
Let bryng a man in a boote, amyd the broke water
The wynde and the water, and the bote waggyng
Make a man many tyme to fall, and to stande
For stand he neuer so styffe, he stumbleth if he meue
And yet is he safe and sounde, and so hym behoueth,
For if he ne aryse the rather, and raght to the stere,
The wind would w the water the boote ouerthrow
And thā were his life lost through latches of him self
And thus it falleth quod ỹ Frier by folk here on erth
The water is likned to ỹ world ỹ waueth & weyeth
The goods of this world ar likened to ỹ gret waues
That as windes and wethers walken about,
The boote is likened to our body, ỹ brotil is of kynd
That through the flesche and the frayle worlde,
Synneth the sadde man a day seuen tymes
And deadly synne dothe he not, for dowel him kepeth
And ỹ is charitie ỹ chāpion, chefe helpe agayne sinne

For

For he strēthed man to stand, & stirreth mans soule
And thoughe they bowe as boote doth in the water,
Aye is thy soule safe, but if thou wylt thy selfe
Do a deadlye sinne, and drenche so thy soule,
God wyll suffer wel thy slouth, if thy selfe lyketh
For he gafe the two yeresyeftis to teme wel thy selfe
And ẏ is Witte & Frewil to euery wight a portion
To flyinge fowles, to fishes, and to beastes
And man hath moste therof, and most is to blame
But if he worch wel therẇ, as do wel hym teacheth.
I haue no kind knoyng ꝙ I, to cōceiue all your wor-
And if I may liue & loke, I shal go learne better (des
I bikenne the Christ, that on the crosse dyed.
And I said the same saue you from mischaunce
And giue you grace on this groūd good mē to worth
And thus I went wide wher, walking mine one
By a wyde wildernes, and by a brookes syde,
Blisse of the birdes brought me on slepe,
And vnder a lynde on a land, lened I a stounde
To lyth the layes, tho louely fowles made,
Myrthe of her mouthes made me there to slepe
The maruelousest metelles mette me than,
That euer dremed wyght in worlde as I wene.
A much man as me thought, and like to my selfe,
Came and called me by my kinde name,
What art ẏ quod I tho, thou ẏ my name knoweste?
That thou wottest wel quod he, and no wight better
Wote I what thou art? Thought sayd he than,
I haue sued the this seuen yeres, se ẏ me no rather?
Art thou Thought ꝙ I tho, thou couldest me wyshe
Wher ẏ Dowel dwelleth, & do me that to knowe
Dowel, & Dobetter, & Dobest the thirde quod he

Are

Are thre fayre vertues and be not farre to fynde
Who so is true of hys tonge and of hys two handis
And through his labor & his lōd his lyuelod winneth
And is trusty of hys tayland, taketh but hys owne talent
And is no dronkelewe ne dedigyous dowel him folo-
Dobet doth right thus, & he doth much more (weth
He is as lowe as a lambe and louelye of speche
And helpeth al men after that hem nedith,
The bagges & the bigirdles he hath to brokē hem all
That the Erle Auarous helde and hys heyrs
And thus w̄ māmōs money he hath made him frēds
And is cōne to religion and hath rendred the bible NB
And precheth to the people saynt paules wordes

Libenter suffertis Insipientes cū sitis ipsi sapientes

And suffreth the vnwise w̄ you for to lyue
And w̄ glad will doth hē good for so god you hoteth,
Dobest is aboue both, and bereth a bishopes crosse
Is hoked on that one ende to halse men from hel to hale, draw
A pyke is on ẏ̄ potent to pul downe the wicked,
That wayten any wyckednes Dowell to tene
And Dowel & dobet amoūgest hem haue ordained
To coroune one to be kynge to rule hem both
That if dowel and dobetter dyd againe dobest,
Than shal the kyng come and cast hem in Irons,
And but if dobest beede for hem they be there for euer
Thus dowel and dobet and dobest the thirde
Croūned vnto them a kynge to kepe hem all
And to rule the realme by her thre wyttes their
And none otherwyse but as they thre assentyd,
I thanked Thought tho that he me thus taught
And yet fauoreth me not thy saying, I coueit to lerne
How dowel dobest & dobetter done amongs ẏ̄ people

But witte cā wish the ꝙ thought where tho. iii dwell
Els wot I none that, can se that now is a lyue,
Thought and I thus thre dayes we yeden
Disputing vpon dowel daye after other.
And er we wer ware w̄ witte ganne we mete
He was long and leane lyke to none other
Was no pride on hys apparell ne pouertie neither
Sad of his semblaunt and of soft chere
I durst not moue no mater to make hym to Iangle
But as I bade thought tho, be meane betwene
And put forth sum purpose to preue his wittes
What was dowel fro dobet ⁊ dobeste frō thē bothe
Than thought in that tyme sayde these wordes
Whether dowel dobet and dobest bene in lande
Here is wyl wolde witte, if witte coude teche hym
And whether he be man or womā, this mā fain wold
And workē as they thre wold thus is his entēt (espy

Passus nonus de visione. Et primus de dowel

HEre dowel dwellith ꝙ wit not a day hence
In a castel ẏ kind made of four kins things
Of erth ⁊ ayre is it made medlid to gethers
Wyth wynde and wyth water wytterly enioyned
Kynde hath closed therin craftely with all
A leman that he louethe lyke to hym selfe
ANIMA she hyght, and enuie her hateth
A proude pricker of fraunce, Princeps huius mundi,
And wolde wyn her awaye w̄ wyles and he might
And kynd knoweth thys well and kepith her ẏ better
And doth her w̄ syr Dowel, is duke of thys marches
Dobet is hir damsel syr dowels daughter
To serue this ladie lelly both late and rathe

Dobest

Dobest is aboue bothe a Bychops pere
That he byd muste be do he ruleth them all
Anima that lady is led by hys lerneing
And ỳ constable of ỳ castell that kepith al ỳ wache
Is a wyse knyght w̄ al syr Inwit he hyght
And hath fyue fayre souls by his fyrst wyfe
Syr Seewel and Saywel and hearewell the hende
Syr Worke wel w̄ thy hād a wight mā of strengthe
And syr Godfray Gowel, gret lords for sothe
These fyue ben set to saue thys ladie Anima
Tyl Kynde cum or sende to saue her for euer
What kins thing is kinde quod I, canst thou me tel
Kynd ỳ witte is a creator of al kinnis thyngs
Father and former of all that euer was made
And that is the grete god that begynning had neuer
Lorde of lyfe and of lyght of blis and of payne
Angels and althing are at his wyl
And man is hym most lyke of marke and of shape
For through ỳ worde that he spake wexē forth bestes
Dixit et facta sunt.
And made Adam lykest to hym selfe one
And Eue of hys rybbe bone wouten any meane
For he was synguler hym selfe and sayde Faciamus,
As who saye more must hertō than mi worde one
My myght must helpe now w̄ my speche
Eue as a lord shuld make leters, & he lakid parchmēt
Though he coud write neuer so wel if he had no pen
The lettre for al his lordship I leue wer neuer maked
And so it semith by hym as the bible tellyth
There he sayde. Dixit et facta sunt,
He must worke wyth hys worde and his wit shewe
And in this maner was mā made by might of god al-

Wyth his word & his workmāship and w̄ life to last
And thus god gaue him a goost of ẏ godhed of heauē
And of hys grete grace graūted hym blysse
And ẏ is lyfe that aye shal last to al our linage after
And that is the castel ẏ kynde made Caro it hyght
And is as much to meane as man wyth a soule
And that he wyth worke and with worde both
Through might of the maiestie in Adā was maked
Inwit and al wits closed bene therin
For loue of the ladie Anima that lyfe is named
Ouer al in mans bodie she walketh and wandreth
And in the hert is hir home and hir most rest
And Inwyt is in ẏ head and to the hert loketh
What Anima is leefe or loth, he ledyth hir at his wil
For after the grace of god the gretest is Inwitte
Much woo worth ẏ mā that misruleth his Inwitte
And that bene glotons glubberys, her god is her (wombe
Quorum deus venter est,
For seruen they Sathan there souls shal he haue
They liue in sinfull life here, their soule is like ẏ deuill
And al that liuen good life are like to god almyghtie
Qui manet in charitate, in deo manet.
Alas that drynke shal fordo that god dere bought
And doth god forsake hem ẏ he shope to his likenes.
Amen dico vobis, nescio vos, et alibi, et dimisi eos secundum desiderata eorum.
Fooles that fauten Inwytte, I finde ẏ holie churche
Shulde fynde hem that faute and fatherles children
And wydowes ẏ haue not where w̄ to wyn hē her (foode
Mad men and maydens that helpeles were
Al these lacke Inwitte, and lore behoueth.
Of thys matter I might make a longe tale

And

And fynde fel wytnesses among the foure doctors
That I lyē not on ẏ I lerne ẏ, Luke bereth witnes
God fathers & godmothers ẏ sene her god childrene
At misease and at myschyfe and might hem amende
Shal haue penaūce in purgatorie but they hem help
For more belōgeth to ẏ litle barne or he ẏ lawe know
Than nempned of a name and he neuer the wyser
Sholde no chrysten creature crie at the gate
Ne fayle payne ne potage & prelats dyd as they shuld
A Jewe wol not see a Jewe go tangling for defaute
For al ẏ mouables on this mold, & he amēde it might
Alas ẏ a christen creature shalbe vnkynde to an other
Sythē Jewes that we iudge Judas felowes
Eche of hem helpeth other of ẏ that hem nedeth
Why will we not christē, of Christes good be as kynd
As Jewes that be oure lores men, shame to vs al.
The Cōmune for hyr vnkindnes I drede me shal abie
Bysshops shalbe blamed for beggers sake
He is worse than Judas that giueth a Japer syluer
And byddeth the begger go for hys broken clothes

Proditor est prelatus cum Juda qui patrimonium Christi minus distribuit, et alibi, perniciosus dispēsator est qui res pauperum Christi inutiliter consumit.

He doth not wel ẏ doth so, ne dredeth God of might
He loueth not Salomōs sawes that sapience taught
Initium Sapientie timor domini.
That dredeth god he doth wel ẏ dredeth him for loue
And nought for dred of vēgeaūce doth therfore ẏ beter
He doth best that wdrawe th him by daye & by nyght
To spyl any speche or any space of tyme

Qui offendit in vno, in omnibus est reus.

Resynge of time, truth wootes the sothe,

Is moste hated apon earth of hem that be in heauen
And sithen to spill speach that enspired is of grace
And gods gleman, and a game of heauen,
Would neuer ẏ faithful father his fidle were vntem-
Ne hys gleman a gedlyng a goer to tauerne. (perd
To all true tidy men, that trauell desyren,
Our Lord loueth hem, & lente land to other styll,
Grace to go to hem, and of gone her lyfelode.

Inquirentes autem dominũ, non minuentur omni bono.

True wedding liuinge folke, in this world is dowel,
For they most worke & wynne, & the world susteine,
For of his kind they come, that confessour be named
Kynges and knightes, Caysers, and cherles,
Maydens and martires out of one man come
The wyfe was made the way to helpe to worch
And thus was wedlocke wrought w̃ a meane persõ
Firste by the fathers wyll, and the frendes counsell,
And sithẽ by the assent of hẽ self as thei might accord
And thus was wedlocke wrought, & god him selfe it
In erth & in heuen, him selfe was the wytnes, (made
And false folke faythles, theues and lyers,
Wastours and wretches out of wedlocke I trowe,
Cõceiued bẽ in ill tyme, as Cayne was on Eue,
Of suche synfull shrewes, the psalter maketh minde,

Concepit in dolore et peperit iniquitatem.

And al that come of that Cayne, come to euil ende
For god sent to Sem, and sayd by an aungell
Thine issue in thine issue I wyll that they be wedded,
And not thy kind in Caines kind, coupled nor spoused
Yet Sem agayne the soũd of our sauioure of heuen.
Caines kinde and hys kynde coupled togythers
Til god wrothed for her works, & such a word said.

That

That I made man, nowe it me forthynketh. repenteth
Penitet me fecisse hominem.
And came to Noe anone, and bade hym not let
Swythe go shape a shyppe, of shydes and of bordes
Thi selfe and thy sonnes thre, and sithen your wiues
Buske you to that bote, and byde ye therein,
Tyll forty daies be fulfilled, that floude haue washed
Cleane away ỹ cursed bloude that Cayne hath made
Beastes that nowe beue, shall banne the tyme,
That euer that cursed Cayne come on thys earth
All shall dye for hys dedes by dales and by downes,
And the fowles that flowe forth, w̃ other beastes
Except onely of euery kynde a couple,
That in thy shyngled shyppe shall be saued,
Here abode the barne, the belsyres gyltes,
And all for hyr fathers fared they worse,
The gospel is here agayne, in one degre I fynde.
Filius non portabit iniquitatẽ patris,
Et pater non portabit iniquitatem filii.
And I fynde, if the father be false, and a shrewe,
That soudeale the sonne shal haue the syres tutches
Impe on an elderne, and if thyne apple be swete, raft
Muchel maruaile me thynketh, and more of a shrew
That bringeth fourth any barne, but it be ỹ same.
And haue a sauour after ỹ sire, seeld seeste thou other. seldome
Nunquã colligitur de spinis vua, nec de tribulis ficus.
And thus through cursed Caine came care apõ earth
Therfore haue ỹ maugre of her mariages ỹ mary so
For some as I se, nowe sothe for to tel, (her children
For couetous of catel, vnkindely be wedded ill
As carefull conception commeth of such mariages
As befell of the folke, that I before tolde.

For

For good shuld wed good though they no good had
I am Via et veritas, sayth Christ, I maie auaũce all
It is an vncomly couple, by Christ, as me thinketh
To geue a young wenche to an olde feble [man]
Or wedden anye wydowe for welth of here goodes
That shal neuer barne beare, but if it be in armes
Mani apaire sithẽ ẏ pestilẽce hath plyght hẽ together
The fruite that they bring furth ar fowle wordes
In Jelousie Joyeles and Janglen a bed
Haue thei no childrẽ but chests & clapping thẽ betwẽ
And though thei gone to dõmow but if ẏ deuyl help
To followe after the fliche, fetche they it neuer
And but they both be forsworne that bacon they tine
Therfore I coũcel al christen couet not to be weddid
For couetis of cattel ne of kynred ryche
And maydens and maydens mache you togythers
Wydowes and wydowes worke the same
For no landes but for loue, loke ye be wedded
And thã get ye ẏ grace of god & good I nough to liue
And euerie man seculer that may not contynue (wyth
Wyselye goo wed and ware hym from synne
For lecherie in lykynge is lime yarde of hel
Whiles thou arte younge and thy wepon kene
Wreke the ẇ wyueyng yf thou wylt be excused
Dum sis vir fortis, ne des tua robora scortis
Scribitur in portis meretrix est Janua mortis.
Whan ye haue wyued beware and warke in tyme
Not as Adame & Eue whan Cayne was Ingendred
For in one tyme trulie betwene man and woman
Ne shold no bourd on bed be, but if they bothe were
Both of lyfe & of soule and in perfyt charitie (cleane
That ylke derne dede, do no man ne shoulde

And

And if they lead thus theyr life, it liketh god almighty
For he made wedlocke firste, and hym selfe.

Bonum est vt vnusquisque vxorem suam habeat, propter fornicationem.

And they ẏ other gates bē getē, for gedlings bē hold
As false folke, foūdlinges, faytours and liers
Vngratious to get good, or loue of the people
Wandren and wasten, what they catche maye,
Agayne dowell they do euyl, & the deuyl serue,
And after their deathes daye, shal dwel w̄ the same
But god giue hem grace here, hem selues to amend,
Dowell my frende, is to done as lawes techen,
To loue thy frend and thy foe, leue me ẏ is dobet,
To gyue vnto menne bothe yonge and olde,
To healen and to helpen, is do best of all,
And dowell is to dreade god, and do bette to suffer
And so cometh dobest of both, & bringeth adown the
And ẏ is wicked will, ẏ many work shendeth (modie
And dryueth awaye dowell, through deadly sinnes.

Passus decimus de visione.
Et secundus de dowell.

Thā had Wit a wife, was hote dame Study
That leue was of lere, and of liche both
She was wōderli wrought, wit me so techid
And al staring dame study, sternely sayd
Wel art ẏ wyse ꝙ she to wyt, any wysdomes to tell
To Flatterers or to foles that frentyke be of wyttes
And blamed him and banned hym, & bade him be styl
Wyth suche wyse wordes to wyshe any sottes,
And sayd, Noli mittere, mā Margarite Pearles
Amonge hogges that haue hawes at wyll,
They do but driuel theron, draufe were hem leuer,
Thā al precious Pirre, that in paradice wexeth

I say it by such, quod she, ỹ shewit by her works
That hem were leuer land, and lordshyp on earth,
Or ryches or rentes, and rest at her wyll,
Than al the soth sawes, that Salomon sayde euer
Wysedome and wytte nowe is not worth a kerse,
But if it be garded w̄ couetise, as clothers kemb her
Who so cā cōtryue deceites, & cōspyre wrōgs (woule
And lead forth a loue daye, to let wyth truth
He that such craftes can, is oft cleped to counsell,
They lede Lords wyth lesinges, and belieth Truth,
Job the gentle in hys gestes wytnesseth,
That wicked mē they weldē, ỹ welth of this world
And ỹ they be lordes of ech land, ỹ out of law lyueth.
Quare impii viuunt, bene est omnibus qui preuaricantur et inique agunt.
The Psalter sayeth the same, by such as done euyl.
Ecce ipsi peccatores habūdātes in seculo obtinuerūt diuitias
Lo sayth holy lecture, why-h be these shrewes
Thylke that god geueth moste, leest good they deleth
And most vnkind be to ỹ cōinē, ỹ most cattel weldeth
Que perfecisti destruxerunt, iustus autem,
Harlots for her harlotry, may haue of her goodes
And Japers and Juglers, and ianglers of gestes,
And he that hath holy wryte aye in hys mouth,
And can tell of Tobie, & of the twelue Apostles
Or preachen of ỹ penaūce, ỹ Pilate falsely wrought,
To Jesu the gentle, that Jewes to drawe,
Lytel is he loued that suche a lesson sheweth
Or daunten or draw forth, I do it on god hym selfe.
But tho that fayne hem foles, & wyth faytinge liueth
Agayne the lawe of our lorde, and lyen on hem selfe,
Spiten and spuen, and speake foule wordes
Drynkinge and driuelyng, and do men for to gape
Lyken

Lyken men, & lye on hem, ẏ leneth hem no gyftes
They can no more minstrelsy ne musyke men to glad,
Than Maude the mulier, of Multa fecit deus
Ne were hir vyle harlotry, haue god my trouth
Shoulde neuer kynge ne knyght, ne canon of Poules
Gyue hem to her yeres gyfte, ne gift of a grote,
And myrth of minstrelsy amongest men is nought
Lechery, losenchery, and losels tales,
Glotony and greate othes is mirthe they loueth,
And if they carpē of Christ, these clerkes & these lewd
At the meat in her myrth, whan minstrelles ben styll
Than telleth they of the trinitie a tale or twayne
And bringeth forth a balde reason, & takē Bernard to
And put forth a presūption to preue ẏ soth, (witnes
Thus they dreuell at her dayse, the deitie to knowe
And gnawen god w̄ hyr gorge, whan hyr guts fallen
And the carfull may crye, and carpen at the gate
Both a hungerd and a furste, and for chels quake
Is none to nymen hym nere, hys noy to amend
But hunten hym as a hounde, & hoten hym go hence,
Litle loueth he that Lorde, that lent hym all ẏ blysse,
That thus parteth, w̄ the pore, a percel whā him ne-
Ne were mercy in mene men more than in rych (deth
Mendynauntes meatles, myght go to bedde.
God is much in the gorge, of these greate maisters,
And amonges meane men his mercy & hys worckes
And so sayeth the psalter, I haue sene it oft.

Ecce audiuimus eum in effrata, inueniemus eum in campis silue.

Clarkes and other kinnes men carpen of god fast
And haue hym much in ẏ mouth, & meane men in hert
Fryers and faytors haue founden such questions
To please wyth the proud men sith the pestilēce time

And preachen at. S. Paules for pure enuy of clarkes
That folke is not firmed in the faythe, ne freer of her (goodes
Ne sory for her synnes, so pride waxen,
In religion, & in al the realme, amõgest rich & pore
That prayers haue no pore the pestilence to lette
And yet ỹ wretches of this worlde, is none ware by
Ne for dreade of ỹ death, wdraw not her prid (other
Ne ben plentuous to the pore, as pure charitie wold
But in gaines & in glotony, forglotẽ her goods hẽ self
And breketh not to the begger, as the boke teacheth.

Frange esurienti panem tuum. &c.

And the more he wynneth, & wexeth welthy in ryches
And lordeth in landes, the lesse good he dealeth
Tobie telleth you not so, take hede ye ryche
Howe the byble boke of hym beareth wytnes

Si tibi sit copia habundanter tribue
Si autẽ exiguum illud Impertiri stude libẽter

Who so hath much spend mãly, so meaneth Tobie
And who so lytle weldeth, rule hym thereafter,
For we haue no letter of our lyfe, how long it shal en-
Suche lessons lordes shoulde loue to heare, (dure,
And howe he myght most meyny manly fynde,
Not to fare as a fideler, or a frier to seke feastes,
Homely at other mens houses, and haten her owne.
Elenge is the hall euery day in the weke
There the Lorde ne the ladye lyketh not to sytte
Nowe hath eche ryche a rule, to eaten by him selfe
In a priuie parler for poore mens sake,
Or in chambre wyth a chymney, and leaue the chiefe
That was made for meeles men to eate in, (hall
And all to spare to spende, that spyll shall an other
I haue hearde heigh men eatynge at the table

Carpen

Carpē as they clerkes were, of Christ, & of his might
And leiden fautes apon the father that formed vs al,
And carpen agaynste clarkes crabbed wordes,
Why would our sauiour suffer such a worme in hys
That begiled the woman, & the man after, (blysse
Through which wyles and wordes they went to hel
And al her sede for her sinne, ẏ same death suffred,
Here lieth your lore, these lords beginneth to dispute
Of that ẏ clarkes vs kēneth of Christ by the gospell.
Filius non portabit iniquitatem patris.
Why should we that now be for the workes of Adā
Roten and to reade, reason woulde it neuer
Unusquisque portabit onus suum.
Such motiues they moue these masters in her glory
And make mē in misbeleue, ẏ musen of her wordes
Imaginatyue hereafterwarde shal answere to youre
Auisen to such arguers he telleth this tene. (purpose
Non plus sapere quam oportet.
Wylneth neuer to wytte, whye that God woulde
Suffered Sathan hys sede to begyle,
And beleue lelly in the loore of holye kyrke
And praye hym of pardon, and penaunce in thy lyfe
And for hys muche mercy to amende you here
For who ẏ wylneth to wyt, ẏ waies of god almight
I would hys eye were in his ars & his finger after,
That euer wylneth to wytte, why that god woulde,
Suffer Sathan hys sede to begyle,
Or Judas to the Jewes Jesu betraye,
Al was as thou wouldest lord, worshyp be thou
And al worth as thou wold, what so we dispute
And tho ẏ vseth these hanylones to blindē mēs wits
What is do well fro dobet & dese note be worthe,

Sith he wylneth to wit which they be bothe
But if he lyue in the life that longeth to dowell
surety pledge. For I dare be his bold borowe ỹ dobet wil he neuer
Though do best draw on hym day after other
And whã ỹ wytte was ware, what dame studie told
He became so confuse he cũneth not loke
dumb And as dome as death and drow hym arere back
And for no carping I colde after ne kneling to therth ỹ earth
I myght get no grayne of hys grete wyttis
But al laughynge he louted and loked apon studye
In sygne that I shulde beseechen hyr of grace
aware And whã I was war of his wil to his wife I loutid bowed
And sayde mercie madame your mã that I worchie
As longe as I lyue both late and rathe early
work For to worchen your will the whyle my life endureth
teach With ỹ that ye kenne me kindly to know what is do:
For thie mekenes mã qꝺ she, & for thi milde spech (wel
I shal ken the to my cosen that clergye is hote called
He hath wedded a wyfe w̃ in these syx monthes
akin Is syb to the seuen artes Scripture is hyr name
those Thew two as I hope after my teachinge
Shal wischen the dowel I dare vnder take
Than was I as fayne, as foule of fayr morowe
And glader then the gleman that golde hath to gyfte
And asked hyr the high way, wher that clergie dwelt
And tel me some token ꝙ I, for tyne is that I wend go
Alke the hygh waye quod she, hence to suffre
Both wel and woo if that thou wylt learne
And ryde for the by riches, and rest thou not therein
For if ỹ couplest ỹ therwith to clergie cõmest ỹ neuer
lecherish And also the lycores lande that lechery hight
Leue it on thy lefte halfe a large mile and more
side hand

Tyll

Tyl thou cum to a courte, kepe wel thy tounge
From leasings and luthers speach & lycorous drinks
Than shalt thou se Sobrete and simplicitie of speech
That eche wyght be in wyll hys wyt the to shewe
And thus shalt ꝑ come to clargie that cã mani things
Say hym thys sygne I set hym to schole
And ꝑ I gret wel his wife for I wrot her mani boks
And set hyr to sapyence & to the psalter glose
Logicke I lerned hyr and manie other lawes
And al the bnisons in musyck I made hyr to know
Plato the poet I put hym fyrst to boke
Aristotle and other mo to argue I taught
Grãmer for gyrls I gard fyrst to wrytte
And bet hem wyth a bales but if they wouldelearne
Of al kynnes crafte I contriued tooles
Of carpentre of karuers and compased masons
And lerned them leuel and line, though I loke dimme
And theologie hath tened me tenscore tymes
The more I muse therin the mystier it semeth
And the depper I dyuine the darkar me it thynkyth
A ful lethy thyng it were, if that loue nere
And for it leet best by loue I loue it the better
For there as loue is Leder, ne lacketh neuer grace
Loke thou loue lellie if the leketh Do well
For Do bet and Do best bene of loues kynne
In other science it sayth I sawe it in Caton

Mui simulat verbis nec corde est fidus amicus
tu quoque fac simile sic ars deluditer arte

Who so gloseth as Gylours done go me to the same
And so shalt thou falsce folke and faiethles begyle
Thys is Catons kenninge to clerckes that it lerneth
And Theologye techeth not so who so taketh them

He kēneth the cōtrary agayne Catons wordes,
For he biddeth vs be as brethrē, & bid for our enmies
And loue hē ỹ lye on vs, & lēd hem whan they nede,
And do good agayne euyl, god hym selfe hoteth
Dum tempus habemus operemur bonum ad omnes
Maxime autem ad domesticos fidei,
Paule preached the people that perfitenes loued
To do good for gods loue, and gyue men that asked
And namely to suche that lueth our beleue,
And al ỹ vs lacke or lye, our Lord techeth vs to loue
And not to greue hē ỹ greue vs god him selfe forbad it
Mihi vindictam, et ego retribuam.
Therefor loke thou loue as long as thou durest
For is no science vnder ỹ sūne so souerain for thi soul
And astronomi is a harde thing and euil for to know
Gemetrie and geomansye so gylful of speache
Who so thinkith worch w tho two thriueth but late
For Sorcerie is the soureneſt boke ỹ to sciēce lōgith
Yet ar ther fybiches in forseeris of fel mens makyng
Experimentes of alkinamie the people to deceiue
Yf thou thinke to dowel, dele therwyth neuer
Al these sciences I me selfe soteled & ordeined
And founded hem formest, folke to desceyue
Tyl Clargy thys token and scripture after
To councel the kyndlie to knowen what is dowel
I sayde graund mercie madame & mekely her grete
And went wightlie a waye w oute more letinge
And til I comme to clergie I coulde neuer stinte
And grete the goodman as study me taught
And afterward the wyfe, and worschypped hē both
And tolde them the tokens that me taught were
That as neuer gom on this groūd sith god made ỹ world

man

Fayrer

Fayrer vnderfongen ne frendlyer at ease
Than my selfe sothlye sone so he wyst
That I was of wyttis house and w̄ his wife dame
I sayd to hē sothtly that sent was I thyther (studie
Dowel and Dobet and Dobest to lerne
It is cōmune lyfe ꝙ clergie, on holy church to be leue
With al tharticles of ẏ fayth ẏ faleth to be knowen
And that is to beleue lellie both lerned and lewed
On the grete God that gynnyng had neuer
And on the soothfast sone that sauid mankynde
From the dedly deth and the dyuels power
Through the help of ẏ holy goost ẏ which gost is of
Thre persons and not in plurel nombre (both
For al is but one god and eche is god hym selfe

Deus pater, Deus filius, Deus spiritus sanctus

God the father god the sonne god ẏ holy gost of both
Maker of mankynde and of bestis bothe
Austen the Olde hereof made bokes
And hym selfe Ordeinyd to saue vs in beleue
Who was his autor? al the foure Euangelistes
And Christ cleped him self so, ẏ Euāgelists berythe
Al ẏ clarks vnder Christ ne coud this assoile (wytnes
But this belōgith to bilieue to lewed ẏ wold dowel
For had neuer freke fyue wytte ẏ faith to dispute
Ne man had no merit, myght it be preued.

Fides nō habet meritū, vbi humana ratio prebet experimētū

Than is Dobet to suffer for the souls helth
Al that the boke byt by holye churches teaching
And that is man by thy myght for mercies sake
Loke thou worke it in worke that thy word sheweth
Such as thou semest in syght be in assaye founde

Appare quod es, vel esto quod appares

And let no bodie be by thy bearynge begiled
But be suche in thy soule, as thou semest wythout
Than is dobest to be bolde to blame the gylty,
Sithens thou seest thy selfe as in soule cleane
And blame thou neuer body, and ȳ be blame worthy
Si culpare velis culpabilis esse caueb̄is,
Dogma tuum sordet, cum te tua culpa remordet.
God in the gospell greuously reproueth,
All that lacken any lyfe, and lackes haue hem selfe.
Quid consideras festucam in oculo fratris tui, trabem in oculo tuo &c.
Why meuist ȳ thi mode for a mote in thi brother eies
Sythen a beame in thyne owne blyndeth thy selfe.
Elice primo trabem in oculo tuo.
Whych letteth the to loke lesse or more
I rede eche a blynde bosarde do boote to hym selfe
For abbots and for priers and for al maner prelates
As persons & paryshy prestes ȳ preach should & teach
All maner men to amende by hyr myghte
Thys text was tolde you to be ware ere ye taught
That were such as ye said to salue with other
For gods word wold not be lost, for ȳ worcheth euer
If it auayled not ȳ cōmune it might auaile your selfe
And it semeth nowe sothly to worldes syght
That gods word worketh not on learned ne on lewd
Agaynste leawde prystes. But in suche maner as marke meneth in the gospel.
Dum cecus ducit cecum, ambo in foueam cadunt.
Lewde men may lyken you thus ȳ the beame lieth in (your eye
And the festu is fallen for your defaute
In all maner men throughe mauzed prieste
The bible beareth wytnes that all the folke of Israel
Sytter aboute the gyltes of two bad prestes.

Of yn

Offyn and fynes for her couetyse
Archa dei myschapped and Eli brake hys necke
Forthi correctors claw hereō & correct first your selfe
And thā mai ye safely say as Dauid ỹ made ỹ psalter
Existimasti inique quod ero tui similis, arguā te, et statuam contra faciem tuam.
Thā shal burel clerks be bashid you to blāe or greue
And carpen not as they carpe now & call you domme dumb
Canes non valentes latrare. (houndes
And to lacke you w̄ a word your worksmāship to let.
But be prester at your preier thā for a poūd of noblis
And all for your holines haue you this in hert
In schole there is skorne but if a clarke wyll learne
And great loue & lyking for eche of hem loueth other
And nowe is religion a rider, a romer by streate Reade thys.
A leder of loue dayes and a loude begger
A prycker of a palfrey from Maner to Maner
An heape of houndes at hys arse as he a lord were
And but if hys knaue knele that shal hys cope bringe
He loured on him & asked who taught him curtesie
Litle had lordes to done to giue lādes frō her heyres
To religious ỹ haue no ruth if it raine on her auters a
In many places there the persons be by hē self at ease
Of the pore haue they no pytye & that is her charitie
And they letten hem as lordes her lādes lye so brode.
And ther shall come a king & confesse you religious
And beat you as ỹ byble telleth for breking of your
And amend monials monkes and chanons (rule
And put hem to her penaunce. Ad pristinum statum ire.
And barons w̄ erles beat hem through Beatus vir.
That her barōs claymen & blame you foule (teching
Hii in curribus, et hii in equis ipsi obligati sunt. &c.

And than friers in freytor shal synde a keye
Of Constantynes cofers in whych is the cattel
The Abbot of Abyngton That Gregories godchyldren had it dispended
And thã shal ỹ Abot of Abingtõ & al his issue for euer
Haue a knocke of a kynge and incurable the wounde
That this worthy soth seke ye, that oft ouer seeỹ bible
Quomodo cessauit exactor quieuit tributũ cõtriuit dominus baculũ impiorũ et virgã dominãtiũ cedẽtiũ plaga in.sanabili
And ere that kinge come Cayne shal awake
throw And Dowel shal ding him down, & distroi his might
Thãis Dowel & dobet & I, dominus & knighthood
I wyll not skorne quod scripture but if scriuiners lie
Kynghoode ne knyghthoode by naught I cã awaite
Helpeth not to heuenwarde one heres end
Ne ryches ryght naught ne ryaltie of lordes Royalty
Paule preuith it impossible rych men to haue heuen
Solomon sayth also that siluer is worst to loue.
Nichil iniquius quam amare pecuniam
And Caton kẽneth vs to couetẽ it naught but as rede
Dilige denariũ sed parce dilige formam (teacheth
And patriarkes and prophets and poets bothe
Wryten to wyche vs to wyl no ryches
And praise pouertie w̃ paciẽce thapostils bere witnes
That thei haue heritage in heuen, and by true right
Ther rych mẽ no ryght mai claim but of ruth & grace pitty
Contra quod, I, by Christ that can I repreue
proue And preuen it by Peter and by Paul bothe
That is baptised be safe be he ryche or poore.
That is in Extremis quod Scripture amõg saracẽs
They muste be sauyd so & ỹ is our beleue (& Jewes
That an vnchrysten in that case may christẽ an heathẽ
And for his lely beleue whan he the lyfe tyneth

good

Haue

Haue the heritage of heauen, as any man christen
And christen men wout moze, may not come to heuē,
Foz ỹ Christ foz christen mē died, & cōfirmed the law,
That who so wold and willeth with Christ to arise.
Si cum Christo surrexistis. &c.
He shoulde loue and leue, and the lawe fulfyll
That is loue thy lozd god, leuest aboue al thyng,
And after all christē creatures, in cōmē ech mā other
And thys longeth to loue, that leueth to be saued,
And but we do thys in dede, ere the day of dome,
It shall besitten vs ful soze, the syluer that we kepe
And our backs ỹ moteatē bē, & se beggers go naked
Oz delite in wine, & wildfoule, & wot any in defaute
Foz euery christen creature, shoulde be kinde to other,
And sithen heathen to helpe in hope of amendement
God hoteth both hygh & lowe, ỹ no man hurt other,
And sayth slea not ỹ sēblable is into my owne likenes
But if I sende the some token, and saye, Non occabis.
Is slea not but suffer, and all foz the beste,
Foz I shall punyshe hem in purgatozye, oz in ỹ pyt of
Euery man foz hys misdedes, but if mercy it let, (hell
Thys is a longe lesson ỹ I, and litle I the wyser
Where do well is oz do bet, darkely ye shewen,
Many tales ye tell, that Theology lerneth,
And that I man made was, and my name entred
In the legend of lyfe, longe ere I were,
Oz els vnwryten foz some wyckednes, as holy wryte
Nemo ascēdit ad celū, nisi qui de celo descendit (manaceth
I leue it wel quod, I, by our lozd, and no letter better,
Foz Solomon the sage, that Sapience taught
God gaue him grace of wyt, and al his goodes after
He demed well and wysely as holy wryte telleth.

Aristotle and he who wished men better:
Masters that of gods mercy, teachen mē & preachen,
Of her words they wish vs, for wisest as in her time
And all holy kyrke holdeth hem both dampned,
And if I shold worke bi her works to wynne heuen
That for hir workes and wyt, wonneth in payne dwelleth
Than wrought I vnwysely, what so euer ye preach
And of fele wytty in fayth, lytle farly I haue,
Thoughe her gost be vngracious god for to please
For many men on this molde, more setten her hertes
In good than in god, therfore hem grace fayleth
At hyr moste mischiefe, whan they shall lyfe lete,
As Solomō did & such other, ỹ shewed greate wyts
And her works as holy writesaith, were euer ỹ cōtra
Therfore wyse witted mē, & wellettred clarkes (rye
As they say hem selues, selde done therafter.

Supra cathedram Moysi. &c.

And I wene it worthes of manye as was in Noes
Tho he shoope that shyp of shydes & of bordes (time
No wight ỹ wroght therō was salf, ne any workmā
But birdes and beastes, and the blessed Noe, (els
And hys wyfe with hys sonnes, & also her wyues, their
Of wights that it wrought, was none of hem saued
God leue it fare not so by folke, that ỹ fayth teacheth
Of holy kirke ỹ harborowe is, & gods house to saue
And shilden vs from shame therin, as Noes shyp did
And mē ỹ made it, amyd ỹ flood he drowned (beasts
The Tulor of thys clause, curates is to meane
That ben carpēters holy kyrke to make, for christes

Homines et iumenta saluabis domine. (own beasts

On good Fryday I finde a felon was saued,

That

That had liued all hys life, w̄ leasinges & wyth thefte
And for he bekened to ỹ crosse, & to Christ shroue him confessed
He was soner saued, than saint John the Baptiste
And or Adam or Isai, or any of the prophetis
That had lyen wyth Lucifer, many longe yeres
A robber was raunsomed, rather than they all, sooner
Without̄ any penaunce of purgatory, to perpetual
Thā Mary Magdelē, what womā did worse (blisse
Or who worse thā Dauid, ỹ Vrias death cōspired
Or Paule the Apostle, that no pity had,
Muche christen kinde to put to death,
And nowe be these souereines with sayntes in heuen
Tho ỹ wrought wickedlest, in worlde tho they were,
And tho that wysely wordē, and writen many bokes
Of wit and of wisedome, w̄ dampned soules wōneth
That Solomō saith I trow be soth, & certē of vs al
Sine iusti atque sapientes et opera eorum in manu dei sunt.
There are witty & wel learned, & her workes ben hid
In the handes of almighty god, and he wot ỹ sothe knowes ỹ truth
Wherfore a mā worth alowed ther, & hisleli workes good
Or els for his yll wil, and for enuy of herte,
And be alowed as he liued, for bi yl mē knowe good
For how wist mē what is white, if al thing blak were
And who wer a good mā, but if ther wer som shrew bad
Therfore lyue we forth w̄ other mē, I leue fewe ben
For Aut oportet viēt cuplace, il ny ad que patt, (good
And he that may all amend, haue mercy on vs all
For ỹ sothist word ỹ euer god said, was Nemo bonus, must
Cleargy tho of christes mouthe, cōmēded it was litle
For he sayd to saint Peter, and to such as he loued.
Cum steteritis ante reges et presides. &c.
Though ye come before kinges, & clarkes of ỹ lawe

The the was sau ed before any of ỹ prophets

Be

Be not abashed, for I shall be in your mouthes,
And gyue you wytte and wyll, and conning to cõclud
Hem all that agaynst you, of christendome disputen.
Dauid maketh mention, he spake amongest kinges,
And might no king ouercome him, as bi cũuĩg spech,
But wyt and wysedome wan neuer the mastrye,
Whan man was at mischiefe, wout the more grace,
The douteist doctour, & diuinour of the Trinitie,
Was Austen the olde, and heighest of the foure,
Sayd thus in a sermon, I see it wrytten once.
Ecce ipsi idiote rapiunt celum, vbi nos sapientes in inferno mergimur.
And is to meane to Englyshe men, more ne lesse,
Are none rather rauished, from the ryght beleue
Than are these cũnyng clarkes, that can many bokes
Ne none soner saued, ne sadder of beleue,
Than plowmen & pastorers, & pore cõmẽ laborers,
Sowters and shepeherdes, suche lewde Juttes
Percen wyth a pater noster, the paleys of heauen,
And passẽ Purgatorie penaũceles, at her hẽce partig,
Into the blysse of Paradice, for her pure beleue,
That vnperfitly here knewe, and eke lyued,
Yea, men knowe clarkes that cursed the tyme,
That euer they could or knewe more thã, Credo in deũ
And principalli her pater noster, mani a persõ hath wished
I se exãples my selfe, & so may many an other
That seruaũtes ỳ seruen lords, seldõ fal in arerages
But tho that kepe the lordes catell, clarkes & reues,
Ryght so lewde men, and of lytle knowynge,
Selde fall they so foule, and so farre in synne,
As clarkes of holy church, ỳ kepe Christes treasure,
The which is mãs soule to saue, as god saith in ỳ go spel.
Ite vos in vineam meam,

Passus

Passus vndecimus de visione

Than scripture scornid me & a skile loked
And lacked me in latyn & light be me she sette
And sayd. Multi multa sciunt et seipsos nesciunt.
Tho wept I for woo & wrath of hir speche
And in a wyncking wrath wexyd I a slepe
And maruellous mettels met me than
That I was rauyshed ryght there & fortune me fette
And in to the land of Longing, alone she me brought
In a mirour hight Midleerth she made me to bihold
Sithen she sayd to me here myghtest thou se wōdres
And know ẏ thou couetest & cum therto perauenture
Than had fortune foloing hyr two faire damsels
Concupiscencia carnis men called the elder mayde
And Couetous of eyes called was the other
Pride of perfet lyuinge pursued hem bothe
And bad me for my coūtenaūce acount Clargie lyght
Cōcupiscentia carnis colled me aboute the necke
And sayde thou art youg & yemp & hast yers inowe
For to lyue long and Ladies to loue
And in thys myrror you myght see myghts ful many
That leaden ẏ wylie wyse to lyking al thy life tyme
The second said the same I shal sue thy wyll
Tylthou be a lorde and haue lande let the I nell
That I ne shal follow thi fellowe ship if fortūe it like
He shal fynde me hys frend quod fortune therafter
The freke that followed my wyll fayled neuer blysse
Than was ther one ẏ hight Eld ẏ heuy was of chere
Man quod he, if I mete w̄ the by Marie of heuen
Thou shalt fynde Fortune the fayle at thy most nede
And Concupiscentia carnis clene the forsake
Bitterly shalt thou banne hem bothe day and night,

Of damsels of fortune

Couetyse of eye, that euer thou hyr knew
And pryde of perfecte lyuinge, to much perill ẏ bring
Ye rech ẏ neuer ꝙ rechles, stād forth in raged clothes,
Folow forth ẏ fortune wol, thou hast wel for til Eld
A mā may stoupe by time inoughe, whā shal tine the
Homo proponit, ꝙ a Poete, & Plato he hyght, (crowne
And Deus disponit, quod he, let god do hys wyll,
If truth do wytnes it be wel done, fortune to folow
Concupiscentia carnis, ne Couetise of eyes,
Ne shal not greue the greatly, ne but ẏ wilt begile the
Yea fare wel Phip ꝙ Faūteltie, & forth gā me draw,
Til Concupisentia carnis, accorded all my worckes.
Alas Eighe quod Elde, and holines bothe,
That wit shal turne to wretchednes, for wyll to haue
Couetise of eyes cōforted me anone after, (his liking
And folowed me fourty wynter, and a fiste more,
That of dowell ne dobet, no deynty me thought,
I had no liking leue me, if ye list of hē ought to know
Couetise of eyes came ofter in mynde,
Than dowell or dobet, amonge my dedes all,
Couetyse of eyes conforted me ofte,
And sayd haue no conscience how thou come to good
Go cōfesse the to some fryer, & shewe hym thy sinnes,
For while fortune is thy frend, Friers wil the loue
And fetche the to their fraternitie, and for the beseche
To her Prior prouinciall. a pardon to haue,
And pray for the pole by pole, if thou be pecuniosus,
Sed pena pecuniaria non sufficit, pro spiritualibus delictis.
By wishing of this wēch I wrought, hir words wer
Til I forgate youth, and yarne into elde, (so swete
And thā was fortune my foe, for al hir faire behest

And

And pouertie pursued me, and put me lowe,
And tho found I the Fryer aferde, and flytting bothe
Agaynste our fyrste forwarde, for I sayde I nolde,
Be buried at hyr house, but at my paryshe churche,
For I heard once how conscience it tolde,
That kind wold mẽ be buried, ther thei were christẽid
Or wher ẏ he were parishẽ, ẏ ther he shold be grauen buryed
And for I sayd thus to Fryers, a fole they me helden
And loued me the lesse, for my lely speache, good
And yet I cryed on my confessour, ẏ helde him self cũ
By mi faith frier qᵖ I, ye farẽ like these wowers (nig suitors
That wed none widows, but for to weld hir goods
Ryght so by the rode rought you neuer, other
Where my body were buried, by so ye had my siluer
I haue muche marualle of you, & so hath many other
Why your couent coueteth to confesse and burye
Rather than to baptise barnes that be catekinlinges
Baptysynge and buriynge, bothe be neadfull
And much more meritorie, me thiketh it is to baptise diuinity
For a baptised man may, as these masters telleth
Through cõtritiõ come toẏ high heuẽ, sola cõtricione
And barne wythout baptisme, may not be saued,
Nisi quis renatus fuerit, loke ye lettred mẽ, where I lye
And leauti loked on me, & I loured after, (or do not
Wherfore loureſt ẏ qᵖ leauty, & loked on me hard
If I durste qᵖ I, amongeste mẽ, these metels auowe dreams
yes bi Peter & by Poule qᵖ he, & toke hẽ both to wit- Paul
Non obrisfratres in corde tuo secrete (nes.
sed publice argue illos.
They will aledge also quod I, & by the gospel preuẽ proue
Nolite iudicare quemquam.
And wherof seruith law qᵖ leuti, if no like vndertoke it

Falsenes ne flatterye, for so mewhat thapostle sayd.
Non oderis fratrē, & in the psalter also saith Dauid the
Existimasti inique, quid erit tui similis? (prophet.
It is licitum for lewde men to say the sothe,
If hem liketh and lest eche a lawe that it graūteth,
Except persons and priestes, & prelates of holy kyrke
It falleth not for that folke, no tales to tell,
Thoughe the tale were true, and it touched synne
Thing ỹ alỹ world wot, wherfore shouldest ỹ spare
And reden it in Rethorike, to arate deadly sinne
And beneuermore first, the defaute to blame,
Though ỹ se yll, say it not first, be sory it nere amēdid
Nothyng that is pryuye, publisshe thou it neuer
Neyther for loue laude it not, ne lacke it for enuye
Parum lauda vitupera pertius.
He sayth soth ỹ scripture tho, & scrypte vp & preached
And ỹ matter ỹ she meaned, if lewde mē it knew,
The lesse as I leue, louen it they woulde
This was hyr theme, & her text, I toke ful good hede
multi to a mangery, and to the mete were sūpted
Whā ỹ people were plener come, ỹ porter vnpind ỹ
And plucked in pauci, priuily, & let ỹ rēnaūt go (gate
All for tene of her text trembled my herte,
And in a were gan I were, & with my selfe to dispute
Whether I wer chose or not, on holi kirke I thoght
That vnderfonged me at ỹ fōt for one of gods chosē
For Christe cleped vs all, come if we woulde
Saracyns & Scismatikes, and so he did the Iewes,
O vos omnes sicientes venite. &c.
And badde hem sonke for sinne, safely at hys breast
And drynke bote for bale, brooke it who so myght
Thā may all christē come quod I, & claime her enter,

By ỹ bloude ỹ he bought vs w̄, & through baptisme
Qui crediderit, et baptisatus fuerit, (after
For though a christen mā coueted his christēdome to
Ryght fullye to reney, no reason it woulde, (renie
For may no cherle charter, make ne hys catel sel
Wythouten leue of hys Lorde, no lawe will it graunt
And he may runne in arerages, and runne so frō home
And as a reneyed kaytyfe, recheles runnen aboute
And reason shal reken w̄ hym, & cast him in arerage
And put him after in a prison, in purgatory to brenne
For his arerages rewardē hym there, tyl domes day
But if contrition wyll come and crye by hys lyue
Mercy for hys misdeades, wyth mouth or w̄ hert.
That is sothe sayde scripture, may no synne lette,
Mercy all amende, and mekenes hyr felowe,
For thei bē as our bokes telleth, aboue gods werks
Misericordia eius super omnia opera eius.
yea bawe for bookes ỹ one, was brokē out of hell,
I Troyans a true knight, take witnes at a pope
How I was dead & dampned to dwel in paine
For an vnchristen creature, clerkes wytten ỹ sothe,
That al ỹ clargi vnder Christ, ne might me cratch frō
But only loue & leauty, & my lawful domes. (hell
Gregory wyst wel thys, and wylned to my soule,
Saluation for sothnes, that he se in my worlkes
And after that he wepte, & wylned me were graūted,
Grace wout any bede bydding, his bone was vnder
And I saued as ye se, wout synging of masses (kogē
By loue and by learnynge, of my lyuyng in truth,
Brought me frō bitter payne, ther no bidding might
Lo ye lords what leuty did by an emperour of rome
That was an vnchristen creature as clarkes finde in

Not through prayer of a pope, but for his pure truth
Was ỳ sarazin saued, as .S. Gregory beareth witnes,
Wel oughtē lords ỳ laws kepē, ỳ lessō hold in mynd
Trajanus And on troianus truth to thike, & do truth to ỳ puple
Lawe wout loue quod Troianus, ley there a beane,
Or any science vnder the sonne, the seuen artes and al
But they be lerned for our lords loue, lost is thy time
For no cause to catch syluer by, or be called a master
But all for loue of our lord, & the bet to loue ỳ puple
For saynt John sayd it, and soth are hys wordes.
Qui non diligit manet in morte.
Who so euer loueth me not, he liueth in death dyng.
And that all maner of men, enemies and frendes
Loue eyther other, and leue hem as hem selfe,
Who so leueth not, he loueth not, god wot the sothe,
And cōmaūdeth ech creature to cōforme him to loue,
And souerainely the pore puple, and her enmies after
For hem that haten vs, is our merite to loue,
And pore people to please, her prayers may vs helpe
And our ioye, and our healthe, Jesu christe of heauen,
In a pore mans apparayle, pursued vs after,
And loked on vs in hyr likenes, & that ẅ louely chere,
To know vs by our kynde hert, & casting of our eien
Whether we loue ỳ lords here, before the lord of blisse
Gospel call And exciteth vs by ỳ euāgely ỳ whā we make feasts
We shold not clepen our kinne therto, ne none kynnes
Cum facis conuiuia, nolite inuitare amicos. (ryche
sorrowfull And call the carefull thereto, the croked & the pore,
For your frendes wil feden you, & found you to quite find
Your festig & your fayr gift, ech frēd quiteth so other.
And for the pore I shal pay, & wel quite her trauayle
That geue hē meat or monei, and loue hē for mi sake

For

For the best ben some ryche, & some beggers & poze,
For wealar Christes creatures, & of his cofers rich,
And brether as of one blud as well beggers as erles
For on Caluert of christis blud, christẽdõe gã spryng
And bloudy brethrẽ we becom ther, of one bodi won
As Quasi modo geniti, and gentilmen eche one,
No begger ne no boy amõgs bs, but if sinne it make
Qui facit peccatum, seruus est peccati.
In old lawe, as holy letter telleth,
Wrnnes sonnes men called bs eche one,
Of Adams issue and Eue, aye till God man dyed
And after hys resurrection, Redẽptor was his name,
And we his brethrẽ by him bought, both rich & poze
For thy loue we as leue brether, & ech mã leue other
And of that ech mã may forbear, amẽd ther it nedeth
And euery man helpe other, for hence shal we all,
Alter alterius onera portate.
And be we not vnkind of our cattel, ne of our kinning
For wot no mã how nye it is, to be bynome frõ both
Therfore lacke no others like, though he moze latine
Ne vnderfime not foul, for is nõe wout faut, (know
For what euer clarkes carpe, of christendome or els,
Christ to a cõmen woman sayd, in cõmune at ỳ feste,
That Fides tua, should saue hir, & saluẽ her of al sinnes
Than is beleue a lelly helpe, aboue logike or law,
Of logyke or of lawe, in Legenda sanctorum
Is lyttle alowaunce made, but if bileue hem helpe
For it is ouer long or logyke, any lesson assoyle
And lawe is lothe to loue, but if he lacke syluer
Both logyke and lawe, that loueth not to lye,
I counsel all christen, cleue not theron to soze
For some wozds I find wzite, wer of faiths teching

That

That saued sinful men, as saynt John bereth witnes
Eadẽ mẽsura qua mẽsi fueritis remecietur vobis
Therfore lerne we ỳ law of loue, as our lord taught
And as saynt Gregory sayd, for mans soule health
Melius est scrutari scelera nostra, quã naturas rerum.
Why I meane this matter is most for the pore
For in her likenes our Lord oft hath bene knowen
Wytnes in Paske weke, whan he yede to Emaus
Cleophas ne knewe him not, that he Christ were
For hys pore apparell, and pylgrames wedes,
Tyll he blessed, and brake the breake that they eaten,
So by these workes they wyste, that he was Jesus,
And bi clothing thei knew him not, ne by carpinge of
And all was in example, to vs synfull here (tonge
That we shoulde be lowe and louely of speach
And apparel vs not proudly, for pilgrimes are we al
And in the apparel of a pore mã, & pilgrymes lyknes
Many times god hath ben met among nedy people,
There neuer segge him see, in sette of the ryche
S. John & other sayntes were sene in pore clothynge
And as pore pilgraines prayden mens goodes
Jesu Christ on a Jews daughter light, gẽtle though
Was a pore maid, & on a pore mã wedded (she were
Martha on Marye Magdalen, an budge plainet she
And to our sauiour selfe, sayd these wordes (made
Domine non est tibi cure quod soror mea reliquit me solã ministrare?
And hastely god answered & eythers wyll followed,
Bothe Marthaas & Maries as Mat. bereth witnes
And pouerty god put before, & praysed that better.
Maria obtimam partem elegit que non. &c.
And all ỳ wise that euer were, by ought I can espye,
Prayse pouerty for best lyke, if patience folowe,

And

And both better, & blesseder, by many fold thā ryches
And thoughe it be soure to suffer, yet after commeth
As on a walnut wout is a bitter barke, (swete
And after that bytter barke, be the shell awaye
Is a kirnell of conforte lyfe to restore,
So is after pouertie and penaunce, patiently taken
For it maketh a mā to haue mind in god, & a gret wil
To wepe and to well byd, wherof wexeth mercy
Of whych Christ is a kernel to confort the soule,
And well syker he slepeth the man that is pore
And lesse he dreadeth death, and darke to be robbed
Than he that is ryght ryche, reason beareth wytnes

Pauper ego ludo dum tu diues meditaris.

Although Solomon saith as folke seeth in the bible.

Diuitias nec paupertates.

Wiser than Solomon was, bereth witnes & taught
That perfecte pouertie was, no possession to haue
And lyfe most likinge to god, as Luke bereth witnes

Si vis perfectus esse, vade et vende. &c.

And is to meane men that on this molde lyuen,
Who so will be pure perfect, must possessiōs forsake
Or sell it as sayeth the boke, and the siluer deale
To begers ẏ gone & beg & biddē good for gods loue
For failed neuer mā meat, that mightful god serueth
As Dauid sayeth in the psalter to such ẏ ben in wyll,
To serue god goodlyche, ne greth hem no penaunce,

Nihil impossibile volenti.

Ne lacketh neuer lyuelode, linnen ne wollen.

Inquirentes autem dominum nō minuentur omni bono.

If priestes were perfite, they woulde no syluer take,
For masses ne for matens, ne her meate of vsurers
Ne nether kirtle ne cote, though thei for cold shold die

And thei her deuour dyd as Dauid sayth in the psal-
Judica me deus et discerne causam meam. (ter.
Spera in deo, speketh of prests ỹ haue no spending sil-
Thã if thei trauel truly, & trustẽ in god almighti (uer
Hem should lacke no lyuelode, nether wollẽ nor linnẽ
And ỹ title thei toke orders by, telleth thei be auãced
Thã nede not you to take siluer, for masses ỹ ye syng
For he ỹ toke ye your title, shold pai you your wagis
Or ỹ bishop that blessed you, if that ye be worthy
For made neuer kig a knight, but he had catel to spẽd
As befell for a knight, or founde him for his strenght
It is a carefull knight, & of a kaytife kynges making
That hath no lãd ne linage riche ne good loos of hys
The same I say forsoth, by al such prestes, (hãdes
That haue nether cũning ne kynne, but a crowne one
And a title a tale of nought, to liue by at his mischife
He hath more beleue I leue, to latch through crown
Cure than for kennynge, or knowen for clene beryng
I haue wonder why, and wherfore the byshop
Maketh such prestes that lewde men betrayen.
A charter is chalencheable, before a chiefe iustice
If false laten be in that letter, the lawe is impugne
Or painted pentrelniarie, or percell ouerskipped
The gome ỹ gloseth so charters, for a goky is holde
So it is a goky by god, that in hys gospel fayleth
Or in masse or mattens, maketh anye defaute.
Qui offendit in vno, in omnibus est reus.
Also in the psalter sayeth Dauid to ouerskyppes.
Psallite deo nostro psallite, quoniã rex terre deus Israell, psallite sapienter.
The bishop shalbe blamed before god as I leue,
That crowneth such gods knightes ỹ cã not sapiẽter.

Synge ne psalme read, ne say a masse of the daye,
And neuer nether is blamles, the bischop or ỹ chaplen
For here ether is indited, & that is ignorantia
Non excusat episcopos nec idiotes prestes,
This loking on lewd prests I am leapt frō pouerti
Which I praise, her patiēce is more perfit thā riches
And much more in meting thus, wt me gā one dispute
And slepyng I se all thys, and sythen came kynd
And named me by my name, and bade me nimen hede
And through the wōders of this world, wyt to take
And on a moūtain ỹ mydle erth hight as me thought
I was sette forth by ensamples to knowe
Through ech a creature & kynde my creatour to loue.
I se the sunne & the sea, and the sonde after
And where that byrdes & beastes by her makes they
Wyld wormes in woodes & wōderful fowles (yedē
Wyth fleked fethers, and of fell colours,
Man and hys make, I myght bothe behold
Pouertye and plentye, bothe peace and warre
Blysse and bale bothe, I se all at once
And howe men toke mede, and mercye refused,
Reason I see sothlye, sewen all beastes
In eatyng & drynkyng, & in engendryng of kynde,
And after course of cōception none toke kepe of other
As whā they had rydē in rote tyme, right anone after
Males draw hem to males, a mornings bi hem selfe
And in eueninges also the males ben frō the females
There ne was cowe ne cowe kinde, ỹ conceiued had,
That wold bellow after boles, ne bore after sowe
Both horse and hounde, & all other beastes,
Medled not wyth her makes, that wt fole were,
Byrdes I behelde, that in bushes made nestes,

Had neuer wyght wytte to worke the leste,
I had wonder at whom, and where the pye learned,
To lygge the stykes in whiche she layeth & breadeth
His wright as I wene cold worch hir nestis to paye
If ani maſō made a mold therto, much wōder it wer
And yet me marueiled more howe many other birds
Hydden and hylden her egges full derne,
In maryes and mores, for men should hem not fynd
And hydden her egges, whan they therefro went,
For feare of other fowles, and for wylde beastes
And some troden her makes, and on trees bredden
And broughtē forth hyr byrds so, all aboue ỹ ground
And some byrds at ỹ byl, through brething cōceiued
And some cauked I toke kepe howe pecocks breadē,
Muche marueyled me, what master they had
And who taught hem on trees to tymbren so hyghe,
That neither barne ne beast, maye hyr byrdes rechē
And sithē I loked on the sea, & so forth apō ỹ starres
Many selkoughes I see, be not to see nowe
I see floures in the frythe, and her fayre colours,
And how amōg ỹ grene gras, growed so many huis
And some soure, & some swete, selkough me thought
Of her kindes & of her colours, to carpē it wer to lōg
And that most meued me, and my mode chaunged,
That reason rewarded, and ruled al beastes,
Saue man and hys make, manye tyme and ofte,
No reason hem folowed, and than I rebuked
Reason, and right tyll hym selfe I sayde
I haue wonder of the quod I, that wyttye art holdē
Whi ỹ ne suiste mā & his make, ỹ no misfeat hē folow
And reason arated me, and sayd reche the neuer,
Why I suffer or not suffer, thy selfe hast not to do

Amende ȳ it if thou myght, for my tyme is to abide
Suffraūce is a suffran vertue, and a swifte vēgeaūce
Who suffreth more thā god ꝙ he, no gome as I leue
He might amēd in a minute while, al ȳ amise stādeth
And he suffreth for some mās good, & so is our better
The wyse and the witty wrote thus in the byble.

De re que te non molestat noli certare.

For be a man fayre or foule, it falleth not for to lacke,
The shampe ne the shape, that god shope hym selfe,
For al ȳ he did was wel do, as holy writte witnesseth

Et vidit deus cuncta que fecerat et erant valde bona.

And bade euery creature in hys kynde encrease,
All to myrthe with man that most woth holye
In foundynge of the flesche, and of the fende bothe
For mā was made of suche a matter, he may not well
That ne sōtime him bited, to folowē his kind (astart
Caton accordeth therwith, Nemo sine crimine viuit.
Tho caught I colour anone, & cōsed to be ashamed,
And awaked therewyth, wo was me than
That I in metelles ne myght more haue knowen
And than sayde I to my selfe, and chyde that tyme,
Now do I ken do wel ꝙ I, by dere god as me think
And as I cast vp my eyen, one loked on me & asked
Of me what thynge it were, I wyth syr I sayd
To se much and suffer more, certes quod I is do well
Haddest thou suffred he said, slepyng tho thou were,
Thē hadst ȳ kēde ȳ clergi came, & kend more bi reson
For resō wold haue rehearsed ȳ, right as cleargi said
And for thy intermittinge, here art thou forsake,

Philosophus esses si tacuisses. &c.

Adam whyle he spake not had paradise at wyll
But whā he māelid about mete & ētermittid to know

The wisedome and ẏ wit of god, he was put frō blis
And ryght so fared resō ẇ the, thou ẇ thy rude spech
Lakedst & losedst thyng that longed not to be done,
Tho had he no lykyng for to learne the more.
Pryd now & presūption peraduēture wol me appele,
That cleargy thy company, ne kepeth not to shew,
Shal neuer chalēgyng ne chydyng chast a mā so sone
As shal shame and shēden hym, & shape hym to amēd
For let a dronken daffe in a dyke fall,
Let hym ligge, loke not on hym, tyl hym lyst to aryse
For though resō rebuked him thā, it wer but pure sin
And whā nede nimeth hym vp for doubt lest he sterue
And shame shaketh hys clothes, & hys skyn washeth
Thā wot the drōken daffe, wherfore he is to blame,
Ye sayen sothe quod I, iche haue isene it ofte
There smyte nothyng so smarte, ne smelleth so soure,
As shame ther he shewith him, for ech mā him shōith
Why ye wysh me thus ꝙ I, was for I rebuked reasō
Certes ꝙ he that is sothe, and shope hym for to wakē
And I arose vpright ẇ that, and folowed hym after
And prayed hym of hys curtesye, to tel me hys name.

Passus duodecimus de visione.

I Am Imaginatiue quod he, idle was I neuer
Though I sit bi mi selfe, in sikenes & in helth
I haue folowed ẏ in fayth, thys. xlv. wynter
And ofttimes haue meued ẏ to think on thin
And how fele fernies are faren, & so few to comē (end
And of thy wild wantōnes, though thou yong were
To amendē it in thy myddle age, lest might the fayled
In thyne olde Elde that euil can suffer,
Pouertye or penaunce or prayer bydde,

Si non in prima vigilia, nec in secunda.

Amēd the whyle thou may, thou hast ben warned oft
With pouſtees of peſtilēces, & pouerty & & angres
And & theſe bitter balciſes, god beateth his dere chil-
Quem diligo caſtigo. (dren
And Dauid in ỹ pſalter ſaith, of ſuch ỹ loueth Jeſus
Virga tua et baculus tuus ipſa me conſolata ſunt.
Althoughe thou ſtryke & thy ſtaffe or & ſticke, or &
It is but mirth, as for me to amēd my ſoule, (yerde
And ỹ medliſt & makīgs & mightiſt go ſai thi pſalter
And biddē for hē that giue ỹ bread, for ther ar bokes
To tel me what dowel is, dobet, & dobeſt both (inow
And prechers to preuē what it is of many apeyre fri-
I ſe wel he ſayd me ſoth, & ſōwhat me to excuſe (ers
Sayd Catō cōforted me his ſōne, ỹ clarke though he
To ſolace him ſomtime, as I do whā I make. (were
Interpone tuis interdum gaudia curis.
And of holy men I hard & I, how they otherwhyle,
Pleyden, the perfitter to ben in many places,
And if there were any wyght that would me tel
What were dowel & dobet, & dobeſt at the laſt
Would I neuer do werke, but wend to holy church,
And ther bid my beades, but whan ech eat or ſlepe
Poule in his piſtle quod he, preueth what is dowel
Fides ſpes charitas et maior horum. & c.
Fayeth hope and charitye, and all be good
And ſauē mē cōdry tymes, & none ſo ſone as charitye
For he doth wel woutē dout, ỹ doth as leuty techeth
That is if thou be man maryed, thy make thou loue
And ly uefor th as lawe wyll, whyle you lyuen both
Ryght ſo if thou be religious, ren thou neuer further
To Rome ne Rochmador, but as thy rule teacheth.

And

And holde the vnder obedience, ỹ heigh way is to heue
And if thou be maiden to mary, & might wel cõtinue,
Seke neuer no saint further, for thi soules health,
For what made Lucifer to lese the hyghe heauen,
Or Solomon hys sapiẽce, or Sampson his strẽgth,
Job the Jewe hys ioye, deare he it bought,
Aristotle and other mo, Hypocrates and Virgil,
Alexander that all wan, clenglyche endeth
Catell and kinde wytte, was combraunce to hem all
Felice hyr fayrnes, fell hyr all to slaunder,
And Rosamonde rygh so, rufully to beleue,
The beauty of hyr body in badnes she dispended
Of many suche I may reade, of men and women
That wyse wordes wold shewe, & worch the cõtrary

Sunt homines nequam, bene de virtute loquentes.

And ryche reukes rygh so, gaderen and sparen,
And tho men ỹ they moste haten, minister it at ỹ last
And for they suffren and se so many neady folkes
And loue hem not as our lorde byd, lesen hyr soules,

Date et dabitur vobis.

And ryches rygh so, but if the rote be true,
And grace is a grasse thereof, tho greuaũce to abate,
And grace ne groweth not, but amonges lowe,
Patience & pouertye, the place is there it groweth
And in lelly lyuyng men, and in lyke holye,
And throughỹ gift of ỹ holy gost, as ỹ gospel telleth

Spiritus vbi vult spirat.

Cleargy and kind wyt commeth of sight & teachyng
As the boke bereth witnes to barnes that can reade.

Quod scimus loquimur, quod vidimus testamur.

Of quod scimus cometh Cleargy, and cunning of heuẽ
And of quod vidimus, cometh kind wyt, of sight of dy-

(uerse puple

And grace is a gyfte of god, & great loue springeth
Knew neuer clark how it comth, ne kind wit ỹ waies
Nescit aliquis unde venit, aut quo vadit.
And yet is cleargy to commend, and kinde wit bothe
And namly clergy for christis loue, ỹ of clergi is rote
For Moses witnesseth ỹ god wrote, ỹ puple to with
In thold law as ỹ leter telieth, ỹ was ỹ law of Jues
That what womã were takẽ in auoutri, rich or pore
With stones mẽ should strike hir, & stone hir to death,
A woman as we finden was gilty of that death
And Christ of his curtesy through cleargy hir saued,
And through caracts ỹ Christe wrought, the Jewes
Giltier as afore god, & greater in sinne, (knew hẽ self
Than the woman ỹ ther was, & wẽt away for shame
The cleargy that there was, conforted the woman
Holy kyrk knoweth this, ỹ christs writing saued hir
So cleargy is confort to creatures that repenten
And to mansede men mischiefe at her ende,
For bread of gods body myght not be wout cleargy
The which bread is both boote to the rightful,
And death and dampnation to hem that dye euill
And christis caracts cõforti ð, & both culpable shewid
The womã that ỹ Jews brought, ỹ Jesus thought
Nolite iudicare, et non iudicabimini. (to saue.
Right so gods body brethrẽ, but it be worthely take
Dãnith vs at ỹ dai of dome, as ỹ caracts did ỹ Jwis
Therfore I coũsel the for christes sake, clergy ỹ thou
For kind wyt is of his kin, & nygh cosins both, (loue
To our Lord leue me, therfore loue hem I read,
For both ben as myrrours, to amend our defautes,
And leaders for lewde men, and for lettred both
Therfore lacke ỹ neuer logyke, law ne his customes,

Ne countrepled clarkes I counsel the for euer,
For as a man may not see, that misseth hys eyen,
No more can no clarke, but if he caughte it fyrste by
Although mē made bokes, god was ỹ master (boks
And.s. Spirite the samplare & sayd what men should
Right so leadeth letture, lewde mē to reasō (wryte
And as a blinde man in battel beareth wepē to fight
And hath no happe wt hys axe hys enemy to hytte
No more cā a kind witted mā, but clarkes him teach
Come for al his kinde wyt, to christēdome & be saued
Wlych is ỹ coffer of christes treasure, & clarks kepe
To vnlock it at her likīg, & to ỹ lewd puple, (ỹ kaies
Gyue mercy for her misdedes, if men wyll it aske
Buxomly and benignely, and bydden it of grace.
Archa dei in the olde lawe, Leuites it kepten,
Had neuer lewde man leue, to liggē hād on ỹ cheste,
But he were prieſt or prīestes sōne, patriarke or pro-
For Clargy is keper vnder Christ of heuen, (phet
Was there neuer knight, but Cleargy hym made
And kynde commeth of al kyndes syght,
Of bydes & of beasts, of tastes, of truth & of deceits
Lyuers afore vs, vseden to make,
Seldome that they sene her sonnes for to teach,
And helden it an hyghe Science, her wyttes to know
And through her scīēce sothly, was neuer no soule sa-
Ne brought by her bokes to blysse, ne to ioye, (ued
For al her kind knowings, come but of diuerse sights
Patriarkes and prophetes, repreuedē hir science
And sayd her words ne her coūsell, was but foly
As to ỹ Cleargy of Christ, coūted it but a trifle.
Sapientia huius mūdi, stultitia apud deum.
For the hyghe holy goſt, heauen shall to cleaue,

And

And loue shall lepen out after into thys low earth
And cleannes shall catche it, & clarkes shall it fynde
Pastores loquebantur ad inuicem.
He speakith nought ther of rych mē, ne of right witty
And of lords ẏ were lewde mē, but of ẏ hieste lettred
Ibant Magi ab oriente. (oute
Yf any fryer were foūd ther, I giue you fiue shillings
Ne in no beggers cote, was that barne borne
But in burgeis place, in Bethleem the beste.
Sed non erat ei locus in diuersio, et pauper non habet diuersorium.
To pastours and to poets, appeared the angell
And bade hem go to Bethleem gods birth to honour
And songen a sōg of solace, Gloria in excelsis deo,
Clarkes knewe it well, & commen with her presentes
And dyd homage honorably, to him ẏ was almighty
Why I haue told al thys, I toke full good hede,
Howe thou cōtriuedest Cleargy w̄ crabbed wordes
How ẏ lewde mē lyghtlucker, thā lettred were saued
Than clarkes or kinde witted men of christen puple,
And tho saydest soth of some, & se in what maner,
Take two stronge men, in Temes cast hem,
And both naked as a nedle, ther non sikerer thā other
The one hath cunnynge, and can swymme and dyue,
Thother is lewd of ẏ laboure, lerned neuer to swym
Which trowest ẏ of those two, in Temese is most in
He ẏ neuer diued, ne nought cā of swymmyng (dred
Or the swymmer that is safe, be so him self lyke,
There hys felow flete forth, as the flowd liketh
And is in dread to drench, that neuer dyd swymme?
That swymme can not I sayd, it semeth to my wyts
Ryght so quod the reuke, Reason sheweth
That he that knoweth cleargy can soner aryse

Out of sinne and he be safe, thoughe he sinne oft,
If him liketh and lyst, than any lewde lellye
For if the clarke be cũnyng, he knoweth what is sinne
And how cõtricion wout cõfession, cõforteth mi soule
As thou seest in the psalter, in psalmes one or twaine
How cõtrition is cõmẽdid, for it catcheth away sinne
Beati quorũ remisse sunt iniquitates et quorũ tecta sunt. &c.
And this cõforteth ech a clark, & couereth him frõ wã
In whych floode ỹ fend fondeth a mã hardest, (hope
There the lewde lieth still, & lokith after lent,
And repenteth not before shrift, & thã can he litle tell,
And as his lores mã lerneth him, beleueth & troweth
And that is after person & parisshe priest, & paduẽture
Uncũnyng to lerne lewd mẽ, as Luke bereth witnes
Dum cecus, ducit cecum. &c
Woo was him marked, that wade must wt the lewde
Well may the barne blysse, that him to boke set
That liuing after letture, saueth him both life & soule
Dominus pars hereditatis mee. is a mery versicle,
That hath taken from Tiburne. xx. stronge theues.
Ther leud theuis bẽ lollid vp, loke how thei be sauid
The thef ỹ had gods grace on goodfridai as ỹ spake
Was for he knew Christ on ỹ cros, & knowlegid his
And grace asked of god, & he is euer redy, (sinne
That buxomlyche byddeth it, & bẽ in wyl to amẽd hẽ
And thoughe ỹ theie had heuen he had no hye blisse,
As saynt John & other saintes, ỹ deserued had better
Right as if a mã giue me meat, & set me amid ỹ floze
I haue meat inough thẽ inough, & not so much worship
As thei ỹ sit at side tables, or wt souereignis of ỹ hal
But sit as a begger bordles, by my selfe on ỹ groũd
So it fareth bi ỹ felõ, that on good friday was saued

He sytteth neither with saint John, Simon ne Jude,
Ne w̄ maydēs, ne w̄ martyrs, cōfessours ne widows
But by him selfe as a soleyn, and serued on earth
For he that is once a theefe, is euermore in daunger
And as lawe lyketh to lyue or dye.

De peccato propitiato noli esse sine metu.

And for to seruen a saynt, and such a theefe togithers,
It were nether reasō ne right, to reward hē both ilike
And as Troian? ỹ tru knight, dwelt not so dep in hel
But our lord had him lightli out, so leue Jỹ thif be in
For he is in ỹ lowist heuē, if our beleue is true, (heuē
And well loselleche he lolleth there by ỹ lawe of holy

Qui reddit vnicuique iuxta opera sua. (church

And why ỹ one theefe on ỹ crosse, creant gan him yeld
Rather than ỹ other theefe, though ỹ woldest oppose
All the clarkes vnder Christ, ne could ỹ skil assoile.

Quare placuit? quia voluit.

And so I saye by the that sekest after the weyes
And resonest reason a rebukinge as it were,
And of flowers in the frithe, and of fayre hewis
Wherof they catche her colours, so cleare & so bright
And willest of birds & beasts, & hir breding to know
Why some be a lowe & some a loft, thy likin it were
And of ỹ stones & of the sterres, ỹ studiest as I leue
Howe euery beaste and byrde, hath sobrenne wittes,
Cleargyne kinde wytte, ne knewe neuer the cause
And kind knoweth the cause him selfe, no creature els
He is the Pies patron, and put it in hir eare
That there the thornes is thickest, to builde & brede
And kind kenneth the Pecoke, to cāken in such a kinde
And kenned Adam to knowe his priuy membres
And taught him and Eue, to hyll hem with leaues

Lewed men many times masters they apposen,
Why Adã ne hilled not first his mouth ẏ eat ẏ apple
Rather thã his likã alowe, lewde after thus clarkes
Kynd knoweth why he did so, & no clarkes els
And of byrdes and of beastes, men by olde time
Ensamples token and termes, as tellen the poets
And that the fayrest foule, foulest engendreth,
And feblest fowle of flight is, ẏ flyeth or swymmeth,
And ẏ Pecock & the pehẽ, proud rich mẽ they betokẽ
For the Pecock & mẽ pursue him, he may not fly hygh
For the traylyng of hys tayle, ouertake is he sone,
And hys flesche is fowle flesche, and his fete both
And vnlouely of leden, and layeth for to heare,
Ryght so the ryche, if he hys ryches kepe,
And deleth it not til his deths day, ẏ taile of al sorow
Right as ẏ wyng in ẏ pecock paineth him in his flight
So is possession payne of pence, and of nobles
To all hem that it holdeth, tyl her taile be plucked
And though the rych repent thã, and byrue ẏ tyme
That euer he gathered so great, & gaue therof so lytle
Though he cry to Christ than, wo keene wyll I leue,
His leden be in our lords eare, lyke a pies chattering
And whan his carion shal come, in caue to be buried
I leue it flowme full fowle, the folde all about
And al ẏ other there it lyeth, enuenimed through hys
By ẏ posete is vnderstãde, as I haue lerned in Auinet
Executors, false frẽdes, that fulfyll not hys wyll
That was writtẽ & thei witnes, to werk al ẏ it wold
And thus ẏ poet preueth ẏ the pecock for his fethers
Ryght so the rych by resõ of hys goods (is reuerẽced
The larke ẏ is a lesse fowle, is more louely of ledene
And wyll away of wynge swyfter than the pecocke,

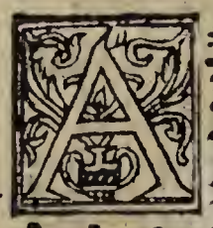
And

And of fleshe by fell folde, fatter and sweter
To lowe lyuynge men is resembled the larke
Arystotle the great clarke, suche tales he tayleth
Thus he likeneth in hys logyke, the lest fowle out,
And whether he be safe or not, the soth wot no clergie
Ne of Sortes ne of Soiomon, no scripture can tel
And god is so good I hope, ꝑ sith he gaue hem wits
To wissen vs waies therw̃, that wissē vs to be saued
And the better for her bokes, to bydden me bē holdē
That god of hys grace, gyue hyr soules reste
For lettred mē were lewde mē yet ne were lore of her
All these clarkes & I tho, ꝑ on Christ leuen (bokes
Seithē in her sermons, ꝑ nether saracines ne Iewes
Ne creture of Christis likenes, worth salf vnchristēid
Contra quod imaginatyue tho, & comsed for to loure
And sayd Saluabitur vir iustus in die iudicii.
Ergo saluabitur, quod he, and sayde no more laten,
Trotanus was a true knighte, & toke neuer christen:
And he is safe saith ꝑ boke, & his soule in heuē (dome
For there is fullyng of fout, & fulling in blud sheding
And through fyre is fullyng, that is, firme beleue
Aduenit ignis diuinus non comburens sed illuminans. & c.
And truth ꝑ trespaced neuer, ne trāsuersed agaīst his
But liuith as ꝑ techith, & leuith ther be no beter (law
And if ther were he wold amēd, and in such wyl dye
Ne would neuer true god, but truthe were alowed
And wher it worth or it worth not, belife of it is gret
And ā hope hāging therin, to haue mede for his truth
For Deus dicitur quasi dans vitā eternā suis hoc est fidelibꝰ
Et alibi, si ambulauero in medio vmbre mortis,
The glose graūteth apō ꝑ verse, a gret mede to truth
And wyt & wisdome & ꝑ wight, was sōtime treasure

To

To kepe with a commune, ne cattell was hold better
And much mirthe & mãhode, & right w̃ that he vani-
(shed

Passus. xiii. de visione



And I awaked there w̃ witles nerehand
And as a freke ẏ fre were, forth gã I walke
In maner of a mẽdinaunt, many a yere after
And of this meting many time, much thoght
Fyrst how Fortune me failed at mi most nede (I had
And howe ẏ Elde manaced me, myght we euer metẽ
And how the Fryers folowed folke that was ryche
And folke that was pore, at litle price they set
And no cors in hir kyrkeyard, nor kirke was buried
But quik he bequeth hẽ oght, or quite part of hir dets
And howe that couetise ouercame clarkes & priestes
And how ẏ lewde men be ladde, but our lord hẽ help
Through vncunning creatures, to incurable paines
And how that imaginatiue in dreames me tolde
Of kind & of his cũning, & how curtise he is to beasts
And how louing he is to beasts on lande & on water
Leueth he no lyfe lesse ne more.
The creatures that crepen of kinde they be engẽdred
And sithen how imaginatiue sayde, Vix saluabitur,
And when he had sayde so how sodenly he passed
I laye longe in thys thoughte, and at the last I slepte
And as Christ wold cõsciẽce came to cõfort me ẏ time
And bade come in his court, w̃ cleargy shold I dyne
And for cõsciẽce of clergy spake, I came wel ẏ rather
And ther I se a master, what man he was I nist
That lowe he lowted, and louelye to scripture
Conscience knew him well and welcomed hym fayre
They washen and wypen and went to the dyner

And

And patience in the palaice stode in pilgrimes clothes
And prayed meate for charitie, for a pore hermite,
Conscience called hym in, and curtesly sayd,
Welcome wyght, go and washe, ȳ shalt sit sone
Thys maister was made sit, as for the most worthy
And thā Cleargy & Cōscience, & Patience came after
Patience and I were put to be matches,
And sitten by our selfe at the syde borde,
Conscience called after meate, and thā came scripture
And serued them thus sone, of sondrye meates manye
Of Austen of Ambrose, and of the four Euangelistes
Edentes et bibentes, que apud eos sunt.
And thys maister and hys man no maner flesche eaten
And they eate meate of more cost, mortreux & potage
Of that men miswonne, they made hem well at ease
And their sause was ouer sour, and vnsauerly groūd,
In a morter post mortem, of many bytter paynes
But if they singe for the soules & wepe salt teares
Vos qui peccata hominū cōmeditis, nisi pro eis lachrimas et orationes effundcritis, ea que in delitys comeditis, in tormentis euometis.
Conscience full curtesye tho commaunded scripture,
Before patiēce bread to bring, & me ȳ was his match
He set a soure loke before vs and sayd, Agite penitentiā,
And sythe he brought vs dryncke, diaperseueraunce
As longe quod I as I lyue, and lykam man endure.
Here preti seruice of Patiēce, no prince can fare better
Thē brought he forth a mes, of meat of Miserere met
And he brought vs of Beati quorum, of Beatus vir ma
Et quorum tecta sunt peccata. in a diche, (kynge
Of dernes Shrifte Diri, and Confitebor tibi,
Bryngе Patience some pitaunce priuily of conscience,

And thã had Patiẽce a pitaũce. Vrohac orabit ad te. &c.
And Cõscience cõforted vs, & carped vs mery tales told
Qz contritum et humiliatum deus non despicies
Patience was proude, of that proper seruice,
And made him merye wt hys meat, & I mourned euer
Foz this doctoz on the hye deese dzanke wyne so faste. high days
Ue vobis qui potentes estis, ad bibendum vinum.
He eate many sondzy meates moztrix & poddynges
Wombe cloutes & wyld bzawne, & egs fried wt grese f. tripes
Then sayd I to my selfe so, Patience it harde
It is not four dayes that this freke before ỹ deane of
Pzeched of penaũce, ỹ Poul thapostle suffred (Poules
In fame et frigore, and flappes of scourges
Ter Celus sum et a Judeis quinquies quadragenas,
And one wozd they ouerhypped at ech time that they
That Poule in hys pistle to al the puple told (pzeach Paul in his Epistle
Periculum est in falsis fratribus.
Holy wzyte byd men beware, I will not wzite it here
In englyshe on auenture, it should be rehearsed to oft
And greue therwt good men, & gramarias should read.
Unusquisque a fratre se custodiat quia vt dicitur periculũ est in falsis fratribus.
And I wyst neuer freke ỹ as a frier yead before mẽ in
Take it foz her theme, & tel it wout glosyngs (englisch
They pzeach that penaunce is pzofitable to the soule
And what mischefe & maleease, Chzist foz mã tholed,
And thys gods gloton quod I, wt hys greate cheakes
Hath no pitye on vs poze, he perfourmeth euyl
That he pzeacheth he pzeueth not, to Patience I told
And wyshed full wytterly with wyll full eyre
That dysches and doublers before thys ilke doctour
Were molten lead in hys mawe, & Mahound amydst
I shall iangle to thys Jurdan, with hys iuste wombe
To tel me what penaũce is, of which he pzeched rathe

Pas

Patience perceiued what I thought, & winked on me
And said ȳ shalt se thus soone, whā he may no more
He shal haue a penaūce in his paūch, & puf at ech word
And thā shal his guttes gottilen, & he shal gulpē after
For now he hath dronke so depe, he woll diuine sone
And preuē it by her pocalyps, & passion of. C. Auareis
That nether bacō ne brown, blacke manger ne mor-
Is neyther fysche ne flesh, but fode for a penaūt (treus
And thā shall he testifie of trinitie, & take his felow to
What he foūd in a fraile, after a fryers liuing (witnes
And but he fyxit lyue by leasinges, leue me neuer after
And than is tyme to take, and to oppose thys doctour
Of dowel & of dobet, & if dobest be any penaunce.
And I sate styl as Patiēce sayd, & thus sone this doc-
As ruddy as a rose rubbed hys chekes (tour
Coughed and carped, and Conscience hym hearde
And tolde hym of a Trinitie, and toward vs he loked
What is dowel sir doctor qᵖ I, is dowel any penaūce
Dowell quod this doctour, & toke the cup & dranke
Is do no euyll to thyne euē christen not by thy power.
By this daye syr doctour qᵖ I thā, ye be not in dowel
For ye haue harmed vs two, in ȳ ye eatē the pudynge
Mortreux and other meate, and we no morsel had
And if ye fare so in your farmery, ferly me thynketh
But chest be ther charitī shold be, & childrē durst pleine
I wold permute mi penaūce w̄ you, for I am in poīt
Thā Cōsciēce curtesli a coūtenaūce made (to do wel
And preynt apon Patience to praye me to be styll
And sayde hym selfe syr doctour, and it be your will
What is dowell and dobet, ye diuinours knowe
Dowell quod thys doctour, is do as clarkes teache
And dobet is he ȳ teacheth, & traueleth to teach other

And dobeste doth hym selfe so, as he sayth & precheth.
Qui fecit et docuerit, magnus vocabitur in regno celorum.
Now ỹ Cleargy & conscience, carpest what is do well,
I haue seuen sonnes he sayd seruen in a castell,
Ther the lord of lyfe wõneth to learne what is do wel
Tyll I see the seuen and my selfe accorden,
I am vnhardy quod he, to any wyght to preue it
For one Pierce the Ploughmã hath impũgned vs al,
And set al sciences at a Soupe, saue loue onelye
And no text ne taketh to mayntayne hys cause
But Dilige deum, And Domine quis habitabit,
And sayeth that do well and do bet, are two infinites
Whyche infinites wyth fayeth fynde oute dobest, Fayth
Which shal saue mãs soul, thus saith Pierce plowmã
I cã not here one of Cõscience, & I knowe well Pierce
He will not gaine saie holi writ, I dare wel vndertake
Thã passe we ouer til Pierce come, & preue it in dede,
Patience hath bẽ in many places, & peraduẽture nio-
That no clarke ne can, as Christ beareth witnes (thed
Patientes vincunt &c.
And your praier of Pacience tho, so no mã displese him
Dilige quod he, Doce, and Dilige inimicos,
Dilige and do well, Doce, and do bet, Dilege, and do beste,
Thus taught me once,
A lemman that I loued, loue was hyr name,
With wordes & wõ workes of she, & wil of thy hert
Thou loue lelly thy soule, all thy lyfe tyme,
And so ỹ learne the to loue, for the lordes loue of heuẽ
Thyne enimies in all wyse, euẽ forth wõ thy selfe
Cast coles on hys heade, of all kynde of speache
Both wõ works & wõ wordes, found hys loue to wyn,
And lay on hym thus wõ loue, tyl he laughe on the

And

And but he bowe for this beating, blind might he be
And for to fare thus w̄ thy frynde folye it were,
For he that loueth the lellye, lytle of thyne coueteth
Kynde loue couetethnot no cattell but speache
Wyth halfe a lumpe in latine, Ex vi transitionis,
I beare therin aboute faste bounde Dowell,
In a sygne of the saturday, that set fyrst the Kalender.
And al the wyt of the wenisday, of ẏ next weke after
The middle of the mone, as the myght of bothe
And therwyth I am welcome, there I haue it w̄ me.
Undo it let thys doctour deme if dowell be therin
For by hym that me made, myght neuer pouertye
Wyse ase ne mischiefe ne man wyth hys tonge
Colde ne care ne company of theues,
Ne nether heate ne hayle, ne none helle Powke,
Ne neyther fyre ne floude, ne feare of thyne enemye
Tene the any tyme, and thou take it wyth the.

Charitas nihil timet.

It is but a Dido quod thys doctour a disertes tale,
All the wyt of thys worlde and wight mens strength
Cā not cōfirme a peace betwene ẏ pope, & his enmies
Ne betwene .ii. christē kings, cā no wight peace make
Profitable to either people, & put the table frō hym,
And toke cleargy and conscience to counsel as it were
That patience ẏ muste passe for pilgrimes cā well lye
And Conscience carped loude, and curteslye sayd,
Frendes fare well, and fayre spake to cleargy,
For I wyl go w̄ this gōme, if god wil giue me grace
And be pilgraime w̄ Patient til I haue preued more,
What ẏ cleargy to cōscience, are ye couetouse nowe
After yere segyft or gyftes, or yernen to read ryddels,
I shall bringe you a byble, a boke of the olde lawe,

And learne you if you lyke, the least poynt to know
That Patience the pylgryme, perfitlye knewe neuer
Nay by Christ ꝙ Cõsience to Cleargy, god ẏ foryelde
For al that Patience me profereth, proude am I lyttle
And the wyll of the wye, and the wyll of folke here
Hath meued my mode to mourne for my synnes
The good wyll of a wyght was neuer bought to the
For there is no treasure therto, to a true wyll (full
Had not Magdalen more for aboxe of salue
Thã zecheus for he said, Dimidiũ bonorum meorũ do pau
And the pore wydowe for a payre of mites (peribus
Than all tho that offred into Gazophilacium,
Thus curtessye conscience conged fyrst the fryer
And sythen softlye he sayd in cleargies eare,
Me were leuer by our lord, and I lyue shoulde
Haue Patience perfectly, then halfe thy pack of bokes
Cleargy of Consience, no congye would take
But sayd full soberlye, thou shalt se the tyme
Whan thou arte werye for walking, wyl me to coũsel
That is sothe sayd Conscience, so me god helpe
If Patiẽce be our parting selow, & preuye w̃ vs both
There nys wo in thys world, that we ne should amẽd
And confirmen kynges to peace, and al kynnes londs
Sarazens and Surre, & so forth al the Jewes
Turne into the true fayth, and into one beleue
That is soth ꝙ Cleargye, I se what thou meanest
I shall dwel as I do, my deuour to shewen
And cofyrmen fauntekyns, and other folke learned
Tyll Patience haue preued the, and perfect the maked
Cõscience tho w̃ patience, passed pilgrymes as it wer
Than had patience as pilgrimes haue, in his poke vi-
Sobrietie and simple speach, & soth fast beleue (tail

To

To conforte hym and Conscience, if they come in place
There vnkindnes & couetous is, hõgry coũtres both
And as they went by the way, of do well they carped
They met with a mynstrell, as me tho thought
Patience posed him fyrst, and prayed he should tel
To Cõsciẽce what craft he culd, & whither he woulde
I am mynstrell of that man, my name is Actiua vita,
All idle iche hate, for all actyue is my name
A wafrer well ye wyt, and serue manye Lordes
And fewe roobes I song, or furred gownes
Can I lye to do men laughe, than lachen I should
Other mantell or money, amonges lords or minstrels
And for I can nether taber ne trumpe, ne tell no gests
Farten ne fyssen at feastes, ne harpen
Jape ne iuggle, ne gentilly pype
Ne nether tayleu ne saute, ne syng to the gyterne
I hane no good gyftes of these greate lordes
For no bred ỹ I bring forth, saue a benisõ on ỹ sundai
Whã ỹ priest praieth the puple, ỹ Pater noster to saie
For Pierce the plouman, and that hym profit wayten
And that am I actyue that idlenes haie
For al true trauelers, and tyllers of the earth
From Myghelmas to Mighelmas, I find hẽ w̃ my
Beggers and bydders of my bread crauen (wafers
Faytours and friers, & folke w̃ brode crownes
I fynd paine for the pope, & prouender for his palfrey
And I had neuer of hym, haue god my truth
Nether prouender ne parsonage, yet of the popes gift
Saue a pardon w̃ a piece of lede, & two poles amids
Had ich a clarke ỹ could wryte, I wold cast him a byll
That he sent me vnder his seale, a salue for ỹ pestilence
And ỹ his blessing & his buls botches might destroy

In

In nomine meo demonia eiicient, et super egros manus imponent, et bene habebunt.

And thē wold I be priest to ỹ puple, paast for to make
And burome and busie about bread and drynke
For hym and for all hys, found I that hys pardon
Myght lechen a man, as I beleue it shoulde
For sith he hath the power, that Peter hym selfe had
He hath the pot w̄ the salue sothely as me thynketh

Argentum et aurum non est mihi, quod autē habeo tibi do. In nomine domini surge et ambula.

And if mighte of miracle hym faile, it is for men be not
To haue grace of god, & no gilt of the Pope (worth
For may no blessing done vs bote, but if we wil amēd
Ther may no man make peace among christen people
Til pride be purely fordo, & through paine defaut
For ere I haue breade, a meale of mote I swete
And er ỹ cōmō haue corne inough, mani cold morning
So ere my wafers ben wrought much wo I tholye
All London I leue lyketh well my wafers
And loure whā they lacke hem, it is not long passed
Ther was a careful cōmō, whē no cart came to towne
With bread frō Stratford tho gōnen beggers wepe
And workinē were agast a litle this woll be thought
In date of our dryght in a drye Aprill (longe
A thousande and thre hundred twyse twenty & ten
My wafers ther wer geisē whā Chicester was Mair
I toke good kepe bi Christ and Conscience both
Of Hankyn the actyue man, and how he was clothed
He had a cote of christendome as holye kyrke beleueth
And it was moled in mani places w̄ mani sōdry plots
Of prid here a plotte, & ther a plot of vnborome speech
Of schorning & of schoftinge, & of vnskilful bearinge
As in apparel & in power proud among the puple

Other

Otherwise then he hath with hert or sight shewings
Him willyng ỹ al men wēd he were that is not
For why, he bosteth & braggeth w̄ many bold othes
And is vnobediēt to bē vndernome of any lyfe liuing
And none so singuler by hym selfe, nor so pope holye
Hated as an hermet, an order by hym selfe
Religion sans rule, and vnreasonable obedience
Lacked lettred men, and lewde men bothe
In lykinge of lele lyfe, and a lyer in Soule,
With inwyt and out wyt, imaginen and studie
As beste for hys bodye be, to haue a bad name,
And entermeten hym ouer all, there he hath not to do
Wylnynge that men wend, hys wytte were the beste
And if he giue ought to poze goms, tel what he delith
Poze of possession in purse and in cofer bothe
And as a Lyon on to loke, and Lozdely of speach
Boldest of beggers, a boster that nought hath,
In towne and in tauernes, tales to tell
And saye thyng ỹ he neuer se, and forsoth swere it,
Of dedes that he neuer dyd, demen and bosten,
And of warkes that he well dyd, wytnes and siggen,
Looe if ye leue me not, or that I lye wenen
Aske at hym or at hym, and he the can tell
What I suffred and see, and sometymes had
And what I coulde and knew, & what kyn I came of
Al he would ỹ men wyste, of werkes and of wordes,
Wyche myght please the puple, & prayse him selfe.

Si hominibus placerem Christi seruus nō essem,
Et alibi, Nemo potest duobus dominis seruire.

By Christ quod Conscience tho, thy best cote Hankyn
Hath many moles and spottes, it must be washed
Yea, who so toke hede ꝙ Haukyn, bihinde & bifore

What on back & what on body halfe, & bi ẏ two sides
Mē shold fynd many fowle sides, & mani fowle plots
And he turned hym as Tit, and than toke I hede
It was fowler by fell folde, than it fyrst semed
It was bydropped wyth wrath, and wycked wyll
Wyth Enuy and euyll speache, entysynge to fyght
Lyinge and laughynge, and lefe tonge to chyde
All that he wyste wycked by anye wyght, tellen it
And blame mē behynd her back, & biddē hē mischaūce
And that he wyst by Wyll, tellen it to Watte,
And that Watte wyst, Wyll wyste it after
And made of frendes fooes through a false tonge
Or with might of mouth, or through mans strength
Auenge me fell tymes, other frete my selfe
Within as a shepesters shere, I shrewed mē & cursed.

Cuius maledictione os plenum est, et amaritudine, sub lingua eius labor et dolor, et alibi: filii hominū dentes eorū arma et sagitte, et lingua eorum gladius accutus.

There is no lyfe that me loueth lastyng any whyle
For tales that I tel, no man trusteth to me
And whā I may not haue ẏ maistry, such melācholye
That I catch ẏ crāpe, ẏ cardiacle sometyme (I take
Or an ague in suche an anger, and sometyme a feuer
That taketh me all a tweluemoneth, til that I despise
Lechcrafte of our lorde, and leue of a wytche
And say that no clarke ne can, ne Christ as I leue
To ẏ sortry of Southwarke, or of short dytch dame
And segge ẏ no gods word, gaue me neuer bote (Eme
But throughe a charme had I chaunce, & many chiefe
I wayted wisloker, and than was it soyled (heale
Wyth lykynge of lechery, as by loking of his eyghe
For ech a maid that he met, he made hir to sygne

Semyng to synnewarde, and sometyme he gan taste
About the mouth or beneth, begynneth to croppe
Tyll eythers wyll waxeth kene, & to the werke yeden
As well on fastynges & frydayes, & forbode nightes
And as well in lent as out of lent, all tymes ylyke
Suche werkes wyth hem were neuer out of season
Tyll they myght namour, and than mery tales
And how that lechoure louen, laughen and iapen
And of her harlotry and horedome, in her age tellen
Than patience perceyued of poyntes of thys cote
Was colony throughe couetouse, & vnkind desiryng
More to good than to god, the gomme his loue caste
And imagined howe he it myght haue
With false measures and mete, and w̄ false wyghtes
Lened for loue of the wedde, & lothe to do trouthe
And awayte bi whych waye he myght begyle
And menged hys marchādise, & made a good maistry
The worst w̄in was a great wyt I leete it
And if my neyghbour had any hynde, or any beast els
More profitable than myne, many sleyghtes I made
Howe I myght haue it, all my wyt I caste
And but if I had by other way, at the lest I stole it
Or priuily his purse shoke, vnpiked hys lockes
Or by nyght or by day, about was ich euer
Throughe gyle to gadren, the good that ich haue
If I yede to the ploughe, I pynched so narrow
That a fote lande or a furowe fetche I woulde
Of my nexte neyghbour, nymen of hys earth
And if I repe ouerrechen, or gaue hē reade that repen
And sese to me with her sycle, that I sewed neuer
And who so borowed of me, aboughte the tyme
Wyth presentes priuilye, or payed some certayne

So would he or not woulde he, wynnen I woulde,
And both to kyth and to kynne, vnkinde of ẏ iche had
And who so cheped my chaffer, chyden I would
But he profered to paye a penye or twayne,
More than it was worth, & yet woulde I swere
That it coste me muche more, swore many othes
In holy dayes at holy churche, when iche hard masse,
Hadde I neuer wyll wote god wytterly to beseche
Mercye of my misdeades, that I ne mourned more,
For loste of good, leue me, than for my likam gyltes
As ik I had deadlye synne done, I dread not ẏ so sore,
And whā I lēned & leued it lost, or lōger it wer paied
Soik I kydde any kindnes, mine euē chrystē to helpe,
Apon a cruell couetous myne herte gan hange,
And ik I sent ouer sea, my seruauntes to Bryges
Or into Prucelād my prētise, nu profit to waiten
To marchaūdein with money, & make her exchaūges
Wyght neuer me conforten, in the meane whyle
Nether masse ne mattens, ne none maner sightes
Ne neuer penaunce perfourmed, ne Pater noster saide
That my minde was more on my good in a doubt
Than in the grace of god, and in his greate helpe
Vbi thesaurus tuus ibi cor tuum,
which ben the braunches that bringe a man to slouth
Hee ẏ mourneth not for his misse, ne maketh no sorowe
And penaūce that the priest inioyneth perfourmeth ill
Doth no almesdedes, dreade hym of no synne
Lyueth agayne the beleue, and no lawe holdeth
Eche day is holye daye wᵗ hym or an hyghe fery
And ik he ought wyll heare, it is an harlots tonge
Whan men carpen of Christ, or of clennes of soules
He wareth wroth & wil not hear, but words of mirth

Penaunce & poze men, & the passion of saintes
He hateth to here therof, and al that he telleth
These bē ỹ braūches beware, ỹ bringeth a mā to wā-
The lozdes & the ladyes, & legates of holy kyrk (hope
That feden foles sages, flatterers and lyers
And haue liken to lithen hem, to do you to laugh

Ve vobis qui ridetis,

And giue hem meat and mede, and poze men to refuse
In your death dynge, I feare me full soze
Lest tho thre maner of mē to much sozow you bryng,

Consentientes et agentes pari pena punientur,

Patriarkes & prophetes, & preachers of gods wozds
Sauen through her sermons mans soule from hell
Right so flatterers and foles, arne ỹ fendes disciples
To entise men throughe hyr tales, to sinne & harlotry
And clarkes that knowen holy wryte, shold ken lozds
What Dauid sayth of suche men, as the psalter telleth.

Non habitabit in medio domus mee, qui facit superbiam,
et qui loquitur iniqua,

Shoulde no harlote haue audience in hall ne in chābze
There wyse men were, wytnessen goddes wozds
Ne no mispzoude man, amonge lozdes ben alowed
And flatterers and fooles, through her lewde wozds
Leden tho that loue hem, to Lucifers feaste
With Turpiloquio, a lay of sozow & lucifers fidle
Thus Hankyn the actiue man had soyled hys cote
Til Cōscience acouped him therof in a curteis maner
Why he had washed it oz wyped it with a bzushe,

Passus, xiiii, de visione,

I haue but one hole hatir & Hãkin, I am ỹes to blame
Thow it be soiled & seld clene, I slepe therin on nights seldom
And also I haue an huswife, ewen & chyldren
Uxorem duxi et ideo non possum venire.
That wollen by molen it, many adayes maugry my will
It hath ben laued in lente, & out of lente both (chekes washid
With the soupe of sickenes, that seketh wonder depe, soaper
And with the losse of cattell, loth for to a gylt
God or any good man, by ought that I wiste
And was shriuē of a prest, that gaf me for my sinnes confessid
To penaunce Patience, and pore men to fede
Al for couetis of my chrystēdome, in clennes to kepe it
And could I neuer by Christ, kepe it cleane an houre
That I ne soyled it with sight, or w̄ some idle speach
Or through worke or through word, or wil of my hert
That I ne swober it foule, from more we tyll euen
And I shall kenne the good Conscience, of contrition
That shal claw thy cote, of al kinds of filth. (to make
Cor dis contritio. &c.
Dowel shal wash it & wryng it, through a wyse con=
Cris confessio, (fessoure
Dobet shal beat it & bōke it as bryght as any scarlet
And engraue it w̄ good wyl, & gods grace to amēd ỹ
And sithē sēd the to satisfactiō, for to sowen it after.
Satisfactio dobeste,
Shal neuer chest bymolē it, ne mough after byte it another
Defende ne false man, defoulen it in thy lyfe will
Shall no heraude ne harper, haue a fayrer garmente
Thā Hankin the actyue mā, & thou do by my teaching
Ne no minstrel be more worthe, amonge pore & ryche
Than Hankyns wyfe the wakerer, w̄ hys actiua vita
And I shal puruey ỹ paast & patiēce, though no plow (erye plow it

And floure to fede folke withal, as best be for ỹ soule
Thoughe neuer grene growed, nor grape apon vyne
All that lyueth and loketh lyuelode would I fynde
And that inough shal none fayle, of thing ỹ hem nedeth
We should not be to busy aboute oure lyuelode
Nc solliciti sitis. &c, Volucres celi deus pascit, &c, patientes vincunt,

Than laughed Hankyn a lytle, and lyghtly gan swere
Who so leueth you bi our lord, I leue not he be blesse
No ỹ Conscience Patiently, and out of his poke hent
Vytailes of greate vertues for all maner beastes
And sayd loue here liuelode inoughe, if oure beleue be
For lent neuer was life, but liuelode were shapē (true
Wherof or wherfore, or wherby to lyue
Fyrste the wylde wormne vnder wete earth
Fyshe to lyue in the floude, and in the fyre the creket
The kurlew by kind of hem are cleneste flesh of byrds
And beastes by grasse and by grene, & by grene rotes
In meanynge that all men might the same do,
Lyue thrugh lele beleue, & loue as god wytnesseth.
Quodcunque petieritis a patre meo in nomine meo, & ce,
Et alibi Non solo pane viuit homo, sed in omni verbo quod procedit de ore meo,
And I loked what liuelod it was, ỹ patiēte so praised
And it was a piece of ỹ Pater noster, Fiat voluntas tua
Haue Hanken ỹ Patience, & eate thys whā ỹ hūgreth
Or whā thou clomsest for colde, or clyngest for drye
Shall neuer gynes the greue, ne great lordes wrathe
Prison ne payne, for Patientes vincunt,
By so that thou be sobre of syght and of tonge
In eatyng, & in handelyng, and in all thy fyue wyttes:
Darst thou neuer care for corne, ne lynē clothe ne wollē
Ne for drynke ne death dreade, but dye as god lyketh

Or through honger or through heate, at hys will be it
For if thou liue after hys lore, the shorter life ỹ better.
Si quis amat Christum, mundum non diligit istum.
For through his breath beastes waxed & abrode yedē
Dixit et facta sunt.

Ergo throughe hys breath may men and beast liuen
As holy wryte wytnesseth whan men sein her graces
Aperis tu manum tuam et imples omne animal benedictione.
It is found that forty winter folke liued wout tilling
And out of ỹ flint sprōge the stoud ỹ folke and beastes
Elias And in Helies time heauen was closed (dronke
That no raine ne ronne, thus reade men in bokes
That many wynter men lyued, & no meate ne tiliden
Seuen slept as sayth the boke, seuen hūdred wynter
And lyued wout lyuelode and at the last they woken
Ifmē liuid as mesure wold, shud neuer mor be defaut
Amonge christen creatures if christes wordes be true
And vnkindnes Charitia, maketh amōge christē puple
And ouer plenty maketh pryde amonges pore & rych
Therfor mesure is so mich worth it mai not be todere two de.
For the mischife & the mischaūce amōgs mē of Sodō
Wext throughe plenty of payne and of pure Slouth
Ociositas et habundantia panis, peccatum turpissimum nutriuit.
For they measured not hē selfe of ỹ they eat & dranke
They dyd deadly synne that the deuyll lyked
So vēgeaunce felapon hem for her vyle synnes
They sonken into hell the cityes eche one
Therfore mesure we vs wel & make faith our feltron
And through fayth cometh cōtrition Cōsciēce wot wel
Wo hych dryueth away deadly syn & doth it to veniall
And though a mā might not spek cōtricō might saue
And bring his soul to blisse, be so ỹ fayth were witnes

That

That while he liued he beleued in ỹ loze of holy kyrke
Ergo cõtrition fayth & cõscience, is kindly dowel
And surgeõs foz dedly sin, whã shrift of mouth failleth
And shrift of mouth moze wozthi is, if mã be lik cõtrit
Foz shrift of mouth sleeth sinne, be it neuer so deadly. slayeth
Per confessionẽ to a prieste, peccata occiduntur,
Ther cõtritiõ doth dziue downe into venialll synne
As Dauid sayth in the psalter, Et quorum tecta sũt pec-
And satisfaction seketh oute the rote (cata
And bothe slepe and voydeth
And as it neuer had ben to nought, bringeth dealy sin
That eft it is not seue ne soze, but semith a woũd held healed
Where wõith charitti ỹ Hãkin, I wist neuer in mi lyfe
Man that wyth hym spake, as wyde as I haue passed
That perfit trouth & poze herte is, & Patience of tong
There is charitie ỹ chiefe chãberer foz God hym selfe
Wher patiẽt pozti ỹ Hãki be moz plesãt to our dzight
Thã ryches rightfully wonne, & resonably dispended
Ye quis est ille quod Pattẽce, quyke laudabimus eum
Though men read of ryches, right to the wozlds end
I wist neuer reuke ỹ rych was, ỹ whã he rekẽ should rekon
Whẽ he drough to his dethes day, ỹ he ne drad hi soze
And that at ỹ rekening in arerage fel, rather thẽ out of
There ỹ poze dare plete & preue by pure reasõ (dette pleade
To haue alowaũce of his lozd, bi ỹ law he it claimeth
Joy that neuer ioy had, of ryghtfull iudge he asketh
And seeth so byrdes and beasts ỹ no blys ne knoweth
And wild wozms in woods by winters yow greuith
And maketh hem welnyghe meke, & milde foz defaute
And after ỹ sendest hẽ somer, that is hir souerayn ioye
And blysse to that bene bothe wylde and tame
Than may beggers as beastes after bote wayten profit

That all hir lyfe haue lyued, in langour and in defaute
But god sent hem sometime, some maner ioye
Or here or els where, kynde woulde it neuer
For to wrotherhele was he wrought, that neuer was
Angels ỹ in hel now bē, had ioye sometime (ioy shapē
And Dives in deuils lyued, and in Douce vie
Ryght so reason sheweth that the men that were rych
And her makes also, liued her lyues in myrth
And god is of a wōderous wil, by ỹ kind wit shewith
To giue mani mā mercimonie, er he it hath deseruid
Right so fareth god by some rich, ruth me it thiketh
For they haue her hyre here, and heuen as is were
And great lykyng to lyue, wout laboure of the bodye
And whē he dyeth, he disalowed, as Dauid said in the
Dormierunt et nihil inuenierunt. (psalter
And in an other stede also, Velut sompnum surgentium
In ciuitate tua et ad nichillum rediges, (domine
Alas that ryches shal reue, and robbe mans soule
From the loue of oure lord, at his last ende
Hewen that haue her hyre afore, are euermore nedy
And seld dieth he out of det, that diseth or he deserue it
And tyll he haue done hys deuour, & hys dayes iorney
For whā a workmā hath wrought, thā mē say ỹ soth
What he were worthy for his worke, & what he hath
And not to sig before, for dred of disanullig (deserued
So I say by you ryche, it semeth not that ye should
Haue heauen in your here beryng, and heuen hereafter
Right as a seruāt taketh his salary before, & sith wold
As he that none had, & hath hire at ỹ last (claim more
It may not be the rych men, or Mathew on god lieth
De delitiis ad delitias difficile est transire
And if the ryche haue ruth, and reward well the pore

And lyue as lawe teacheth, done leauty to hem all
Christ of hys curtesy shal confort you at the last
And reward you al double ryches, ẏ ruful hert haue
And as an hyne that had hys hyre, ere he begone
Whā he hath dōe his deuour wel, mē do him ouirboūt
Giue him a cote aboue hys couenaūt, right so Christe
Both to rych & not rich, ẏ rufully liueth (geueth heuē
And al ẏ done her deuour wel, haue double hire for hir
Here forgiuenes for her sins, & heuē blis after (trauel
And it is but seld sene, as by sayntes bokes
That god rewarded double rest to any rych man
For much myrth is among rych, as in meat & clothes
And much myrth in May is amongest wylde beastes
And so forth the while somer lasteth, her solace dureth
And beggers aboute mydsomer, breadles they soupe
And yet is winter for hē worse, for wetshode thei gāg
A furst sore, and a fyngred, and fowle rebuked
And rated of ryche men, that ruth is to heare
Nowe Lorde sende hem somer, and some maner ioye
Heuen after her hence goyng, ẏ here haue such defaute
For all myghtest ẏ haue made, none meaner thā other
And lyke wytty and wyse, if the well had lyked
And saue ruth of these rich mē, ẏ reward not thy priso
Of the good that ẏ hem giuest, ingrati bē many (ners
And god of thy goodnes giue hem grace to amende
For may no derth bē hē dear, drough ne wete hē greue
Ne neyther heate ne haile, haue they her heale,
Of that they wyl and would, wanteth hem not here
And pore puple thi prisoners lord in ẏ put of mischefe
Confort the creatures, that much care suffren
Through death through drough, all her dayes here
Woo in wyntertymes, for wantynge of clothes

And insomer tyme selde soupen to the full
Conforte thy carefull Christe in thy ryches
For how ye cōfortest all creatures clarkes bereth wit-
Conuertimini ad me, et salui eritis. (nes
Thus In genere, of gentryes Jesu Christ sayde
To robbers and to reuers, to rych and to pore
Thou taughtest hem in thy trinitie to take baptisme
And be cleane through ye christening of all kins sinnes
And if vs fyll through foly to fall in synne after
Confession and knowledginge, and crauing thy mercy
Shal amend vs as many sythes as man would desire
And if the Pope would plede here agayne and punysh
vs in conscience
He should take the acquitaunce as quycke
And to the queed shew it, Pateat &c. per passionē domini
And put of so the pouke, and preuen vs vnder borow
And the parchmin of the Patente, of pouerty be most
And of pure patiente and perfect beleue
Of pompe and of pryde, the parcemyn declareth
And principalitie of al people, but they be pore of hert
Els is all idle, and all that euer we wryten
Pater noster and penaūce, and pilgrimages to Rome
But our spenses and spending sprynge of true wyl
Els is all our labour loste, lo howe men wryteth
In fenestres at the Fryers, if false be the fundament
Therfore christen shold be in cōmē rych, none couetise
For seuē synnes ye ther be assailē vs euer (for him self
The fend foloweth hem al, and foundeth hem to help
And wt ryches that rybaude, he rathest men begileth
For there that ryches raygneth, reuerence foloweth
And that is pleasaunt to pryde in pore and in rych
And the rych is reuerenced, by reason of hys ryches

And

And the pore is put behynd, & peraduenture cā more
Of wyt and of wisedome, that farre awaye is better
Than ryches or rialtye, and rather hard in heuen
For ẏ rych hath much to rekē, & right ofte him ẏ wal-
The hye way to heuenward, ryches hym letteth (keth
Ita possibile diuiti, &c
There the pore praiseth before ẏ rych w̄ a pake at his
Opera enim illorum sequntur illos, (rygge
Bataūtly as begers done, & boldly he craueth
For hys pouerty and his patience, a perpetual blysse.
Beati pauperes, quoniam ipsorum est regnum celorum
And pryde in riches raygneth, rather than in pouertye
Erst in the master or in ẏ man, some mantiō he haueth
And in pouerty there patience is, pryde hath no might
Ne none of the seuen synnes, syt ne may there longe
Ne haue power in pouertye, if patience it folowe
For the pore is aye preste, to please the ryche
And buxome at hys byddyng, for hys broke loues
And buxomnes and bost are euermore at warre
And either hateth other in all maner workes
If wrath wrestle w̄ the pore, he hath the worse ende
And if they both pleyne, the pore is but feble
And if he chyde or chatter, hym cheueth the worse
And if couetise catch the pore, they mai not come togi-
And by ẏ nek nameli, ther nōe mai hēt other (thers
For men knowen well that couetouse is of kene wyll
And hath handes and armes of a longe length
Pouerti is but a petit thing, appetith not to his nauel
And louelike was yet neuer bitwene, ẏ long & ẏ short
Though auarice wold angry ẏ pore, he hath but litle
For poreti hath but pokis, to put in his goods (might
Their auarice hath almaries, and iron-bound cofers

And whether be lyhgter to breake, & lasse bost maketh
A beggers bagge, than an yron bound cofer
Lechery loueth hym not, but he geueth but litle siluer
Ne doth hym not dyne delicatlye, ne drynke wyne ofte
A straw for the Stewes, it stode not I trowe
Had thei nothig but of pore mē, her houses stod vntild
And though slouth sue pouerty, & serue not god to pay
Myschiefe is hys master, and maketh hem to thyncke
That god is hys greatest helpe, and no gome els
And he hys seruaunt as he sayth, and of his sute both
And whether he be or be not, he bereth ẏ sygne of po-
And in ẏ secte our sauioure, saued al mankynd (nerty
Therfore all pouertie that patient is, may claime and
After her endynge here, enlyche blysse. (asken
Much hardier mai he aske, ẏ here might haue his wil
In londe and in lordeshyp, and in lykinge of body
And for gods loue leueth all, and liueth as a begger
And as a mayd for mans loue, hir mother forsaketh
Hyr father and all hyr frendes, & foloweth hyr make
Much more is the loue of hym, that such one taketh
Than a mayden is, that is maried through brocage
As by assent of sundry parties, and siluer to bote
More for couetous of good, than kynde loue of bothe
So it fareth by eche parson, that possession forsaketh
And put hym to be patiente, & pouerty weddeth
Such is sybbe to god hym selfe, and so to hys sayntes
Haue god my trouth ꝙ Hankyn, ye praise fast pouerty
What is pouerty w̄ Patience ꝙ he properly to mene

Paupertas quod Patience, Est odibile bonum,
Remotio curatum, possessio sine calumpnia, Donum dei, Sanitas mater, Absque solicitudine semita. Sapientie temperatrix, negocium sine dāno, incerta fortuna, absque solicitudine felicitas,

I can not cõstrue al this ꝙ Hãkyn, ye must ken this in
In english ꝙ patiẽce, it is wel hard to expoũd (english
And somedeale I shal say it, by so thou vnderstande
Pouerty is the fyrst poynt, that pryd most hateth
Than it is good by good skyll, all that agasteth pride
Ryght & cõtrition is a cõfortable thing, Cõsciẽce wot
And sorowe of hym selfe, & solace to the soule (it wel
So pouerty properly, penaunce and ioye
Is to the bodye pure spirituall leche.

Ergo Paupertas est odibile bonum,

And contrition conforteth, and Cura animarum,
Selde syt pouertye, the soth to declare
For as iustice to iudge mẽ, enioyned is no pore
Ne to be mayre aboue men, ne minister vnder kinges
Selde is any pore put to punyshe any people.

Remotio curarum,

Ergo pouerty & pore mẽ performen the commaunde-
Nolite iudicare quemquam, the thyrde (mente
Selde is any pore men rych, of ryghful heritage
Winneth he not w̃ weight false, ne w̃ vnseled mesures
Ne boroweth of his neighbors, but that he may wel

Possessio sine calumpnia, (paye

The fourth is a fortune that florisheth the soule
With sobrietie from al synne, and also yet more
It afayteth the fleshe from foles full many
A collaterall conforte, Christes owne gyfte.

Donum dei,

The fift is mother of health, a frende in all fondinges
And for the lande euer a leche, a lemman of al clennes.

Sanitas mater,

The syxte is a path of peace, ye through ẏ paas of al-
Pouertye myght passe w̃out peryll of robbing (ton

For

For there that pouerty passeth, peace followeth after
And euer the lesse that he bereth, ỹ harder he is of hert
Therfore saith Seneca, Paupertas ẽ absque solicitudine
And an hardy man of hert, amonge a heape of theues.
Cantabat paupertas coram latrone viatore
The seuẽth is wel of wysdome, & few words sheweth
Therfore lords alow him litle, or lysten to his reasone
For he tempereth his tõg to truthward, and no treasour coueteth
Sapientie temperatrit,
Theght is a lely labourer, and lothe to take more
Than he well deserueth in somer or in wynter
And if he chaffreth he chargeth no lose, may he charity winne
Negotium sine damno
The nynth is swete to the soule, no suger is sweter
For Patience is payne, for pouerty hym selfe
And sobrety swete drynke, and good lech in syckenes,
Thus lerned me a lettred mã, for our lords loue of heuen
S. Austen a blessed lyfe wythout busines ladde
For body and for soule, Absque solicitudine felicitas
Now god that al good geueth graunt hys soule reste
That this first wrote to wissẽ mẽ, what pouerty was
Alas q Hãkin ỹ actiue mã tho, ỹ after my christẽdome
I ne had be dead and doluell, for dowels sake
So harde it is quod Hankyn to lyue, & to do no synne
Synne sueth vs euer quod he, and sory gã wepe
And wept water with hys eyen, and wayled the time
That euer he dyd dede that dere god displeased
Swowned and sobbed, and syghed full oft
That euer he had lond lordshyp lesse or more
Or maistry ouer any man, more than of hym self
I were not worthy (wotte god) ỹ Hãkyn to were anye clothes
Ne nether shyrt ne show, saue for shame only

To

To couer my caroen quod he, and crien mercy fast
And wepte and wayled, and therwyth I waked

Passus, xv, finit de dowell, et incipit dobet

AND after my wakyng, it was wonder long
Ere I could kyndly know what was dowel
And so my wyt were a waued, til I a fole
And some lacked me self, allowed it few (wer
And letten me for a lorell, and loth to reuerencen
Lordes or Ladyes, or any lyke els
And persons in pelure, wyth pendantes of siluer
To sargeauntes ne to suche, sayde I not once
God loke you lordes, ne louted fayre
That folke helden me a fole, a in that foly I reygned
Tyll reason had ruthe on me, and rocked me a slepe
Tyll I se as it sorcery were, a sotle thyng wyth all
One wythouten tong a teth, told me whither I shold
And wherof he came, and of what kynde, I conjured
hym at laste
If he were christes creature, anon me to tellen
I am christes creature qᵗ he, a christē in many a place
In christes courte I knowe wel, a of hys kyn a party
Is nether Peter the porter, ne Poule w̄ his kaucheō
That wyll defende me the dore, dynge I neuer so late
At mydnyght at midday, my voyce is so know,
That ech a creature of his court, welcōmeth me faire
What ar ye called qᵗ I in ȳ court, amōg christs puple
The whils I quickēȳ course qᵗ he, callid am I Anima
And whā I wyll and wold, Animus ich hate
And for that I can and knowe, called am I Mens
And whā I make mone to god, Memoria is my name
And whan I deme domes, and do as trouth teacheth

Than is Ratio my right name, reason on Englische
And whē I fele ỹ folke tellith, my first name is sēsus,
And that is wit and wisdome the well of all craftes,
And when I chalenge or chalēge not, chepe or refuse
Than am I cōscience called, gods clerke & his notary
And when I loue lelly our lord and all other
Than is Lelilone my name, and in latin Amor,
And when I flee from the flesh and forsake the caroin body,
Than am I spirite specheles, spiritus than iche hate I am a
Austin and Isodorus eyther of them bothe
Named me thus to name, now thou might chese, choose
How ỹ couetist to cal me, now ỹ knowst al mi names
Anima pro diuersis actionibus, diuersa nomina sortitur, dum viuificat corpus, anima est, dum vult animus est, dum scit mēs est, dum recolit memoria est dum iudicat racio est, dum sentit, sensus est, dum amat amor est, dum negat, vel consentit, conscientia est, dum spirat spiritus est
Ye bene as a bysshop quod I, all bourdinge ỹ time
For bisshops blessed, they beare many names,
Presull and Pontifex, and metropolitanus,
And other names an hepe, Episcopus and Pastor.
That is soth sayd he, now I se thy will, truth
Thou woldest know & ken ỹ cause of al their nemes,
And of mine if thou mightest me thinke by thi speach
Ye sir I sayde, by so no man were greued,
All the sciences vnder sunne and all the suttel crafte, subtle
I wold I knew and coud kindly in mine harte,
Than arte ỹ imperfit of he, and one of prids knightes
For such a lust and liking lucyfer fell from heauen
Ponam pedem in aquilone, et similis ero altissimo.
It were agaynst kind quod he, and kinnes reason,
That any creature shuld kenne all, except Christ one, only

Agayne

Agayne such Salomon speaketh, & dispiseth her wits
And sayth Sicut qui mel comedet multum, non est ei bonum
Sic qui scrutator est maiestatis opprimitur a gloria,
To English this is to mene ỹ mowē speake & heare
The man ỹ much hony eateth, his maw it englemith
And the moze ỹ a man of good matter heareth,
But he do therfoze it doth him doble scaeth,
Beatus ea sayth saint Barnard qui scriptu ram legit
Et verba vertit in opera, fully to his power
Couetise to ken and to knowe science
Put out of ꝑadise Adam and Eue,
Sciencie appetitus hominem immortalitatis gloria spoliauit
And right as honi is iuel to defy & englimeth ỹ maw
Right so he ỹ through reason, wold ỹ rote know, rode, way a cart-rode
Of God & of his great mights, his graces it letteth,
Foz in the liking lyeth a pzid and likames couetyse,
Against Christs coūsel, and al clerkes teaching
That is. Non plus sapere quam opoztet sapere
Friers & fel other masters ỹ to ỹ lewd men pzeachē,
Ye mouen matters immesurable to tel of the trynyty,
That oftimes ỹ lewd people of their beliefe douten,
Better beleue where many docters such teaching
And tel mē of x. cōmaūdemēts, & touchē ỹ seuē sinnes
And of ỹ bzāches ỹ budde of thē, & bzingē mē to Hell
And how that folke in folies mispend their liue wyt-
As well friers as other folke, folilish spenen, (tes,
In housing in hatering & into high clergie shewinge
Moze foz pompe thē foz pure charitie, ỹ peple wote ỹ
That I lye not so, foz lozds they plesen, (soth
And reuerencen the rather foz their siluer.
Cōfundātur omnes qui adorāt sculptilia, Et alibi vt quid diligitis vanitatem et queritis mendacium?

Go to the glose of the verse, the greate Clarkes
If I lye on you to my lewed wit, leade me to brēning
For as it semeth ye forsake no mans almes,
Of vsurers of hoores of auarous chapmen
And loutē to these lordes, that maye lene you nobles,
Agayn your rule and religion I take record at Jesus
That saide to his disciples Ne sitis personarū acceptores
Of thys mater I might make a longe byble
And of curats of christē peple, as clerks bear witnes.
I shal tellen it for truths sake, takehed who so lykith,
As holines & honesti out of holychurch spredith,
Through lelly liuing men, that Gods lawe teachen
Ryght so out of holychurch al euels spredith.
Ther inperfite presthode is prechers and techers.
I se it by ensample in sommertime on trees,
There some bowes beneleued, and some bere none.
There is a mischefe in ȳ moore of such maner bowes
Right so of parsōs & prists & prechers of holichurch
That are roote of the right fayth to rule the people
And there the roote is rotten reason wote the soth,
Shal neuer floure ne frute ne fayre leafe be grene,
Therfore wold ye lettred mē leaue ȳ licheri of clothig
And bekind as befel for clerkes & curteis of Christs,
True of your tong and of your tayle both (goods,
And hate to her harlotrie, and not to vnderfonge
Tithes but of true thing tilyed or chafferid,
Both were lewede men, but they your lore folowed.
And amēden hem ȳ misdone, more for your ensāples
Thā to preache and proue it not, hypocrisie it semeth,
For hipocrisie in laten is lykened to donghyll,
That were besnewed with snowe and snakes within
Or to a walle were whittimed & were foule within,

Right

Right so many prestes preachers and prelates,
ye were enblanched w̄ Belopolis & with clothes also
And your workes & your words therūder are ful vn-
Johānes Chrisostom⁹, of clerks spekith & prists (louely
Sicut de templo omne bonum progreditur: sic de tēplo omne malum procedit. Si sacerdotium incorruptum fuerit: tota floret Ecclesia. Si autem corruptum fuerit: omniū fides marcida est, si sacerdotum fuerit in peccatis: totus populus conuertetur ad peccandum. Sicut cum videris Arborem pallidam et marcidam intelliges quod vicium habet, in radice: ita cum videris populum indisciplinatum et irreligiosum, sine dubio sacerdotum eius non est sanum.

If lewde men wist what this latin meaneth,
And who was mine auctour, much wōder me thynke
but if mani prists bere for hir baselards & her brochis
A payre of bedes in their hāds, & a booke vnder their
Sir John & sir Jeffery hath a girdle of siluer (arme,
A baselard or a ballocke knife, with bottons ouergilt
And a portus ȳ shuld be his plow, Placebo to synge.
Had he neuer seruice to saue siluer therto, seith it w̄ y-
Alas ye lewde men much lese ye on prests (dle wil
And a thing that wickedly is won, & w̄ falce sleights
Wold neuer wit of witty God, but wickid mē it had,
The which are prists imperfit & prechers after siluer
Executores & sodeines, samoners & their lemmans,
That ȳ w̄ gyle was gottē vngraciously is spended,
So harlots and hoores are holpen with such goods
And Gods folks for defaute therof for karē & spillē,
Curatours of holy kyrke as clerkes ȳ bene warous,
Lightly that they leuen losels it habbeth,
Or dyeth intestat and the bisshop entreth,
And makith mirth their mode and his men bothe,
And siggē he was an nigarde ȳ no good might spare
To frende ne to fremid the finde haue his soule

For a wretched house he healed, all his life time,
And ẏ he spared and disperid, spende we in mirthe.
By learned and by lewde that loth is to spend,
Thus gone their goods, be the ghoost faren,
And for good men Godwot, great dowel men makē,
And bemeaneth good meatgeuers, & in mind haueth
In prayers and in penance, and in perfit charitie,
What is charitie ꝙ I tho? a childish thing he sayd,
Nisi efficiamini sicut paruuli non intrabitis regnū celorum
Without fauteltie or folie, fre liberall will,
Wher shuld men find such a frind with so fre a herte,
I haue lyued in longe ꝙ he, my name is long wyll,
And founde I neuer full charitie before ne behynde
Men be merciable to mēdinauntes and to pore
And wollen lene there they leue, lelly to be payed
Chariti ẏ Poul praisith best, most plesig to our Lord
Is Non inflatur non est ambitiosa, non quærit que sua sunt
I se neuer suche a man so god me helpe
That he ne would aske after hys, & otherwhyle couet
Thynge that neded hym not, & nyme it if he myght
Clarkes kenne me that Christe is in all places
And I se hī neuer sothly, but as my selfe in a myrror.
In enigmate, tunc facie ad faciem,
And so I trowe trulye bi that men tell of charitie
It is not champions fyght, ne chaffer as I trowe
Charitie ꝙ he chaffreth not, ne chalēgeth ne craueth
As proude of a peny, as of a pounde of golde
And is as glade of a gowne of graye russet
As of a tunicle of tars, or of tried scarlet,
He is glade w̄ all glade, and good to all wycked
And leueth and loueth all that our lorde made
Curseth no creature, ne he can beare no wrath

Ne no likinge hath to lye, ne laughe men to scorne
All that men sayne he lete it soth, & in solace taketh
And all maner mischiefe, in mildenes he suffreth.
Coueteth he no earthly good, but heuenlych blysse
Hath he any rentes or riches, ne retcheth he neuer
For a frend ỹ findeth him, fayleth him neuer at nede
Fiat voluntas tua, fynde hym euermore
And if he souped, eateth but a soupe of Spera in deo,
He cã portrey wel ỹ Pater noster, & paint it w̃ Pitie.
And otherwhyle he is wonne to wend on pilgrymage
There pore mẽ & prisoners ligged, her pardõ to haue
Though he bear hẽ no bread, he bear sweter liuelod
Louith him as our lord bade, & lokith howe thei fare
And whã he is wery of ỹ worcke, thã wold he sõtime
Labource in lauendrye, well the length of a myle
And yerne into youth, and yepely speake
Pryde w̃ all thappertenaunces, & pake hem togithers
And bonden hem at hys brest and beate hem cleane
And liggen on long w̃ Laboraui in gemitu meo,
And w̃ warme water at hys eyen, wachen hem after
And than he syngeth whan he doth so,
And sometyme sayth wepynge,
Cor contritum et humiliatum deus non despicies
By Christ I would I knew him qꝑ I, no creature le-
Wythout the helpe of Pyerce Ploughmã qꝑ he (uer
Hys person seest thou neuer
Where clarkes knowe hym qꝑ I, ỹ kepen holy kyrke,
Clerks haue no knowing qꝑ he, bi workes & bi words
And Pierce the Plowman, parceyueth more depelye
What is the wyll & wherfore, ỹ many wight suffreth
Et vidit deus cogitationes eorum,
For there are full proude herted men patient of tong

And

And boxome as of beringe, to burgeis and to Lozds
And to poze people haue pepper in the nose,
And as a Lyon he loketh, there men lacke his wozkes
Foz there are beggers & bydders, bedemen as it were
Loken as lambren, and semen lyue holye
And it is moze to haue her meat, w̄ such an easi maner
Thā foz penaūce oz perfitnes, ꝯ penaūce ꝯ such taketh
Therfoze by colour ne by cleargy, know shalt ꝯ neuer
Nether through wozks noz wozds, but through wil
And ꝯ knoweth no clarke, ne creature on earth, (one
But Piercethe Ploughman, Petrus id est Christus,
Foz he is not in lolliers, ne in landelyppers hermettes
Ne in ancres there a boxe hangeth al such they fayten
Fye on faytours, and infautores suos,
Foz charitie is gods champion, & as a good child hēd
And the meriest of mouth, at meat wher he setteth
The loue ꝯ lieth in his hert, maketh him light of spech
And is compaignable and cōfoztatyue, as Christ byd
Nolite fieri sicut hypocrite tristes. (him selfe
Foz I haue sene hym in sylke, and somtyme in russet
Both in graye and in gryse, and in gylt harneys
And as gladly he it gaue to gommes that it neded
Edmunde and Edwarde eyther were kynges
And saintes sette, foz charitye hem folowed
I haue sene charitye also syngen and reden
Ryden and runnen in ragged weddes
And bydden as beggers beheldе I hym neuer
And in ryche robes rathest he walketh
Called and Crimised and hys crowne shaue
And in a Fryers froke he was found once
And it is ferne ago, in sayut Frances tyme
In that sett syth to selde, hath he be knowe

Richе

Riche men he recommendeth & of their robes taketh
That withouten wyles ledeth her lyues
Beatus est diues qui .et c.
In kings court he cometh oft ther the councel is true
And if couetis be of councell, he will not come therin,
In court amonges iapers, he commeth not but selde, seldom
For brauling & backbiting and bearinge false wytnes,
In ỹ cõsistori before ỹ comissari he comith not ful oft
For their law dureth ouerlong, but if they lachẽ siluer lack
And matrimony for money maken and vnmaken,
And that conscience and Christ hath knitte fast,
They vndone it vnworthely the docters of lawe,
And I ne lacke no lyue, but lorde amend vs all,
And geue vs grace good God charitie to followe
For who so might mete wt̃ himsuch maners hi ayleth
Neither he blameth ne banneth, bosteth ne prayseth
Lacketh he ne loseth, ne loketh vp sterne,
Craueth ne couetith ne crieth after more,
In pace in idipsum dormiam et requiescam
The most liuelod he liuith by, is loue in gods passion
Nether he biddeth ne beggeth, ne borowweth to yelde,
Wisdoth he no man ne with his mouth greueth,
Amongest christen men this mildnes shuld last,
In all maner angers haue this in herte,
That though he sufferid all this, God sufferid for vs
In exãple we shuld do so, & takẽ no vẽgeaũce, (more
Of our foes ỹ done vs falsenes, ỹ is our fathers wil
For wel may euery mã wit if God had wold him self
Shuld neuer Judas ne Jeu haue Jesus dõe on rode
Ne haue martird Peter ne Paule, ne in prison holdẽ,
And he suffred in example that we shulde suffre also,
And sayd to such ỹ suffre wold that patiẽtes vincũt.

Verbi gracia quod he, and veray examples manye
In legenda sanctorũ, the life of holy sayntes,
What penance & pouertie and passion they suffered,
In hongre in heat in all maner angers.
Anthony and Egidie and other holy fathers
Wonding in wyldernes among wylde beastes,
Monkes and mendynantes men by them selfe
In spekes & spelunkes selden speaken togethers
And nether Anthont nor Egidine heremit that time,
Of lyons ne of leoperds, ne lyuelode to take
But of foules that flyeth this fynden men in bookes:
Except that Egidie after an hinde cryed
And through the milke of that milde beastethe man
was susteyned,
And day by day had neuer nought his hõgre to slake,
But seld & sundry tymes as saith the boke & techeth.
Anthony a dayes about none time
Had a byrde ỹ brought hũ breade that he by lyued,
And though the gome had a gest, God found hẽ both
Paul Poule primus heremita had prouoked hym selfe
That no man myght hym se for mosse and for leaues,
Fowles hym fed selle winters wythall
Till he founded freres of Austens ordre
Poule after his preaching, pauyars he made,
And wan with his handes that his wombe neded.
Peter fyched for hys foode and hys fellowe Andrewe
Some they sold & some they soth, also they liued both
And also Mary maudlen by moores lyued & dewes,
And most through deuocion & mind of God almighti
I shulde not these seuen dayes seyggen them all
That liued thus for our lordes loue many lõg yeres,
And there ne was lyon ne leoperd that on landes went

Neyther

Neyther bere ne boze ne other beastes wilde
That ne fell to their fete & fawned with their tales,
And if they coud haue carped, by Christe as I trowe,
They wold haue fed that folke before wylde fowles,
And God sēt thē foode by foules & by no fierse bestes
In mening that meke thing mild thing shulde fede,
As who say religious rightfull men shuld finde,
And lawfull men to lyf holy men lyuelode bryng,
And than wold lordes and ladies beloth to agilte,
And to taken of their tenaūts more then truth wolde,
Found they that friers wolde forsake their almes,
And bidden them bereit, there it was borowed
For we bene Gods fowles and abiden alway,
Tyll brydes bring vs that we shuld lyue by,
For had ye potage & pane inough, & peniale to drinke
And a mes there amyde of one maner kynde,
Ye had right inough ye religious so your rule me told

Nunquam (dicit Job) rugit Onager cū herbā habuerit
Aut mugiet bos, cū ante plenū presepe steterit. Brutorū
animaliū natura te cōdēpnat, quia cū eis pabulū cōmune
sufficit, ex adipe prodiit iniquitas tua.

If lewde mē knew this latē they wold lok whō they
And aduise them afore a fyue dayes or syxe, (geue
Er they amortised to monkes or chanōs theyr rentes
Alas lordes and ladies lewde councell haue ye
To giue from your heyres that your ayles you lefte,
And giue it to byd for you to suche as bene ryche
And bene founden and fed eke to byd for other,
Who performeth this prophecy of ỳ peple that now

Dispersit dedit pauperibus. (liueth

If any pēple ꝑforme ỳ text, it are these pore freres,
For that they begge about, in building they spēd it,

And on hem selfe some, and such as ben her laborers
And of hē ꝑ haueth not they take, & geueth hē ꝑ haueth
And clarkes and knightes, & cōmuners that bē rych
Fell of you fareth, as if I a forest had
That were full of fayre trees, and I found a cast
Howe I myght moo therin amonge hem set
Right so ye ryche, ye robbe that ben ryche
And helpeth hem that helpeth you, & geueth there no
And who so fylleth a tunne of a fresh ryuer, (nede is
And wēt forth w̄ that water, to woke with temese
Right so the ryche ye robbe and fedde
Hem that haue as ye haue, hem ye make at ease
And religious ꝑ ryche ben, should rather fest beggers
Thā Burgeis ꝑ rich ben, as the boke telleth.

Quia sacrilegium est res pauperum non pauperibus dare
Item peccatoribus dare est demonibus Immolare,
Item Monache, si indiges et accipis, potius das quā accipis,
Si autem non indiges et accipis, rapis. Porro non
Indiget Monachus, si habeat quod nature sufficit.

Therfore I coūsel al christē to cōforme hē to charitye
For charitie without chalēgynge, vnchargeth ꝑ soule
And man̄ prisoner by his praierhe pulith from paine
And there is a defaut in the folke, ꝑ the faith kepeth
Wherfore folke is the febler, and not firme of beleue
As in Luchburgh is aluther alay, yet lokith like ster-
The mark of ꝑ mony is good, & ꝑ metle is feble (lig
So fareth it bi some folk now, thei haue a faire spech
Crowne and christendome, the kings marke of heuē
And the metal ꝑ is mans soule, w̄ sinne is foule alaied
Both lettred and lewde, ben alayed now w̄ sinne
That no lyfe loueth other, ne our lord as it semeth
For by war & wicked worke & weders vnresonable

We:

Wether wytheppers, and wytty clarkes also
Haue no beleue to ỹ lift ne to ỹ loze of Philosophers
Astronomers aldaye in her herte faylen
That whilome warned befoze, what should fal after
Shipmen & shepheardes, ỹ wyth shyp & shepe wēten
Wychen by the welken what shoulde betyde Skyē.
As of weders and wyndes, they warned men oft
Tyllers that tylled the earth tolde hyz masters
By the seed that they sewe, what they sell myght
And what to leue & what to liue bi, ỹ lād was so true
Now failleth ỹ folke of ỹ floode, & of the lande bothe
Shepeheardes and shypmen, and so do these tyllers
Nether they canneth ne knoweth one course befoze an-
Astronomers also are at her wyttes ende (other
Of ỹ was calculed of thelemēt, the cōtrary thei finde
Grammer the ground of all, begileth now the childzē
Foz it is non of these new clarks, who so nimeth hede
Not one among a hundzed that an auter can cōstrue
Ne read a letter in ani lāgage, but in latē oz in englisch
Go now to any degre, and but if gyle be mayster
And flatterers his felowe vnder hym to fourmen
Much wonder me thynketh amonge vs all
Doctours of degrees, and of diuinitie maisters
That should kenne and knowe all kynnes cleargy
And answere to argumentes, and also to a Quod libet
I dare not say it foz shame, if such were apposed
They shold fayle of her philosophy, & in phisike both
Therfoze I am afrayed of folke of holy kyzke
Lest thei ouerhipē as other done, in officis & in houris
And if thei ouirhip as I hope not, our bileue sufficith
As clarkes in Corpus Christi feaste, singen and reden
That Sola fides sufficit, to saue with lewde people

And so may Saracines be saued, scribes and Jewes
Alas than but our lozes men, lyued as they lerne vs
And foz her liuyng ẏ lewde mẽ be, ẏ lother god a gylt
Foz Saracines haue somwhat seming to our beleue
Foz they loue and beleue, one god almyghtye
And we lerned and lewed, in one god beleue.
And one Mahomet a man, in misbeleue brought
Saracines of Surrey, and se in what maner.
At the first he was christẽ, & foz he might not be pope
Into Surrey he sought, & throughe hys sottle wyts
Daunted a doue, and daye and nyght her fed
The cozne that she cropped he cast in hys eare
And if he among the puple preched, oz in places come
Than woulde the Culuer come, to the clarkes eare
Wenig as after meat, thus Mahomet hir enchaũted
Thã did folke fal on knes, foz he swoze in his prechig
That the Culuer that came so, came frõ god of heuẽ,
As messenger to Mahomet, men foz to teache
And thus through wyles of his wyt, & a white doue
Mohomet in misbeleue, men and women brought
That liued tho there and liuẽ yet, leuing on his lawes
And sith our sauiour suffred, ẏ Saracines so begiled
Through a christen clarke, accursed in hys soule
Foz dread of death, I dare not tell truth
How englyshe clarkes a Culuer fede, ẏ couetise hate
And bene maner of Mahomet, ẏ no man vseth truth
Ancres and hermets, monkes and friers
Peren to Apostles through her perfit liuynge
Wold neuer the faithful father, ẏ his ministers shold
Of tyzantes that tenc th true men, take any almes
But done as Anthony did, Dominike & Frauncis
Benet and Barnarde, the which hem first taught

To lyue bylytle & in low houses, by lely mens alms
Grasse should growe and be grene, through her good
And folkes shold fynd ꝑ bē in diuerse sikenes (liuing
The better for her bloddynges, in body and in soule
Their prayers & their penaūces, to peace shold bring
All that ben at debate, and bedmen were true.

Petite et accipietis. &c.

Salte saue thy cattel sayen the wyues.

Vos estis sal terre.

The benedes of holy churche, and they holy were
Christe calleth hem salt, for christen soules

Et si sal euanuerit in quo salietur?

For fresche flesche other fysche, whan it salt fayleth
It is vnsauery forsoth sodde or baked
So is mans soule sothly, that seeth no good exemple
Of hem of holy kyrke, ꝑ the heigh way should teache
And be gyde and go before, as a good trauenour
And hardē hem ꝑ behind ben, & giue hē good euidēce,
Alēuen holy men, all the worlde turned
Into lelly beleue, the lyghtloker me thynketh
Shoulde all maner men, we haue so many maysters
Prestes and preachers, and a Pope aboue
That gods salte shoulde be, to saue mans soule
All was heathennes sometyme, Englande & wales
Tyll Gregory garde clarkes to go here & preach
Austen at Cantirbury christened the kynge
And bi miracles as mē mai rede, al ꝑ marsh he turnid
To Christe and to christendome, & crosse to honoure
And fulled folke faste, and the fayth taught
More through myracles, thā through much prechig
As wel through works, as through his holy words
And said hem what fullinge, and faith was to meane

Clothe

Cloth that commeth frō the weuing is not comely to
Til it be fulled vnder fote, or in fullyng stocks (wear
Washen well wyth water, and w̄ tasels cratched
Touked and teynted, and vnder taylours hande
And so it fareth bi a barne, that borne is of a wombe
Til it be christnid in christs name, cōfirmid of ỹ bishop
It is heathen as to heauēward, & helples to ỹ soule
Heathen is to meane, after heth and vntilled earth,
As in wylde wyldernes, waxeth wylde beastes
Rude and vnreasonable, runnyng wythout cropers
Ye menen wel how Mathew saith, how a mā made
He fed hem w̄ no venison, ne Fesaūtes baked (a feast
But w̄ fowls ỹ frō hym nold, but folowed hys whi- nold n
Ecce altilia mea, et omnia parata sunt. (stelinge
And wyth calues flesche he fedde ỹ folke that he loued
The calfe betokeneth clēnes in hē that kepeth lawes
For as ỹ cow through kind milke, ỹ calfe nourisheth
So loue & leauty lely men susteyneth (til an Ore
And maydens and mylde men mercy desiren
Ryght as the cowe calfe coueteth swete mylke
So done ryghtfull men mercye and truth
And who be ỹ excuseth hem, that ar persōs & prestis
That heneds of holy kyrke bē, that haue her will here
Without trauel ỹ tyth deale, that true men be swinkē
Thei wold wroth for I write this, & to witnes take
Both Mathew & Marke, and Memento domine Dauid
What Pope or prelate nowe perfourmeth ỹ Christe
Ite in vniuersū mūdum, et predicate euāgelium (hight
Alas that men so longe, on Makometh should beleue
So many prelates to preache, as the Pope maketh
Of Nazareth of Niniue, of Nepthalim & Damasce,
That they ne went as Christ wyscheth, sithē they wyll
(haue name

To be pastour and preache the passion of Jesus
And as hym selfe sayd, so to liue and dye.
Bonus pastor animam suam ponit. &c.
And said it in saluation to Saracins and other,
For christen and vnchristen, Christ sayd to preachers
Ite vos in vineam meam.
And sith that these Saracins scribes and Jewes
Haue a lyppe of our beleue, the lyghtlier me thynketh
They shoulde turne who so traueled, to teach hem of
Querite et inuenietis. &c. (the trinitye
It is ruth to rede howe ryght wyse men lyued
Howe they defowled her flesche, forsoke hyr own will
Farre fro kyth and from kinne ill clothed yeden
Badly bedded, no boke but Conscience
Ne no ryches but the rode, to reioyce hem therin
Absit vos gloriari nisi in cruce domini nostri. &c.
And tho was plenty and peace, amõg poze & ryche
And now is ruth to rede how the redde noble
Is reuerenced oz the rode, & receiued for the worthier
Than christes crosse ỹ ouercame death & deadly sinne
And now is warre and woo, and who so why asketh
For couetise after crosse, the crowne standes in golde
Both rych and religious, that rode they honour
That in grotes is grauen, and in golde nobles
For couetous of that crosse, men of holy kyrke
Shall turne as tẽplers did, the time approcheth nere
Wyt ye not ye wyse men, how tho men honoured
Moze treasure than trouth, I dare not tell the sothe
Reason and ryghtfull dome, the religious demed
Ryght so you clarkes for your couetise er longe
Shal they deme Dos ecclesie, and your prid depose.
Deposuit potentes de sede, &c.

How couetise of ỹ clergy will destroy the church.

If knyghode and kyndewyt, & commune by cōsciēce
To gyther loue lelly, leueth it well ye byshoppes
The lordshyps of landes, for euer shall ye lese
And lyue as Leuitici, as our Lorde you teacheth.

Per primitias et decimas. &c.

Whan Constantyne of curtesy, holy kyrke dowed
Wyth landes and leades, lordshyps and rentes
An angell men harden on hyghe at Rome crye
Dos ecclesie, thys daye hath dranke venyme
And they that haue Peters power, are poysoned all
A medicine muste therto, that may amend prelates
That Should praye for peace, possession hem letteth
Take her landes ye lordes, & let hem lyue by demes
If possession be poyson, and imperfit hem make
Good were it to discharge, hem for holy kyrkes sake
And purge hem of poyson, ere more peryll fal.
If priesthode were perfect, the people should amend
That cōtrarien Christes law, & christendome despise
For all Paynymes prayeth, and perfectly beleueth
In the holy great god, and his grace they asken
And make her mone to Mahomet, her message to she
Thus in fayth liue that folke, & in a false meane (we
And ẏ is ruth of ryghtfull men, ẏ in realme wōneth
And a peril of the Pope, and prelates that he maketh
That bear bishops names, of Bethlem, & of Babilō
That hip about in Englāde, to hallow mens auters
And crepen amōg curatours, cōfessen agayne the law

Nolite mittere falcē, in messem alienam.

Mani a mā for christes loue, was martyred in Rome
Er any christendome was knowne ther, or any crosse
Eueri bishop ẏ bereth cros, bi ẏ he is holdē (honored
Through his prouīce to passe, & to his puple to shew

Tellen

Tellen hem and teachen hem on the trinitie to bileue
And feden hem with goſtly fode, & gyue ther it nedeth
In domo mea non eſt panis, neque veſtimentum.
Et ideo nolite, conſtituere me regem.
Oſias ſayth for ſuch that ſycke be and feble.
Inferte omnes decimas in horreum meū, vt ſit cibus in domo mea.
And we chriſtian creatures that on the croſſe beleuen
Are fyrme as in the fayth, gods forbod elſe
And haue clarkes to kepe vs therin, & hē ỹ come after
And Jewes liuē in lelli loue, our lord wrote it him ſelf
In ſtone for it ſtedefaſt was and ſtand ſhal euer
Dilige deum et proximum, is perfect Jewes lawe
And toke it to Moyſes to teach mē, til Meſſias come
And on that lawe they leue yet, and leten it the beſt
And yet knewe they Chriſt, that chriſtendome taught
For a perfit prophet, that much people ſaued
Of ſelkoughe ſores, they ſawe it oft
Both of myracles & merualles, & howe he mē feaſted
With two fyſhes & fyue loues, fyue thouſand puple
And by ỹ māgery men might ſe, ỹ Meſſias he ſemed
And whan he lift vp Lazar, that layed was in graue
And vnder ſtone and ſtanke w̄ ſtyfe boyce him called.
Lazare veni foras.
Dyd him riſe and Roome ryght before the Jewes
And they ſaid and ſwore w̄ Sorcery he wrought
And ſtuded to deſtroy hym, and ſtroyed hem ſelues
And throughe his patience her power to naughte he
Vincunt patientes. (brought
Daniell of her doynge diuined and ſayde.
Cum ſanctus ſanctorum veniat ceſſabit vnctio veſtra.
And wenen tho wretches ỹ he were pſeudoprophete
And that hys lore be leſynges and lacken it all

And hopen that be to come, that shall hem releue
Moyses eft or Messie, her masters yet diuineth
And Phariseis and Saracins, scribes and Grekes,
Are folke of one fayth, the father god they honouren
And sithen that the Saracins and also the Jewes
Konne the fyrst clause of our beleue, Credo in deum
Prelats of christē prouinces shold preue if thei might
To learne hem lytle & lytle, Et in Jesum christū filium,
Tyl they could speake and spel, Et in spiritum sanctum.
And reade it and record it yō remissionem peccatorum.
Carnis resurrectionem, et vitam eternam. Amen.

Passus. xvi. et primus de dobet.

NOw fair fal you qꝑ I tho, for your fair shewyng
For hākēs loue ỹ actiue mā euer I shal you loue
And yet I am in a were ỹ chariti is to meane
It is a full tried tree, qꝑ he truly to tell
Mercy is ỹ moore therof, the middle stocke is ruth
The leaues ben lelly words, the law of holy kyrke
The blossomes ben buxome speach, & benygn loking
Patience hight the pure tre, & pure simple of herte
And so through god & good mē, growth ỹ frut chariti
I wold trauel qꝑ I, thys tre to se, twēty C. myle
And for to haue mi fil of ỹ frut, forsake al other salue
Lord qꝑ I if any wight wyt, whither out it groweth
It groweth in a garden qꝑ he, that god made him self
Amiddes mans bodi, the moore is of that stock
Hert hight the herbor, that it in groweth
And Liberum arbitrium, hath the lande to farme
Under Pierce the ploughman, to pyke it & to wede it
Pierce the Plowman qꝑ I tho, & al for pure loye
That I hard nempe his name, anone I swoned after

And lay longe in a lone dreame, & at laste me thought
That Pierce the Plowman, all the place me shewed
And bade me to totre on ỹ tree, one crop & one rote
With .iii. piles was it underpight, I perceiuid it sone
Pierce & I, I praye the, why stond these pyles here
For windes wylt ỹ wyt ỹ he, to wyten it frō fallinge.
Cū ceciderit iustus nō collidetur, quia dominus supponit manum suam.
In blowing time byte ỹ flours, but if thes piles help
The world is a wicked wind, to hem that wyl trouth
Couetise comith of ỹ wind, & crepith amōg the leaues
And forfretith nigh ỹ fruit, through mani faire sights
Thā w ỹ first pile, I pale him down, ỹ is potētia Dei
The flesh is a fel wynde, & in flouryng tyme (patris
Through liking and lustes, so loud gynneth to blow
That it nourisheth nye sightes, & sometime wordes
And wycked workes thereof, wormes of synne
And forbyteth the blosomes, euen to the bare leaues
Than set I to the seconde pyle, Sapientia dei patris
That is the passiō and the power of our prince Jesu
Through prayers & throughe penaūce, & gods passiō
I saue it til I se it ripē, & some dele fruted (in mynde
And than fondeth the fend, my frute to destroye
Wyth all the wyles that he can, & waggeth the rote
And casteth vp the crompe vnkynde neyghbours
Backbyters breake the chest, brawlers & chiders
And leyeth a ladder therto, of lesynges are ỹ roundes
And fetcheth away mi flours, sōtime afore both mine
And Liberum arbitrium, letteth hym sometyme, (eies
That is leuetenaunt to lokē it well, bileue of mi selfe
Uidetis qui peccat in spiritum sanctum nūquā remittetur
Hoc est idem qui peccat per liberum arbitrium nō repurgatum
And whā the fynd & the flesh forth w the worlde

Manacen behinde me my frute for to fetche,
Than liberum arbitriū latcheth the first polante,
And palleth a doune the pouke purely through grace
And helpe of the holyghost, & thus haue I ỳ mastrie,
Now fayrefall you piers qᵗ I, so fayre ye discriuen,
The power of these postes and their propre mighte,
And I haue thought a threwe of these thre pyles
In what wood thei wopē, & where that they growed
For all ar they a lyke long, no lesse than other
And to mi mind as me thiketh on a more they growed
And of greatnes and grene of greyne thei semen
That is soth qᵗ pyers so it may befall
I shall tell the as tite what this tree hyght,
The ground there it groweth, goodnes it hight
And I haue told ỳ what hight ỳ tre, ỳ trinitie it mea-
And egerly he loked on me, & therfore I spared (neth
To aske him any more therfore & bad him full fayre,
To descryue the frute that so fayre hangeth,
Pere now beneth quod he tho, if I nede had
Matrimony I may name, a moist frute with all,
Than cōtinence is nere the crop as cayleway bastard
Than beareth the crop kinde frute and clenest of all,
Maidenhod angelles pere, and rathest wil be ripe
And swete without swelling, soure worth it neuer,
I prayed pyers to pull downe an appull and he wold
And suffre me to assaye what sauour it had
And piers cast to the crop and than comsed it to crye,
And waged widowhead, and it wept after,
And whan it meued matrimony it made a full noyse,
I had ruth whan Piers ragged, it grad so ruthfully
For euer as they dropped downe, ỳ deuel was ready
And gathered them altogether both great & smalle,

Adam

Adam and Abraham and Esay the prophete
Sampson Samuell and saynct John the Baptist
Bare hem forth boldly, no body him let
And made of holy men his horde, In limbo inferni.
There is darckenes and drede and the deuell mayster
And pyers of pure tene of that apple he caught
He hit oft at him, hit if it might,
Filius, by the faders wil and frenes of, Spiritus sancti,
To go rob that ragemã and reue the frute from him,
And speke, Spiritus sanctus, in gabriels mouth,
To a mayde that hight marie a meke thinge withall
That one Jesus a Justice sõne must iõkẽ in hir wõbe
Till plenitudo temporis, fully commen were
That pyers frute flored and fyll to rype,
And shuld Jesus iust therfore by iudgmẽt of armes
Whether shuld song the fruet the fend or him selfe.
The mayd mildly tho the messenger grated,
And sayd hendly to him, lo me his handmaden,
For to worke his will without any sinne.

Ecce ancilla domini, fiat mihi. &c.

And in the wombe of ẏ wenche was he forty wekes,
Till he wexe a fainct through hir flesh & of fyghtinge
To haue fought with ẏ fend er ful time come (coud
And pyers the plowmã perceiued plener time,
And learned him lechecraft his life for to saue,
That woũdid w̃ his enmy, he might warish him selfe
And did him assay his surgery on them that seke were
Till he was perfit practiser if any perill fell,
And sought out the seke and sinfull both,
And salued seke and sinful both blind and croked,
And cõmon women conuerted and to good turned.

Non est sanis opus medico sed. &c.

Both

Both meſſels and mute and in the meniſon bloudye
Oft he heled ſuch, he ne held it for no maſterie,
Saue tho he heled Lazar that had ley in graue,
Quatridianus, Quelt quicke did him wake.
And as he made the maſtirie, Mœſtus cepit eſſe
And wept water with his eien there ſeighen it manie
Some that he ſight, ſighen ſayde that tyme,
That he was leche of lyfe, and lorde of heigh heauen,
Jewes iangle there agayne, and iudged lawes
And ſayd he wrought through wycheraft, & w the de (uils might
Demonium habes.
Than are ye cherls quod J, and your childzen both
And Satan your ſauiour, your ſelfe now ye wytnes
For J haue ſaued your ſelfe ſaith Chriſt, & your ſons
Your bodyes your beaſtes, & blynd mē holpen (after
And fedde you with two fiſches, & wyth fyue loues
And left baſkets ful of brokē meat, bear awai ỹ wold
And miſſayd the Jewes manly, & manaced hē to bete
And knocked on hem w a corde, & caſt down her ſtals
That in church chaffer den, or chaunge den any money
And ſayd it in ſight of hem all, ſo that al hearden
J ſhal ouertume thys temple, and adowne throwe
And in three dayes after edifie it newe
And make it as muche or more, in al maner poyntes
As euer it was and as wyde, & therfore J hote you
Of prayers and of perfitnes, thys place that ye cal
Domus mea domus orationis vocabitur.
Enuye and euyl wyll was in the Jewes
They caſtē & contriuedē to kil him whan they might
Eche day after other, her tyme they awayted
Tyll it befell on a fryday, a littie before paſke
The thurſday before there he made hys maundy.

Sit

Sitting at the supper he sayd these wordes
I am sold through one of you he shall the time rue,
That euer he his sauiour sold for siluer or elles
Judas tangled there agayn, and Jesus him tolde,
It was him selfe sothly and sayde Tu dicis,
Thã wẽt furth that wicked man & wt ỹ Jewes met
And told them a token how to know Jesus,
And which token to this day to much is vsed,
That is kissing and fayre cõtenance & vnkind will,
And so was wyth Judas tho, that Jesus betrayed,
Aue rabi quod that ribaud and right to hym he yede,
And kist him to be caught therby & killed of ỹ Jewes
Than Jesus to Judas and to the Jewes sayde
Falsenes I finde in thy fayre speche
And gyle in the glade chere and gal in the laughinge
Thou shalt be mirrour to many men to deceyue,
And ỹ worke & thy wickednes shal worth vpõ thi selfe
Necesse est vt veniãt scandala, ve homini illi per quẽ scandalum venit,
Though I by treason be take at your owne will
Suffre mine apostles in pease and in paise gange,
On a thursday in the sterns thus was he take
Through Judas and Jewes Jesus was his name,
That on the fryday following for mankind sake
In stede in Jerusalem a ioy to vs all
On crosse vpon Caluerie Christ toke the battell
Against death & the deuel destroyed both her mights
Died and death fordid, and day of night made,
And I awaked therwith & wiped mine eyne
And after pyers the plowman pryed and stared,
Estward and westward, I wated after fast
And yede furth as an Idiote in contry to espye,

After Pierce the Plowman, many a place I sought
And than met I with a man, a mideten sonday
As hore as a Hathorne, and Abraham he hyght
I frayned him first from whence he came
And from whēce he were, & whether that he thought.
I am Faith quod that freke, it falleth not to lie
And of Abrahams house an heraude of armes
I seke after a segge that I se once
A full bolde bachiler, I knewe him by hys blasen
What bereth that burne qᵖ I tho, so blisse the betide
Thre leodes in one lyth, none lenger than other
Of one Michel and might, in mesure and in length
That one doth al doth, and ech doth bi his owne
The first hath might and maiestie, maker of al things
Pater is hys propre name, a person by him selfe
The seconde of that sire is sothfastenes Filius,
Warden of that wit hath, was euer wont ginning
The thirde hight the holy goste, a person by him selfe
The light of all that life hath, a lond and a water
Confortour of creatures, of him commeth all blysse
So thre belongeth to a lord that lordeshyp claymeth
Might and a meane to know his might
Of him and of his seruant, & what they suffer both
So god that ginning hadde neuer, but tho him good
Sent forth his sonne as for seruaūt ỹ time thought
To occupy him here, till issue were spronge
That is children of charity, and holy kirke the mother
Patriarkes and prophetes & apostles were ỹ childrē
And Christ and christendome, and christen holy kirke
In mening that man must in one god beleue
And there him liked & loued, in one persō him shewed
And that it may be so and soth, manhode it sheweth
Wedlocke and wydowhead, with virginitie nēpned

In

In tokeninge of trinitie, was out of man taken
Adam our olde father, Eue was of him selfe
And thilke that they had, it was of hem both
And either is others ioye, in thre sondrye persons
And in heauen and in earth, one singuler name
And thus is mānkind or māhode, of matrimony sprōg
And betokeneth the trinitie, and true beleue
Mighty is matrymonye, and multyplieth the earth
And betokeneth truly, tell if I durste
Hym that firste formed al, the father of heauen
The sonne if I durst saye, resēbleth wel the wydow.
Deus meus deus meus, vt quid dereliquisti me.
That is creator was creature, to know what was
As wydow wout wedlocke was neuer yet se (both
No more might god be man, but if he mother had
So widowe without wedlocke, may not wel stonde
Ne matrimony wout mulier is not much to praise
Maledictus homo qui non reliquit semen in Israel.
Thus in thre persons is perfitly manhode
That is man and his make, and mulier children
And is not but gēder of generatiō, bifore Jesu Christ
So is the father forth wt the sōne, & free wil of hē both
Spiritus procedens a patre et filio.
Whiche is the holy goste of all, and is but one god
Thus in a somer I him se, as I sate in my perche
I rose vp and reuerenced hun, & right faire him grete
Thre men at my sight, I made well at ease
Washe her fete and wiped hem, & after they eaten,
Calues flesche & cakebread, & knewe what I thought
Ful true tokens betwene vs bē, to tell whā me liketh
Fyrst he fonded me, whether I loued better
Him or Isaac myne heire, which he bigh me to kill bid

He wyll my wyll by hym, he woll me it alowe
Sure I am full syker in soule therof, and my sonne boeth
I circumcised my sonne sithen, for hys sake
My selfe and my meyny, and all that male were
Bled bloud for ꝑ lordes loue, & hope to blysse ꝑ tyme
Mine affiance and my fayth is firme in thys beleue
For him selfe behyght to me, & to myne issue both
Londe and lordeshyppe, and life wythout ende
To me and to myne issue, more yet he me graunted
sins Mercy of our misdedes, as many tymes as we aske.
Quam olim Abrahe promisisti et semini eius.
And syth he sent me to see, I shoulde do sacrifice
And done him worship with bread & with wine both
And called me fote of hys faith, his folke for to saue
And defēd him frō the fend, folke that on me leueden
Thus haue I ben his Heraude, here and in hell
And cōforted many a careful, ꝑ after his cōming wail
And thus I seke him he said, for I heard say late (ten
Of a barn ꝑ baptised him, I. Baptist was his name
That to patriarkes & to prophetes, & to other people
Said that he se here, ꝑ should saue vs al. (in darknes
Ecce agnus dei &c.
I had wōder of his wordes, and of his wyde clothes
For in his bosome he bare a thing, ꝑ he blessed euer
And I loked in hys lappe, a Lazare lay therin
Among patriarkes and prophetes, pleying togyders
What awaytest thou qꝙ he, & what wouldest ꝑ haue
know I would wit qꝙ I tho, what is in your lappe
Lo quod he and let me se, lord mercy I said
This is a presēt of mich price, what price shal it haue
It is a precious presēt qꝙ he, & ꝑ pouk hath it atachid
And me therinid qꝙ ꝑ man, ther may no wed me quite

Re

Ne no barne be our borow, ne bring vs frō his dāger
Out of ẏ powkes pinfold, no mainprice may vs fetch
Tyl he come that I carpe of, Christ is hys name
That shal deliuer vs some dai, out of ẏ deuils powr
And better wede for vs ligge, thā we be all worthy
That is life for life, or lygge thus euer
Lollinge in my lappe, til such a lorde vs fetche.
Alas I said that sinne so longe shall lette
The myght of gods mercy, that might vs wel amēd
I wept for his wordes, with that I saw an other
Rapelych renne forth, the ryght way he went
I frainedh ym firste, from whence he came
And what he hyghte, & whether he wold, & wighly he (tolde

Passus. xvii. de visione.

I Am Spes ꝙ he, and spye after a knyght
That toke me a mādemēt vpō ẏ mōt Sinai
To rule al realmes w̄, I bear ẏ wryte here
It is ensealed I said, many mē se the letters
Nay he sayd I seke him, that hath the seale to kepe
And ẏ is crosse & christendome, & Christ theron to hāg
And whan it is ensealed so, I wot wel the soth
Than Lucifers Lordeshyp, shall last no lenger
Let vs se the letters ꝙ I, we myght the lawe knowe
Than pulled he forth a patent, a piece of a hard roche
Wherin were written these words, on this wise iglo (sed

Dilige deum, et proximum tuum. &c.

This was the text truly, I toke full good yeme
The glose was glorious, written w̄ a gylt penne.

In hiis duobus mandatis, tota lex pendet et prophete.

Be here al thy Lords laws, ꝙ I, yea leue me he sayd
And who so worcheth after this write, I wyl vnder-

hurt Shal neuer deuil you dere, ne death in soule greue
For thoughe I saye it my selfe, I haue saued wt thys
Of men & women, many score thousandes (charme
He saith soth said this heraude, I haue it found oft
Lo here in my lappe, that leued on that charme 6. hard
Josue and Judith, and Judas Machabeus
Yea and .vi. thousand beside forth, yt ben not sene here
Your words are wōderful & I tho, whiche of you is
And lelest to leue on, for life and for soule (truest
Abraham sayth, that he se wholy the trinitie
Thre persons in percels, ech departable from other
And al thre but one god, thus Abraham me taught
And hath saued that beleued so, & sory for her synnes
He can not se the cōmune, and some are in his lappe
What neded it than, a newe lawe to beginne
Sith the first sufficeth to saluation and blysse
And now cōmeth Spes, & speaketh yt hath espied the
And tellith not of yt trinitī, ytoke him his letters (law
To beleue and loue in our Lorde almyghty
And sith right as my selfe, so loue all the people
man The gome y goth wt a staffe, he semeth in great heale
Than he that goth with two staues, to sight of vs al
And right so by the rode, reason me sheweth
It is lighter to lewde men, one lesson to knowe
Than for to teach hē two, & to hard to learne the leste
It is full harde for any man on Abraham bileue
And wel away worse yet for to loue a shrewe
It is lighter to leue in thre louely persons
Than for to loue and leue as wel lorelles as lelly
way Go thy gate quod I to Spes, for so me god helpe
Tho that learne thy lawe, wel litle while vsen it
And as we wēten in y way, thus wording togithers

Falking Than

Than se we a Samaritan ryding on a mule
Rydinge well rapely, the right way we yeden
Cummyng from a countrye men call Jericho
To a Justice at Jerusalem he chaseth away fast
Both the heraude and hope, and he met at once
Where a man was wounded, and with theues take
He might neither steppe ne stand, ne stirre fote ne hād
Ne helpe him self sothly, for Semiuife he semed
And as naked as a nedle, & no helpe about him
Fayth had first syght of him, and he ste a syde
And would no nyghen him by nine landes length
Hope came hippinge after, that had so bosted
Howe he w Moses maūdement, had many mē holpē
And whā he hadde sight of ỹ segge, aside he gan hym
Dredfully by this day, as duck doth frō faucō (draw
And so sone this Samaritā had syght of this leode
He lyght downe of liarde, and ladde him in his hand
And to the wye he went, his woundes to beholde
And perceiued by hys pulse, he was in perel to dye
And but he had recouered the rather, ỹ rise shoulde he
With wine and w oyle his woūdes he washed (neuer
Enbaumid him & boūd his hed, & in his lap him laide
And lad him so forth on lyard to Ler Christi, a graunge
Wel sixe miles or seuen beside the newe market
Herberd him at an hostry, and to the hostler called
And sayd haue kepe thys mā, til I come frō the iustis
And lo here siluer he sayd, for salue for his woundes
And he toke him two pence for liuelode as it were
And said who so spēd more, I make it good heraftir
For I may not let ỹ that leode, & liarde he bestrideth
And raped him to Jerusalem the right way to ryde
Fayeth folowed after faste, and fonded to meten hym

And

And Spes spaklich him sped, spede if he might
To ouertake him & talke to him, er he to towne come
And whã I se this I sotourned not, but chope me ren
And sewed that samaritane, that was so ful of pytye
And graunted him to be his grome, gramercy he said
And thy frend & thy felow, thou findest me at nede
And I thanked him tho, and syth I him tolde
How that fayth fle away, & Spes & his felow both,
For sight of ỹ sorowful mã, ỹ robbed was w̃ theues
Haue hem excused qᵗ he, her helpe may little auayle
May no medicine on molde, the man to heale bringe
Neither faith ne fyne hope, so festred be his woundes
Without the bloude of a barne, borne of a mayden
And he be bathed in that bloude, baptised as it were
Than plastered with penaunce, & passiõ of that baby
He shold stand & step, & stalworth worth he neuer
Til he haue eaten all the barne, & his bloude dronken
For went neuer wye in this world through ỹ wilder-
That he ne was robbed or rifled, wode he or yed (nes
Saue fayth and his felowe, Spes, and my selfe
And thy selfe nowe, and suche as suen our workes
For outlawes in the woode, and vnder banke loutith
And may ech man see, and good marke take,
Who is behinde & who before, & who so bẽ on horse
For he halt him hardier on horse, thã him ỹ is on fote
For he se me ỹ am Samaritã, suen faith & his felow
On my caple that hight Caro, of mankind I toke it
He was vnhardy that harlot, & had him in inferno
And er this day thre dayes I dare vndertaken
That he worthe fettred that felon, faste with chaines
And neuer eft greue gome, that goeth this ilke gate
And thã shal faith be foster here, & in this frith walke

And

And kennen out cõmon mẽ, that knowẽ not the cõtry
Which is the wai ẏ I wẽt, and wherfoze to Ierusalẽ
And Hope ẏ hostilers man, shal be ther ẏ mã lieth in
And al ẏ feble & faint be, ẏ faith mai not tech (healig
Hope shall leade hem foz loue, as his loze teacheth
And hostelẽ hem & heale, thzough holy kirkes beleue
Tyll I haue salue foz al sycke, & thã shal I returne
And come agayne by this contrie, & cõfoztẽ all sycke
That craueth it oz coueteth it, and crieth therafter
Foz ẏ barne was bozne in Bethlẽ, ẏ w̃ his blode shal
Al ẏ liuẽ in faith, & folowe his felowes teching (saue
A swete sir sayd I tho, wherher shal I beleue
As Fayth and hys felowe, enfouzmed me both
In thze persons depertable, that perpetual wer euer
And all thze but one god, thus Abzaham me taught
And hope afterward he bade me to loue
Due god with all my good, and al gomes after
Loue hem lyke my selfe, and our lozd aboue al.
After Abzaham quod he, that heraude of armes
Set fast thy faythe, and fyzme beleue
And as hope hyghe the, I hote the that thou loue
Thyne euen chzesten euermoze, euẽ fozth w̃ thy selfe
And if conscience carpe ther againe, oz kind wit other
Oz heritikes w̃ argumentes thine hand ẏ him shewe
Foz god is after an hand, here nowe and know it
The father was first as a fyst, w̃ one fynger holdyng
Tyll hym loued and lust, to vnlosen hys fynger
And put it fozth as w̃ a paum, to what place it shuld
The paume is pureli ẏ hãd, & pzoferith fozth ẏ fingers
To minister & to make, ẏ might of hande knoweth
And betokeneth truly, tell who so lyketh
The holy goste of heauen he is as the pawme

The fyngers that fre be, to folde and to serue
Betokeneth sothly the sonne, ẏ sent was to the earth
That touched and tasted, at techinge of the pawme
Saynt Mary a maide, and mankinde laught.
Qui conceptus est de spiritu sancto.
The father is than as a fiste, with finger to touch
Quia omnia traham ad me ipsum.
All that pawme perceiueth profitable to fele
Than are they all but one, as it an hande were
And thre sondry syghtes in one shewynge
The pawme, for he putteth forth fyngers & fist both
Ryght so reddily reason it sheweth,
That he that is holy goste, syre and sonne preueth
And as the hande holdes harde, & all thinges fast
Through four fingers & a thombe, forth w̄ ẏ pawme
Right so the father & the sonne, & .s. Spirite ẏ thyrd
Wythin hem thre the wyde worlde holden,
Both the welken and the wynd, water and earth
Heauen and hell, and all that therin is
Thus it is, nedeth no man trow none other
That thre thynges belongeth in our lorde of heauen
And are Serelopes bi hē self, a sōder were they neuer
No more than my hād may, moue w̄out my fingers
And as my fiste is full, hand folden togythers
So is the father a full god, former and maker.
Tu fabricator omnium. &c.
And all that myght myd him, is in making of thinges
The fingers formē a full hād, to purtrey & to paynte
Caruynge and compassinge, is craft of the fingers
Ryght so is the sonne, the science of the father
And full god as is the father, no febler nor no better
The paume ẏ is pureli ẏ hād, hath power bi him self
Otherwise than ẏ wrethē fist, or workmāship of fin-
(gers

For the pawme hath power to put out all ỹ ioyntes
And to vnfold the folden fiste at the fingers wyll
So is the holy goste god, neither greater ne lesse
Than is the fyre and the sonne, & the same myght
And alar they but one god, as is mi hād & mi fingers
Unfolden and folden, my fist and my pawme
All is but one hande, howe so euer I turne it
And who so is hurte on the hande, euen in the middes
He may receyue ryght nought, reason it sheweth
For the fingers that folde should, and the fist make
For payne of the pawme, power hem fayleth
To cratche or to clawe, to clyppe or to holde
Were the middle of my hand maymed or perished
I should receiue ryght nought, of that I rech might
And though my thomb be & my fingers boeth were to
And ỹ middle of my hand wout malese (shulleu
In many kinnes maners, I might my selfe helpe
Both moue and amend, though all my fingers oke
By thys skill me thinketh I se an euident
That who so sinneth in the .s. Spirite, assoyled worth
Nether here ne else wher, as I here tell. (he neuer

Qui peccat in spiritum sanctum. &c.

For he ỹ pricketh god as in ỹ pawm, Qui peccat in spi.
For god ỹ father is a fist, the sonne is as a fynger
The holy gost of heauē, is as it were the pawme
And whoso sineth in .s. Spirite, it seineth ỹ he greueth
God that he grypeth wō, & would his grace quench
And to a torche or a tapoure, the trinitie is lykened
As wax and a weeke were twyned togither
And than a fyre flaminge forth out of both
And as waxe and weeke and hote fyre togyther
Fostren forth a flame, and a fayre laye.

So done the fire and the sonne, & also Spiritus sanctus
Fostren forth amonges folke, loue and beleue
And all kinne christen, clenseth of synnes
And as thou seest sometime, sodenly a torche
The blasse therof blowen oute, yet burneth the weke
Without ley or lyght, that the match brenneth
So is the holy goste god, and grace wout mercy
To all vnkind creatures that couet to destroy
Lelly loue or lyfe, that oure lorde shapte
Embers And as glowing gledes gladeth not these workemen
That waken and worken in winter nyghtes
As doth a kex or a cãdle, ỹ caught hath fire & blaseth
No more doth fire ne sonne, ne saint spirite togythers
Graunte no grace, ne forgeuenes of symnes
Tyll the holy gost gynne to glowe and to blasse
So that the holy gost glowth but as a glede
Till that lelly loue lygge on hym and blowe,
And than flameth he as fyre, one father, & one Filius
And melteth her myght into mercye, as mẽ may se in
Isicles & eueles, through heate of the sunne (winter
Melten in minute while, to mist and to water
So grace of the holy gost, the great might of the tri-
Melteth to mercy, to merciable, & to no other (nitye
And as ware without more, and a warme glede
Will brennen and blase all togythers
And solacen hem that may see, that sate in darckenes
So the father forgeueth, folke of milde hertes,
That rufully repenten and restitution make
In as much as they may amende and paye
And if it suffice not for asseth ỹ in such a wil dyeth
Mercy for his mekenes wold make good ỹ remnaũt
And as the weeke and fire, wyl make a warme flame

For

For to myght mē myd, that in the merke sytten
So will Christe of his curtesye, & mē cry him mercy
Both forgeue and forget, and yet byd for vs
To the father of heauen forgiuenes to haue,
And hewe fire at the flynt four hundred wynter
But thou haue towe to take it, w̄ tinder or broches
All thy labour is loste, and thy longe trauayle
For maye no fyre flame make, fayle it his kinde
So is the holy goste god and grace without mercye
To all vnkinde creatures, Christ him selfe witnesseth.

Amen dico vobis nescio vos.

Be vnkind to thine euēchristē, & al that ỹ canst bydde
Deale and do penaunce daye and night euer
And purchace al the pardon of Pampilon and Rome
And indulgence ino we, & be ingratus to thy kynd
The holy gost hereth the not, ne help may ỹ by reasō,
For vnkindnes quencheth him that he can not shine
Ne brenne no blase cleare, for brennyng of vnkindnes
Poule the apostle proueth whether I lye.

Si linguis hominum loquar. &c.

For beware ye wyse men that w̄ the world dele.
That rych ben & reasō knoweth, rule wel your soules
Be not vnkinde I counsell you, to your euenchristen
For many of you rych men, by my soule men telleth
ye brēne but ye blase not, that is a blynd becon.

Non omnis qui dicit domine domine intrabit. &c.

Diues died dampned for hys vnkindnes
Of hys meate and of hys money, to men that it neded
Eche a rych I rede, rewarde at hym take
And giue your good to your god, ỹ grace of riseth
For that be vnkind to his, hope I none other
But they dwell there Diues is, daye without ende

Thus is vnkindnes ỳ cõtrary ỳ quencheth as it were
The grace of the holy goſt, gods owne kynde
For ỳ kind doth, vnkindnes fordoth as done theſe cur
Vnkind chriſtẽ mẽ for couetiſe & enuye (ſed theues
Sleue a man for his mouables, w mouth or w hãds
For ỳ the holi goſte hath to kepe, tho harlots deſtroy-
The which is life & loue, ỳ leye of mans body (eth
For euery maner good mã may be likened to a torche
Or els to a tapour to reuerence the trinitie
And who ỳ murdereth a good mã, me thinketh bymi
He fordoth the leueſt lighte, ỳ our lord loueth (in wit
And yet in many moe maners, mẽ offẽd the holy goſt
And this is the worſt wiſe that any wyght myght
Sinne againſt .ſ. Spirite, aſſenten to deſtroyen
For couetiſe any kynnes thyng, ỳ Chriſt dere bought
Howe might he aſke mercye, or any mercy him helpe
That wicked and wilfully, woulde mercy anyent
Innocence is nexte god, & night and day cryeth
Vengeaunce vengeaunce, forgyue it neuer
That chẽt vs & ſhed our bloud, forchapt vs as it wer

Vindica ſanguinem iuſtorum.

Thus vengeaunce vengeaunce very charitie aſketh
And ſith holy kyrke and charitie, chargeth this ſo ſore
Leue I neuer ỳ our lorde wil loue, ỳ charitye lacketh
Ne haue pitie for any prayer, there that he pleynyth
I poſe I had ſinned ſo, and ſhoulde nowe dye
And am ſory that I ſo the ſaynt ſpirite agylt
Confeſſe me and crye his grace, god that all made
And mildly his merci aſke, might I not be ſaued
Yes ſayd the Samaritan, ſo well thou might repent
That right wiſnes by repentance, to ruth might turne
And it is but ſeldome ſene, her ſothnes bereth witnes

Anye

Any creature that is culpable before a kinges iustice
Be raũsomed before his repẽtaunce, ther al realõ him
For ther ỹ pity pursueth, the plee is so huge (dãneth
That the kinge may do no mercy, til both men accord
And eyther haue equitie, as holy write telleth

Nunquam dimittitur peccatum. &c.

Thus it fareth by such folke ỹ falsely al her liues — their
Euil lyue and lyueth, tyll life hem forsake
Good hope that helpe shoulde, to wanhope turneth
Not of the noumpower of God, that he is mightful
To amende all that amis is, and his mercy greater
Than all our wicked workes as holy wryte telleth.

Misericordia eius super omnia opera eius.

And errightousnes to ruth turn, some restitutiõ biho-
His sorow is satisfactiõ for him, ỹ mai not pai (uith
Thre thinges there be, that done a man by strength
For to frye his owne house, as holy write sheweth
That one, is a wicked wife, that wyl not be chastised
Her fere fleyeth frome hir, for feare of her tonge
And if hys house be vntiled, and raine on his head
He seketh and seketh, tyll he slepe drye
And whan smoke and smolder, smyght in his sight
It dothe him worse than his wyfe, or wete to slepe
For smoke and smolder smyteth in hys eyen — ỹ
Tyll he be bleard or blynde, and hoose in the throte — hoarse
Coughyeth and curseth, that Christe gyue hem sorow
That shold bring in better wood, or blow it til it brẽ — burn
These thre that I tel of ben thus to vnderstande
The wife is our wicked flesh, that will not be chasted — chastised
For kinde cleueth on him euer, to contrary the soule
And though it fail, it stint skiles ỹ freletye it made
And that is lightly forgyuen, and forgetten both

To

To man that mercy asketh, and amend thynketh.
The rayne that reighneth there we reste shoulde
Be sykenes and sorowes, that we suffren oft
As Poule the apostle to the people tought
Virtus in infirmitate perficitur.
And though that men make much dole in her anger
And vē impatiēt in her penaūce, pure reasō knoweth
That they haue cause to cōtrari, bi kind of her sikness
And lyghtly our Lord at her lyues ende
Hath mercy on such men, that so euil may sufferr
And the smolke & the smolder, that smyte in our eien
That is couetise & vnkindnes ỹ quēcheth gods merci
For vnkindnes is the contrary, of al kinnes reason
For there nis sicke ne sorye, ne none so much wretch
That he ne may loue if him like, & leue of his herte
Good wyll and good word, boeth wishen and willen
All maner of mercy and of forgiuenes
And loue him like him selfe, and his life amende
I may no lenger let quod he, and I yard he pricked
And went away as wynd, & therwith I waked.

Passus. xviii. de visione.

WOlward & wetshode went I forth after
As a rechles reuke, that of no wo retcheth
And yede forth like a lorell, al my lyfe tyme
Til I waxt wery of ỹ world, & willed efte to
And lened me to a lenten, & longe tyme I slepte (slepe
And of christes passiō & penaūce, ỹ people ỹ of raught
Rest me ther and rut faste, till Ramis palmarum.
Of gerles and of Gloria laus, greatly me dremed
And howe Osanna, by Organy, olde folke songen
One sēblable to ỹ Samaritane, & sōdeale to Pierce ỹ (plowman

Barefote on an asse backe, boteles came prickynge
Without spore or speare, spackly he loked
As is the kind of a knyght, that cõmeth to be dubbed
To get him gilt spores, and galoches couped
Than was faith in a fenester, and cried, O fili Dauid
As doth an heraude of armes, whã auẽtrous cõmeth
Old Jewes of Jerusalẽ for ioy they sõgẽ (to iustice
Benedictus qui venit in nomine domini.
Than I frained at fayth, what all that fare bymente
Who should iuste in Jerusalem, Jesus he sayde
And fetch ỹ the fẽd claimeth, Pierce frute ỹ plowmã
Is Pierce in this place quod I, & he preint on me
Thys Jesus of his gentry will iuste in Pierce armes
In his helme & in his herbergeon, Humana natura
That Christ be not knowne here, for consũmatus deus
In Pierce paltock the plowmã, thys priker shal ride
For no dynte shal him dere as in Deitate patris
Who shall iuste w Jesus & I, Jewes or scribes:
Nay quod he the foule fende, & false dome & death
Death sayth he shall for do, and adowne bringe
All that lyueth or loketh, in londe or in water
Lyfe sayth that he lieth, and layeth his life to wed
That for all that death can do within thre dayes
To walke & fetch frõ the fend, Pierce fruit ỹ plowmã
And laye it there him liketh, and Lucifer bind
And forbeat and downe bringe, bale death for euer
O Mors ero mors tua.
Thã came Pilate w mich puple, Sedens pro tribunali
To se how doughty deth shold do, & deme her boths
The Jewes & iustice, againe Jesu they were (right
And all the court vp and cried Crucifige sharpe
Tho put him forth a pylour before pilate and said

This Jesus apon Jewes temple iaped & despised
To fordo it on one daye, and in thre dayes after
Edifie it eft newe, here he standes that saide it
And yet make it as muche in all maner of poyntes
Both as longe and as large, by loft and by grounde
Crucifige quod a catche pole, I warraut him a witche
Tolle Tolle quod an other, and toke of kene thornes
And began of kene thornes, a garlonde to make
And set it sore on his heade, and sayde in enuy
Aue Rabbi saide that rybaude, and threw redes at him
Nayled him with thre nayles naked on the rode
And poyson on a pole, they put vp to his lyppes
And bidde him drinke his dethes euil, his daies were done
And if that thou sotle be, helpe nowe thy selfe
If ỹ be Christ & kinges sonne, come downe of ỹ rode
Thã shold we leue ỹ life ỹ loueth, & wol not let ỹ dye
Consũmatũ est, q̃ Christe, and coinseth for to swoune
Pitiously and pale as a prisoner, doth that dieth
The Lord of life & of light tho, laied his eies togither
The day for dread withdrew, & darck became ỹ sũne
The wall wagged and clefte, & all the world quaued
Dead men for that dine, came out of depe graues
And tolde why that tempest so longe time endured
For a bitter battel the dead body saide
Life & deth in this darknes, here one fordoth ỹ other
Shal no wight wit witterly, who shal haue maistrye
Er sõday about sũne rising, & sanke wo that to thearth
Some said that he was gods sonne, ỹ so fayre dyed
Vere filius dei erat iste.
And some said he was a witch, good is that we assaie
Whether he be dead or not dead, do wn er he be taken
Two theues also tholed, death that tyme

Besides Christe apon a crosse, so was the cõmen lawe
A catchpole came forth, and cragged both the legges
And the armes after, of eyther of tho theues
And was no boye so bolde, godes body to touch
For he was knight & kings sõne, kind forgaue ỹ time
That no harlot were so hardy, to lay hand apon hym
And ther came forth a knight, wt a kene spere ground
Hight Lõgis as ỹ letter telith, & lõg had lost his sight
Before Pilate and other people, in the place he houed
Maugre his many teth, he was made that time
To take his spere in his hande, and iusten wt Jesus
For al they wer vnhardi, that houed on horse or stode
To touch or to taste him, or taken do wne of rode
But thys blinde bachiler bare him throughe the hert
The blud spràg doun bi ỹ spere, & vnsparrid his eme
Than fell the knight apon knees, & cried him mercy
Agayne my wyll it was lorde, to wound you so sore
He sighed and said sore it me forthinketh
For ỹ dede that I haue done, I do me in your grace
Haue on me ruth rightfull Jesu, & right wt ỹ he wept
Than gan Fayth felly the false Jewes despise
Called hem caytyfes accursed for euer
For this fowle villany, vengeaunce to you all
To do the blind bete him boũd, it was a boyes coũsel
Cursed Caytifes knighode was it neuer
To misdo a dead bodye by day nor by nyght
The gre yet hath he gotten, for al hys greate wound
For your champion chiualer chiefe knyght of you all
Yelde hym recreant, runnyng right at Jesus wyll
For by this darckenes do, hys death worth auenged
And ye lurdens haue loste, forlife shall haue ỹ mastry
And your frãchis that fre was fallen is in thraldome

The Legend of Longinus!

opned his eyes.

And ye Cherles & your chyldrē chyuen shal you neuer
Ne haue lordshyp in lande, ne no lande tyll.
But all bareyne be and vsury vsen,
Which is lyfe that our lord in all lawes accurseth,
Now your good dates ar done as Daniel prophecied
Whā Christ come of her kīgdom ȳ croun shuld cease
Cum venerit sanctus sanctorum, tunc cessabit vnctio vestra.
What for feare of the farly and of the false Jewes,
I drowe me in that darkenes to Descendit ad inferna,
And there I saw sothly, Secundum scripturas,
Out of the west coste a wenche as me thought,
Came walking in the way to helward she loked
Mercy hyght that mayde, a meke thyng withall,
A full benigne byrde and buxome of speche,
Hyr syster as it semed came worthely walking
Euen out of thest and westward she loked,
A full comely creature Truth she hyght,
For the vertue ȳ her folowed, afered was she neuer
Whan these maydens met mercy and truth
Eyther asked other of thys great meruell,
Of the din & of the darkenes, & howe the daye rased
And which a lyght and a clere laye before hell,
I haue farly of thys fayth sayd trueth,
And am wending to wit what this wonder meneth,
Haue no merueyle ȳ mercy, myght it betokeneth
A mayd that hyght mary and mother without feling
Of any kynnes creature, conceyued through speche
And grace of the holie ghost were great with chylde,
Without wembe into this worlde she brought hym
And that my tale be true I take God to wytnes,
Syth thys barne was borne be. xxx. wynter past
Which died & deth tholed thys day about middaye,

And

And that is cause of this clipse ȳ closed now the sonne Sun
In meaning that man shal from merknes be drawē,
The which this light & this leem shal Lucifer ablend
For Patriarks & Prophets haue preched here often
That man shall man saue throughe a womans helpe,
And that was tynt through tree, tree shall it wynne,
And that dethe downe brought, deth shall relieue,
That thou telleſt quod truth, is but a tale of waltrot
For Adam and Eue, Abraham and other
Patriarkes and prophetes yet in payne liggen, lyē
Leue thou neuer that yon lyght thē may aloft bring, yonder
Ne haue them out of hell, holde thy tonge mercye,
It is but a tryfle that ȳ telleſt, I truth wote the soth,
For that is once in hel outcometh he neuer,
Job the prophete patriarkes repugneth thy sawes, saying
Quia in inferno nulla est redemptio.
Than mercyfull mekelye mouthed these wordes, spoke
Through experience & he I hope they shalbe saued,
For venime fordoth venime & that I proue by reasō,
For of all venimes foulest is the scorpion,
May no medicine helpe the place there he styngeth
Till he be dead and do thereto, the euil he destroyeth
The firste venimuste through venime of him selfe
So shall thys fordo, I dare my life ligge lay my life
All that death did firste, throughe ȳ deuils entisinge
And right as through gile, man was begiled
So shall grace that began, make a good sleight
Ars vt artem falleret.
Nowe suffer we said truth, I se as me thinketh
Out of the nyppe of the north, not full farre hēce
Ryghtwysnes came runnynge, reste we the whyle
For he wotteth more than we, he was er we both
knoweth

That is soth said mercy, and I se here by south
Where peace cometh playing in pacience clothed
Loue hath couetid hir long, leue I none other
But he sent her some letter what this light bemeneth,
What ouerhoueth hell thus, she vs shall tell,
Whã peace in pacẽce clothed thus aproched nere the
Rightfulnes hir reuerẽced for hir rich clothig (twain
And prayed peace to tell her to what place she wold,
And in hir gay garment whom she grete thought.
My will is to wende ꝙ she and to welcome them all,
That many a day might not se for merknes of sinne,
Adam and Eue and other mo in hell,
Moses and manye mo mercy shall haue,
And I shall daunce therto, do thou so syster
For Jesus iusteth well, Joye beginneth dawe,
Ad vesperũ demorabitur fletus ad matutinũ leticia.
Loue that is my lemmon such letters me sent,
That mercye my sister and I mankinde shuld saue
And ỹ God hath forgeuẽ & graũted me peace & mercy
To be mans mainpernour for euer more after,
Lo here the patent quod peace, In pace in idipsum,
And that dede shall dure Dormiam et requiescam.
What raueſt ỹ ꝙ rightwisenes, or ỹ arte ryght dronk
Leueſt thou that yon light vnlocke might hell,
And saue mans soule, sister wene it neuer,
At the begynning God gaue the dome him selfe
That Adam and Eue and all that them sewed,
Shuld dye downe right and dwell in pyne after,
If that they touched a tree and the frute eaten,
Adam afterwarde agaynst hys defence
Freet of that frute, and forsoke as it were,
The loue of our lord and his lore bothe,

And

And folowed ỹ the fende taught & hys felowes wyll
Against reaſõ & right wiſenes record thus with truth
That their payne be perpetuall, & no prayer thẽ help,
Therfore let them cheue as they chose, & chide we not
For it is boteles bale they byt ỹ they eaten. (ſiſters
And I ſhall proue ỹ peace their payne muſt haue end
And we into waele muſt wende at laſt
For had thei wiſt of no wo, weale had thei not know
For no wighte wotes what weale is ỹ neuer wo ſu-
Ne what is whote hũgre ỹ neuer had defaute (ffred
If no might nere no man as I leue,
Shuld wite witerly, what day is to meane,
Should neuer right richman ỹ liueth in reſt and eaſe
Wyte what wo is, ne were the deth of kinde,
So God that began all of his Good will
Became man of a mayde mankinde to ſaue,
And ſuffred to be ſold to the ſorowe of dyeng
The which buknitteth all care and comſing is of reſt,
For tyll modicum met mid vs I may it well avowe,
Wote no wight as I wene what is inough to mene,
Therfore God of his goodnes ỹ firſt gome Adam,
Set him in ſolace and in ſouereyne myrth
And ſyth he ſuffred him ſinne, ſorowe to fele,
To wit what weale was kyndely to knowe it,
And after God auẽtred him ſelfe & toke Adams kind
To wytt what he hath ſuffred in thre ſundry places,
Both in heauen and in earth and to hell he thinketh
To wyt what all wo is that wote of all ioye,
So it ſhall fare by this folke their foly & their ſynne
Shal lerne them what langor is & lyfe without end,
Wote no wight what warre is there ỹ peace reigneth
Ne what is witerly weale till, welaweye him teache,

Than:

Than was there a wighte with two brode eyen
Boke hyght that beaupier, a bolde man of speach
By gods body, quod thys boke, I wil bear witnes
That tho this barne was borne, there blased a starre
That al the wisemē of this world in one wit accordē
That suche a barne was borne, in Bethlems citye
That mans soule shoulde saue, and synne destroy
And al ỳ elemētes saith the boke hereof bereth witnes
That he was god ỳ al wrought, ỳ welkē first shewed
Tho ther were in heauen tooken, Stella comata
And tindeden hir as a torche, to reuerence his byrth
The light folowed the lorde, into the lowe earth
The water witnessed ỳ he was god, for he wēt on it
Peter the apostle perceiued his gate
And as he wēt on the water, wel him knew & said
Iube me venire ad te super aquas.
And lo how the sunne gan lacke her light in her selfe
Whan she see him suffer that sunne and sea made
The earth for heuines that he woulde suffer
Quaked as quycke thing, and al to quassed the roch
Lo heuē myght not hold, but opened tho God tholed
And let out Simons sonnes to se him hong on roode
And now shal Lucifer leue it, though him loth think
For Gygas the gyant, with a gynne engined
To breake and to beate downe, ỳ ben agayne Jesus
And I boke wolde brente, but Jesus rise to lyue
In al myghtes of man, and his mother glade
And conforten all his kynne, & out of care brynge
And all the Jewes ioye, vnioyne and vnloken
And but if they reuerse his rode, and his resurrection
And bileue on a newe lawe, be lost life and soule
Suffer we sayd Truth, I heare and I se both

Howe a spirite speketh to hel, and byd vnspar ỹ gats
Attollite portas &c.
A voyce loude in that lyght to lucyfer cryeth
Princes in this place vnpinneth and vnlocketh
For here commeth ẅ crowne, that king is of glory
Than sighed Sathan, and sayde to hem all
Such a light againste our leaue, Lazar out fette — fetcht out
Care and combraunce is commen to vs all
If this kinge come in, mankinde wil he fetch
And lead it there him liketh, and lightly me bind
Patriarkes and prophetes haue proled hereof longe — sought
That suche a Lorde and a light, should lead hē al hēce
Listneth quod Lucifer, for I thys lorde knowe
Both this Lord & this light, is long ago I knew it
May no death him deare, ne no fendes quentise
And wher he wil is his wai, & warne him of ỹ perels
If he reue me of my right, he rob beth me by mastrye
For by right and by reason, the reukes that ben here — mine
Body and soule be mine, both good and euil
For him selfe saide, that syze is of heauen
If Adam eate the apple, all shoulde dye
And dwell with vs deuels, this threatenyng he made
And he that sothnes is, said these wordes
And sithen he sealed seuen hundred wynter
I leue that lawe nil not, leaue him the least.
That is sothe quod Satan, but I me sore dreade
For thou gate hem with gile, and his garden brake
And in semblaunce of a serpent, sate apō the apple tre
And eggedest hem to eate, Eue by hir name
And toldest hir a tale, of treason were thy words,
And so thou haddest hem out, and hider at the last — hither
It is not graithly gayten, there gyle is the rote

For God will not be begiled ꝑ Gobelyn, ne be iaped,
We haue no tru title to thē for bi tresō wer thei dānid
Certes I me dred ꝑ the deuil, lest truth wil thē fetch
These. xxx. wynter as I wene he hath gone preched
I haue assayled him with synne, and somtime asked
Wher he wer god or gods sōne, he gaue me short an-
And thus he hath trolid furth this xxxii. winter (swer
And when I se it was so, leaping I went,
To warne Pilatus wyfe, what done mā was Jesus
For Jewes haten him and haue done him to death,
I wolde haue lengthed his lyfe for I leued if he dyed
That his soule shuld suffre no synne in his syght,
For the body while it on bones yede about was euer
To saue man from sinne if him selfe wolde,
And now I se wher a soul cometh hitherward sailig
With glory and w̄ great light God it is I wote wel
Ired we flee quod he faste all hence,
For vs were better not be then abyde his syght
For thy lesinges lucifer, lost is al our praye
First through the we fell from heauen so hye,
For we beleued on thi leasings ilorne we haue Adam
And all oure lordships I leue on land and on water,
Nunc princeps huius mundi eiicietur foras,
Eft the light bad vnloke and Lucifer answered
What lord art thou quod Lucifer, Quis est iste?
Rex glorie, The light soone sayd,
And lord of might and of mayne ⁊ al maner vertues,
Dominus virtutum.
Dukes of this dimme place anon vndo the gates
That Christ may come in, the kings sonne of heauen
And with that breth hell brake with belialles barrs,
For any wye or ward wide open the gates,

Patriarks

Patriarkes and prophetes, Populus in tenebris.
Synging saynct Jesus songe, Ecce agnus dei,
Lucifer lokyng might, so light him a blent, f. blinded
And tho that our lorde loued into his light laught
And sayd to sathan lo here my soule to amendes
For all sinful soules to saue that bene worthy,
Wyle they be a of me I may the better them clayme
Although reason recorde and right of my selfe,
That if they eate the aple all should dye
I behight them not here hell for euer
For the dede ỹ they did thi discreyte it made,
With gyle thou them got, agayne all reason against
For in my place paradise in person of an eddre, adder
Falsely thou fettest there, thing that I loued
Thus lyke a lysard with a ladyes visage
Theefly thou me robbest the old lawe graunteth, wrishly
That gilers be begyled and that is good reason,
Dentem pro dente et oculū pro oculo.
Ergo soule shall soule quite and sin to synne wende
And all that man hath misdo I man will amende,
Membre for membre in tholde lawe was amendes
And lyfe for lyfe also and by that lawe I clayme it,
Adam and all his issue at my will hereafter,
And that death in them fordid, my deth shal releue
And both quickē a quite ỹ queynt was through sine,
And that grace gyle destroyeth, good fayth it asketh,
So leue I not Lucifer, agayne the lawe I fetche thē,
But by right and by reason, ransome here my liges
Non veni soluere legem, sed adimplere,
Thou fettest mine in my place agaynst all reason
Falsely and felously, good fayth me it taught
To recouer them by ransome and by no reason els

So that through gile ÿ gate, through grace it is wō,
Thou lucyfer in likenes of a luther eddre,
Gatidst by gyle tho that God loued
And in lykenes of a leode, that lorde am of heauen
Graciously thy gyle haue quite, go gyle agayne gyle,
And as Adā & all through a tree shulde turne agayne
And gyle is gyled and in hys gyle fallen,

Et cecidit in foueam quam fecit,

Now begynneth thy gile agayne the to turne,
And my grace grow aye greater and wyder
The bytternes that ÿ hast brewed, brouke it thy selfe,
Thou arte doctor of deth, drinke that thou maydest,
For I that am lord of lyfe, loue is my drynke,
And for that drinke to day I dye apon earth
If aught so me thrusteth yet for mans soule sake,
Mayno drinke me moyst ne my thurst slake,
Tyll the vendage fall in the vale of Psaphat
That I drinke right rype must Resurrectio mortuorū.
And than shall I come as a king crowned wt angels,
And haue out of hell all mens soules,
Fendes and fendkins before me shall stande,
And bene at my bidding, wheresoeuer me liketh,
And to be mercyable to man than my kind it asketh,
For we bene brethern of bloud, but not of baptim al,
And all that bene my hole brethern in bloud & baptim
shall not be dampned to death that is without ende,

Tibi soli peccaui, etc.

It it not vsed in earth to hangen a felon,
Ofter then once though he were a traytour
And if the kinge of that kingdome come in that tyme,
There the felon thole shuld death other els
Lawe wold haue geue him lyfe if he loked on him.

And,

And I that am king of kinges shall on such a time
There doome to the deth damneth all wycked
And if I lawe will I loke on them, it lieth in my grace,
Whether they dye or dye not, for that they done ill
Be it any thing about the boldnes of their sinnes,
I do merci through right wisnes & al mi words true
And though holy write wil ỹ I bewroke of thē ỹ did
Nullum malum impunitum, etc.
They shuld be clēsed clerely & washen of their sinnes
In my pryson purgatorye tyll Parce it hoote,
And my mercy shal be shewed to many of my brethrē
For bloud may suffre bloud bothe hungry and a cale,
And bloud may not se bloud blede, but him rewe.
Audiui arcana verba que non licet homini loqui.
And my rightwisenes & right shall rule all hell,
And mercy all mankind before me in heuen,
For I were an vnkinde king, but I my kind helpe,
And namely at such a nede, ther nedes help behoueth
Non intres in iudicium cum seruo tuo.
Thus by lawe ỹ this lord, lead I wyl from hence
Tho that me loued and leued in my comming
And for thi lesing luciser, that ỹ leigh till Eue,
Thou shalt aby it better, & bound him with cheynes
Astaroth and all the rout hyd hem in hernes,
Thei durst not loken on our lord the boldest of hē all,
But lettē hī lead furth what him liked & let what him
Many hundred of angels harped and sange.
Culpat caro purgat caro, regnā deus dei caro
Than pyped peace of poesie a note.
Clarior est solito post marima nebula phebꝰ, post inimicitias
After sharpe shoures ỹ peace, most sheene is the sōne
Is no wether warmer then after watery cloudes,

Ne no loue leeuer, ne leuere frendes
Thã after warre & wo, whã loue & peace be masters
Was neuer war in this world, ne wickednes so kene
That loue and him luste, to laught ne brought
And Peace through patience all perell stopped,
Trewse quod Truth, thou tellest vs soth by Jesus
Clyppe we in couenaunte, and eche of vs kisse other
And let no people, quod peace, perceiue ỹ we chyd
For impossible is nothinge to him, that is almighty.
Thou saist soth qᵗ rightousnes, & reuerẽtly him kissed
Peace and peace here, Per omnia secula seculorum,
Misericordia et veritas obuiauerunt sibi.
Justicia et pax osculate sunt.
Truth trumped tho, and songe, Te deum laudamus
And than luted Loue in a loude note
Ecce quam bonum et quam jucundum. &c.
Tyll the daye dawed these damosels daunced
That mẽ rage to ỹ resurrectiõ, & right wt ỹ I waked
And called Kit my wife, & Collet my daughter
Arise and reuetence gods resurrection
And crepe to ỹ crosse on knees, & kisse it for a Jewell
For gods blessed body it bare for oure bote
And it afereth the fende, for such is the myght
Way no grysly goste glyde, there it shadoweth.

Passus xii. de visione.

Thus I walked & wrote what I had dremed
And dight me derely, and did me to kirke
To here wholy ỹ masse, & to be housled after
In mids of the masse, men wente to offrynge
I fell eftsones a slepe, and sodainly me mette
That Pierce the Plowman was paynted al bloudye

And

And came in with a crosse before the cõmune people
And right like in all lymmes to our lorde Jesus
Than called I conscience, to kenne me the soth
Is this Jesus ỹ iuster & I, that Jewes did to death
Or it Pierce the Plowmã, who painted him so red
Quod Cõscience & kneled tho, these are Piers armes
His colour & his cote armour, & he ỹ cometh so blody
Is Christe w̃ his crosse, cõquerour of christendome
Why cal ye him Christ & I, syth Jewes call him Je-
Patriarkes and prophetes prophecied before (sus
That all kynnes creatures shoulde knele and bowe
Anon as men named this highe name of Jesus
Ergo is no name to the name of Jesus
Ne none so neadfull to name by nyght nor by daye
For all the darke deuels are a drade to here it
And synfull are solaced and saued by that name
And ye call hym Christe, for what cause tel me
Is Christe more of myght, and more worthy name
Than Jesu or Jesus, that all our ioye came of
Thou knowest wel quod cõscience, & ỹ can reason
That knyght kynge conquerour may be one person
To be called a knyght is fair, for mẽ shal knele to him
To be called kyng is fairer, for he mai knights make
And to be cõquerour called, ỹ cometh of special grace
And of hardines of hert, and of hendines
To make Lordes or ladyes, of land that he winneth
And fre men foule thrales, that folow not his lawes
The Jewes that were gẽtilmen, Jesu they despised
Both his lore and his law, now are they low cherles
As wide as the worlde is, wonneth none therin
But vnder tribute and tallage, as tykes and cherles
And tho that became christẽ, by counsel of the baptime

Are

Are frankelens fremen, through fullynge ȳ they toke
And gentilmen wyth Jesu, for Jesus was fulled
And apō Caluery on crosse, crowned king of Jewes
It becommeth to a king to kepe and to defende
As conquerour of conqueste, his lawes & his large
And so did Jesus ȳ Jewes, he iustified & taught hem
The lawe of life that laste shal euer
And defende from foule eutles feuers and fluxes
And from fendes that in them were, & false beleue
Tho was he Jesus of Jewes called gētle prophete
And kinge of kingdome, and crowne bare of thornes
And tho conquered he on crosse, as cōquerour noble
Might no death him fordo, ne adowne bringe
That he naroos and raygned and rauished hell
And tho was he conquerour called of quick & of dead
For he gaue Adam and Eue, and othermoe blysse
That longe had layne before, as Lucifers cherles
And syth he gaue largely, all hys lelly lieges
Places in Paradice, at her partynge hence
He may wel be caled cōquerour, & ȳ is Christ to mene
And the cause ȳ he cometh thus w̄ crosse of ȳ passion
Is to wischen vs therw̄, that when ȳ wee be tempted
Therwith to fight and fend vs, frō falling into sinne
And se by hys sorowe, that who so loueth ioye
To penaunce and to pouerty, he must put him selfe
And much wo in thys worlde willen and suffren
And for to carpe more of Christe, & how he came to ȳ
Faithly for to speke, his first name was Jesus (name
Tho he was borne in Bethlem as the boke telleth
And came to take mankind, kynges and angels
Reuerenced him fayre with riches of thys earth
Angels out of heauen came, knelinge and songe

Glo

Gloria in excelsis deo.

Kynges commen after, kneled and offred,
Myrre and much golde without mede askinge
Of any kinnes cattel, but knowledge him soueraigne
Both of londe sunne and sea, & sithen they wenten
Into their kingdome kyth, by counsel of angels
And ther was that word fulfilled ỹ which ỹ of spake

Omnia celestia terrestria flectantur in hoc nomine Jesu.

For all the angels of heauen at his byrth kneled
And all the wyt of the worlde was in tho thre kinges
Reason and rightuousnes, and Truthe they offered
Wherfore and why, wyse men that tyme
Maisters and lettred men, Magi hem called.
That one king came with reason, couered vnder sence
The second kynge sothly, sithens he offered
Ryghtuousnes vnder redde golde, reasons felowe
Golde is likened to leauty, that last shall euer
And reason to ryche golde, to ryght and to truth
The thyrde kynge tho came knelynge to Jesu
And presented him with pity, apperynge to mirre
For myrre is mercy to meane, & mild speach of tonge
Thre in like honest thinges, were offred thus at once
Throughe thre kinne kinges, knelinge to Jesus
And for al these precious presẽts, our lord prince Jes-
Was nether kyng ne cõqueror, til he gã to wepe (us
In the maner of a man, and that by much sleight
As becõneth a conquerour to konne many slightes to know
And many wylles and wytte, that woll be a leder
And so did Jesus in those dayes, who so had time to
Somtime he suffred, & somtime he hyd him (tell it
And sometime he fought faste, and fle other while
And somtime he gaue good, and graunted heale both

Lyfe and lyme, as he liste he wroghte
As kinde is of a conqueroure, so comsed Jesu
Tyll he hadde all them that he for bledde
In his inuente, this Jesus at Jewen feast
Water into wyne turned, as holy write telleth
And there began god of his grace to do well
For wyne is lykened to lawe, and life of holines
And lawe lacked tho, for men loued not hir enemies
And Christe councelleth thus, and cōmaundeth also
Both to learned and to lewde, to loue our enemies
So at the feaste firste, as I before sayde
Began god of hys grace and his goodnes to do well
And tho was he cleped & called not onely Christe but
A faunt fine ful of witte, Filius Marie, (Jesu
Before his mother Mary, made he that wonder
That she firste and formoste, ferme shoulde beleue
That he through grace was get, & of no gome els
He wrought that by no wyt, but by worde onely
After ẏ kind that he came of, ther comsed he to do wel
And whā he was wexē more, in his mothers absence
He made lame to leape, and gaue light to blynde
And fedde wyth two fyshes, and with fiue loes
Sore afingred folke, moe than fiue thousande
Thus he cōforted the carefull, & caught a great name
The whiche was dobet, wher that he went
For deffe through his doyngs to here, & dōbe to spek
And al he heled & helpt ẏ him of grace asked (he made
And tho was he called in cōtrye of the commō people
For the dedes that he dyd, Fili Dauid Jesus,
For Dauid was doutiest of dedes in his time
The birds tho sōg, Saul interfecit mille & Dauid .x. milia
Therfore ẏ cōtri ther Jesus came, callid him fili Dauid

And

And named him of Nazareth, and no man so worthy
To be kayser or kinge, of the kingedome of Juda
Ne ouer Jewes iustice, as Jesus was hem thought
Wherof Cayphas had enuy, and other of the Jewes
And for to do him to death, day & night they casten
Killed him on crosse wise, at Caluery on a fryday
And sithen buried his body, & beden that mē should
Kepe it from night commers wyth knightes armed
For no frends shold him fetch, for prophets him told
That, that blessed body, of burieis shoulde arise
And gone into Galile, and gladden his apostles
And his mother Mary, thus men before demed
The knyghtes that kepe it, beknew it hem selues
That angels and archangels ere the day spronge
Cōmen kneling to the corps & sōgen Christus resurgēs,
Very man before hem all, & furth wt hem he yede
The Jewes praidē peace, and besought the knightes
Tel ȳ tōmen that ther came a cōpanie of his apostles
And bewiched hem as thei woken, & away stollē him
And Mary Magdalen met him by the way,
Goynge to warde Galile in godhead and māhead
A lyue and lokinge, and she a lowde cried,
In ech a company there she came Christus resurgēs
Thus came it out ȳ Christ ouer came, recouered & li-
Sic oportet Christum pati et intrare. (ued
For that women witteth, may not well be counsel
Peter perceyued thys, and pursued after
Both James and John, Jesu for to seke
Thade and ten moe, with Thomas of Inde
And as these wise wyes weren togythers
In an house all be shette and the dores barred
Christe came in and all closed both dore & gates

To Peter and to his Apostles sayd pax vobis,
And toke Thomas by the hād & taught him to grope
And fele wyth his fingers his flesshy herte,
Thomas touched it and with his tonge sayde
Dominus meus et deus meus.
Thou art my lorde I beleue God lord Jhesu,
Thou diest & deth tholest, and deme shall vs all (judge)
And now art liuing and loking and last shall euer,
(spake) Christ carped than and curtesly sayde
Thomas for thou trowest it, and truly beleuest it
Blessed might thou be, and be shalte for euer, (shalt be)
And blessed might they all be in body and in soule,
That neuer shall se me, in sight as thou hast now
And lelye beleue all this I loue them & blesse them
Beati qui non viderunt. &c.
And when this dede was done, Dobest he taught,
And gaue piers power and perdon he graunted
To all maner of men mercy and forgeuenes,
Him might to assoile of all maner of sinnes,
In couenant ỹ they come and knowledge to paye,
To Piers pardon the plouman, Redde quod debes,
Thus hath piers power be his pardon payde,
To binde and vnbinde both here and els where
And assoylen men of all synnes saue of dette onelye
Anone after an high vp into heuen
(dwelly) He went and wonneth there, and wyl come at last
And rewarde him right well that Reddit quod debet.
Payeth perfitely as pure Trueth would
And what person payeth it, not punish he thinketh
(judge) And demen him at domesday bothe quicke and deade
The good to the Godhead and to good loye,
The wicked to wone in wo without ende,

(dwell)

Thus

Thus conscience of Christ and of the crosse carped,
And coũceled me to knele hereto, & thã cãe me thoght
One Spiritus paracletus to Piers and to his felowes
In likenes of a lightening he light vpon hem all
And made hem kon and knowe all kinne languages,
I wondred what that was and wagged conscience,
And was aferd of the light for in fyres lykenes,
Spiritus paracletus, ouerspred them all
Quod conscience and knelid, this is Christs messager
And cõmeth from ẏ great God & grace is his name,
Knelenow ꝙ conscience and if thou canst sing
Welcome him and worship him, Veni creator spiritus
Than sange I that song and so did many hundred,
And cryed with conscience, helpe vs God of grace,
Than began grace to go with Piers plowman
And councelled him & cõscience ẏ comune to somen
For I wyll deale to day and deuid grace
To all kinne creatures that haue their fyue wittes
Treasure to lyue by to their lyues ende
And weapon to fight with, that will neuer faile
For Antichryst and his, all the world shall greue,
And acombre the conscience but if Christ helpe
And false Prophetes fell flatterers and glosers
Shall come and be curatours, ouer kinges & Erles,
And pryde shalbe pope, Prince of holy kyrke
Couetyse and vnkindenes Cardinals hem to leade,
Therfore ꝙ grace er I go I will gyue you treasure,
And wepõ to fyght ẇ whẽ antichrist you assayleth,
And giue eche man a grace to guyde with hym selfe,
That ydlenes encombre him not, enuy ne pryde
Diuisiones graciarum sunt,
To some he gaue wyt with wordes to shewe

Wyt

Wyt to win their lyuelod with, as the world asketh
As preachers and priestes and prentises of lawe
They lelly to lyue by labour of tong
And by wit to wisse̅ other as grace the̅ wolde teache
And some he kenned craft, and conning of sight
With selling and bigging, theyr lyuelod to wynne
And lerned to labour a lelly lyfe and a true,
And some he taught to tyll, to diche and to thetche
To wyn with their lyuelod by loze of hys teachinge,
Some to diuine and deuide nombres to kenne
And some to se and to say what shuld befall
Both of well and of woe, tell it oz it fell,
As astronomers by astronomi, & philosophers wise
And some to ride & to recouer ỹ vnrightfully was wo̅
He wished the̅ win it agayn thzugh wightnes of hā̅
And fetche it from false men with foule fuels lawes
And some he lerned to liue, in longinge to be hence
In pouertie and in penaunce to pzay foz all chzysten
And all he lerned to be lelli, and ech a craft loue other
And foz bad them all debate ỹ no̅ne were among the̅
Though some be clener then some, ye se wel ỹ grace
That men of ỹ faires craft to ỹ foulist I could haue
Think al ỹ grace ỹ grace cometh of my gyfte, (put
Loke that none lacke other, but loue all as bzethern
And who ỹ mooste masteries can, ỹ mildest of bering
And crowne co̅sciẽce king, & make craft your steward
And after craftes counsell clothe you and fede,
Foz I make pyers ỹ plowma̅ my pzocuratour & my
And register to receyue Reddе quod debes, (true
My power and my plowman pyers shalbe on earth,
And foz to tell truth a teme shall he haue,
Grace gaue Pyers a teme fowze great oxen,

That

That one was Luce a large beast & a low chered,
And Marke & Mathie the thyrd mighty beasts both
And ioyned to them one John, most gentle of all
The prícenete of Pyers plow and passing al other,
And grace gaue piers of his goodnes foure stottes,
All that his oxen eried they to harow it after
One hight Austen, and Ambrose an other
Gregory the great Clarke, and Jerome the good
These sowe the fayth to teach folo weth peers teme
And harowed it in an hand while all holy scripture,
With two harowes that they had, an old and a newe
Id est vetus testamentum et nouum,
And grace gaue greynes the Cardinalle vertues,
And sewe it in mans soule, & sithen he told her names
Spiritus prudencie the firste sede hight;
And who so eateth that, ymagen he shoulde
Er he did any dede, deuise well thende,
And lerned men ladel be with longe stele,
That cast for to kepe a crocke, to saue the fat aboue
The second sede hight, Spiritus temperancie,
He that eate of that sede had such a kynd
Shuld neuer meate ne much drinke make him to swel
Ne should no scorner ne scold, out of skill him bring
Ne winning ne welth of worldly riches,
Wast worde of ydlenes, ne wicked speche moue
Shuld no curious cloth come on his rigge
Ne no meate in hys mouth, ỳ mayster Johan spied
The third sede ỳ piers sewe was Spiritus fortitudinis
And who so eate of that sede hardy was euer
To suffre all that God sent sekenes or angres
Might no lesinges ne lyer, ne losse of worldly cattell,
Make him for any mourning ỳ he nas merie in soule

And

And bolde and abidinge bismeres to suffer
And playeth all with patience, and parce mihi domine,
And couereth him vnder counsel, of Caton the wyse
Esto forti animo cum sis damnatus inique.
The fourth sede that Pierce sewe was spiritus iusticie
And he that eateth of that sede, shalbe euer true
With god and not agaste, but of gyle one
For Gile goth so priuely, that god sayth other while
Way not be espied fro spiritus iusticie,
Spiritus iusticie, spareth not to spill,
Them that be gyltye, and for to correcte
The kynge if he fall in gylte or in trespace
For coũteth he no kinges wrath, whē he court sitteth
To demen as a domes man, adrad was he neuer afraid
Neither of Duke ne of death, that he ne dyd lawe
For presentes ne for prayers, or any princes letters
He did equitie for all, euen forth his power
These four sedes Piers sewe, & sith he did hē harow
With olde lawe and newe that loue might were
Amonge the foure vertues and vices to destroy
For communely in contries, came monkes & wedes
Fouleth the frute in the feld, ther they grow togiders
And so done vices vertues worthy,
Quod Piers harroweth al that konneth kind wytte,
by counsel of these doctours
And tilleth after her teachinge the cardinall vertues,
Againe the graines of grace, gynneth for to ripe
Ordeine the an house of Pierce to harber in ỹ corne
By god Grace, quod Piers, ye might giuen mbre
And ordeyne that house or ye hence wende
And Grace gaue him ỹ crosse wt ỹ crowne of thornes
That Christe apon caluery for mankinde on pined

And

And of this baptisme and bloud that he bled on rode
He made a maner mortare, and mercy it hight
And therwith grace begã, to make a good fundamẽt
And walled it & watled it w̃ his paines & his passion
And of all holy wrytte he made a roufe after
And called that house vnitie, holy churche in englysh
And whan this dede was done, grace deuised
A carte hight christendome, to cary Pierces theues
And gaue him caples to his carte, cõtrition & cõfessiõ
And made prestlode hayward, while hym selfe wẽt
As wide as the worlde is, w̃ Pierce to tilly truth
Nowe is Pierce to the plowe, & pride it spied
And gadered him a greate host, to greue him he thin-
Cõscience & all christen and cardinale vertues (keth
Blow hẽ downe & breake hem, & bite at two ỹ mores
And sent forth Sarquidons, his sargeant of armes
And his spye spill loue, one speake euil behynd
These two comen to cõscience, and to christen people
And told hem tidinges, that tine they sholde the sedes
That Pierce there had sowne, the cardinal vertues
And Pierce barne were broken, & they ỹ be in vnitie
Should come out, & conscience and your two caples
Confession and contrition, and your cart the beleue
Shalbe colored so queintly, & couered vnder your so-
That cõscience shal not know by contrition (phistry
Ne by confession who is christen ne heathen
Ne no maner marchant that w̃ mony dealeth
Whether he wyn w̃ right or w̃ wronge, or w̃ vsurye
With such colour and couetise, commeth pryd armed
Wyth the lorde that liueth after the luste of his bodye
To wasten on welfare, and on wicked kepynge
All the worlde in a whyle through our wit ỹ Pryde

Quod cõscience to al christẽ tho, my counsel is to wẽd
Hastely into vnitie, and holde we vs there
And prai we ẏ a peace wer in Pierces barne ẏ plow
For witterly I wot wel, ẏ we be not of strẽgth (mã
To gone agayne pryde, but grace were with vs
And than came kinde wytte, conscience to teache
And cried and commaunded to all christen people
For to delue and digge, depe aboute vnitie
That holy kyrke stode in vnitie, as it a pyle were
Conscience commaunded tho, all christen to delue
And maken a much mote, that might be a strength
To helpe holy kyrke, and hem that it kepeth
Than all kynne christen saue commen women
Repented and refused sinne, saue they onely
And false men flatterers, vsurers and theues
Lyers and questmongers that were forsworne oft
Wyttingely and wilfully with the false holden
And for syluer were forswore, sothly they wyst it
There nas no christen creature, that kind wit had
Saue shrewes onely, suche as I spake of
That he ne halpe a quantitie, holines to waxe
Some by bedes bidding, & some by pilgrimage.
And other priui paines, & some through paines delig
And than welled water for wicked workes
Egrely ernynge out of mens eyen,
Clennes of the commune, and clarkes cleane liuinge
Made vnitie holy kirke, in holynes to stande
I care not quod Conscience, though pride come now
The lorde of lust shal be letted al this lent I hope
Come quod Conscience, ye christen and dyne
That haue laboured lelly, all thys lente tyme
Here is breade blessed, and gods body therunder

Grace

Grace throughe gods worde, gaue Pierce power
And might to make it, and men to eate it after
In helpe of their heale, once in a monthe
Or as oft as they had nede, tho that had payde
To Pierces pardon the plowman, Redde quod debes
Howe, quod all the common, ỹ counceleth vs to yelde
All that we owe any wight, er we go to housell
That is my counsell quod cõscience, & cardial vertues (Cardinall
That eche man forgiue other, & that will the Pa. no.
Et dimitte nobis debita nostra &c.
And so to be assoyled and sythen houseled,
Yea bawe quod a bruer, I wyll not be ruled
By Jesus for your iangelynge, wt Spiritus iusticie
Ne after Conscience, by Christe while I can sell
Both dragges and draffe, and drawe it at an hole
Thycke ale and thine ale, for that is my kinde
And not hacke after holines, hold thy tong Cõscience
Of Spiritus iusticie, thou speakest much on idle.
Caytife quod Conscience cursed wretche
Unblessed art thou bruer, but if the god helpe
But if thou liue by lore, of Spiritus iusticie,
The chiefe sede ỹ Pierce sewe, saued worste wo neuer
But Cõscience the commune sedde, & cardinal vertues
Leue well they be loste, both life and soule
Than is many a man loste, quod a lewde vycary (Vicar
That am a curatour of holi kyrke, & came neuer in mi (tyme
Men to me coulde tell, of cardinal vertues
Or that coũted Cõscience at a rocks fether or an hens
I ne knew neuer Cardinall, ỹ he ne came fro the pope
And we clarks whã they come, for their cõmens paiẽ
For their pelures & palfreis meat, & pilors ỹ hem fo-
The cõmune Clamat quotidie, ech a mã to other (lowe

The contrey is the cursseder that Cardinals cōmē in
And there thei lig & lenge, most lechery there regneth
Therfore ꝙ this vicory, by bery God, I wold
That no Cardinall cōme amōge the commē people
But in their holynes helden them styll
At Anyon among the Jewes Cum sancto sanctus erit
Or in Rome as they rule well, the relikes to kepe
And thou Conscience in kings courte,
and shuldest neuer come thense,
And grace that thou gredest so of, gidar of al clerks,
And Pyers with his newe plow & eke with his olde,
Emperoure of all ẏ worlde ẏ all men were chrysten,
Imperfit is that Pope ẏ all the worlde shulde helpe,
And sendith hem that sleeth such as he shuld saue,
And well worth pyers ẏ plowmā ẏ persueth God in
Qui pluit super iustos et iniustos, attonce, (doynge
And sent the sonne to saue a cursed mans tilthe
As bright as to the best man or to the best woman
Right so Pyers the Plowman peyneth him to tyl
As well for a wastor and wenches of the stewes
As for him selfe & his seruaūts saue he is first serued
And traueileth and tilleth for a traytor also sore,
As for the true tidie men all tymes ylyke,
And worshipid be he ẏ wroght al both good & wikid
And suffreth ẏ sinfull be till some tyme ẏ they repent,
And God amēd the Pope that pylleth holy kyrke
And claymeth before the kinge to be kepe of chrysten
And coūtethnot though christen be killed and robbed
And find folke to fight and christen folke to spyll,
Agayn thold law & new lawe as Luke therof witne-
Non occides mihi vindiciam, etc, (sseth
It semeth by so him selfe had hys wyll

That

That he ne retche right nought of all the remnant
And Christ of his curtesy the Cardinals frame,
And turne their wit to wisdome, & weale of her soule
For the comune & this Curatoure counten full lytle,
The coũsell of Consciene or Cardinall vertues,
But if they see as by sight somwhat to winning
Of gyle ne of gabing giue thou neuer tale,
For, Spiritus prudentie among the people is gyle
And all the foule vices as vertues they semed
Eche man suttelleth a slight synne for to hide
And coloureth it for a cunning and a cleane liuing
Than laught there a lord, and by the light, sayde
I holde it right and reason, of my reue to take *baily, shrewd*
All that mine auditour or els my stewarde,
Coũcelleth me by their account & by clerkes writinge
With Spiritus intellectus, they seke the reues rollers
And with Spiritus fortitudinis, fetchen it whole,
And than came there a kyng and, by his crowne, sayde,
I am a king with crowne, ỳ commune to rule *people commonalty*
And holy kirke and clergy from cursed men to defend *Church*
And if me lacketh to lyue by the law will I take it *lack*
There I may moost hastely it haue for I am head of
For ye be but membres and I aboue all (lawe
And syth I am your allerhede, I am your allerhele,
And holy church chiefe helpe & chefest am of ỳ cõmõ.
And what I take of you two I take it of ỳ teachig,
Of Spiritus iusticie, for I iudge you all.
So may I boldly be housseled, for I borowe neuer,
Ne craue of my commune but as my kinde asketh,
In condicion quod conscience that thou can defende,
And rule thy realme by reason as right wyll & truth.
Take thou might in reason, as the law asketh

Omnia

Omnia tua sunt ad defendendum sed non ad depredandum,
The vicar had fair home and faire he toke hys leue,
And I awaked therwith and wrote as me met,

Passus. xx. et primus de dobest.

THã I wêt by ỹ waye whã I was thus awa
Heuy chered I yede and eleng in hert (ked
I ne wist where to eate ne at what place,
And it nighed nye ỹ none, and wo nede I met
That akrounted me foule, and faitour me called
Canst thou not excuse the as dyd the kyng and other
That thou toke to thy bileue to clothes & to sustinãce
As by teachinge and by tellinge of spiritus tẽperancie,
And thou nome namore then nede the taught
And nede hath no law ne neuer shall fall in dette
For thre thinges he taketh his lyfe for to saue,
That is meat whẽ mẽ hi warne & he no money welde
Ne wight ỹ wilbe his borow, & hath no wed to ligge
And he caught in that case & came therto by sleyghtes
He sinneth not sothely, that so wynneth hys fode
And though he cã so to a cloth & cã no beter cheuisãce
Nede anone right, winneth him vnder mayne prise.
And if him lyst for to laye, the lawe of kynd wold,
That he dronke at eche diche er he for thurst dyed,
So nede at great nede may nimen as for hys owne,
Without coũcell of conscience or Cardinall vertues,
So that he sewe and saue, spiritus temperancie
For is no vertue by fer, to spiritus temperancie,
Neyther spiritus iusticie, ne spiritus fortitudinis,
For spiritus fortitudinis forfeteth full oft
He shall do more then measure many a tyme and ofte,
And beate men ouer bytter and some of them to litel,

And

And greueth men greater than good fayth it wolde,
And Spiritus iusticie shall iudge will he nyll he, whither he will or no
After the kinges counsell, and the commen lyke
And spiritus prudencie in many pointes shall fayle
Of that he weneth wold faile, if his witte ne were
Weninge is no wisdome ne wise ymaginacyon,
Homo proponit, deus disponit, & gouerneth al good ber-
And nede is next him for anon he meketh him, (tues tameth
And as low as a lambe, for lacking of ẏ him nedeth,
Wise men forsoke weale, for they wold be nedye
And weneden in wildernes and wold not be rich
And God all his great ioye gostly he left,
And came and toke mankind and became nedy
So nedy he was as sayth the boke in many sondrye
That he sayd in his sorow on the selfe roode (places,
Both fore and foule may flee and to hole crepe
And the fysshe hath fyn to flete with forest,
There nede hath innomed me ẏ I must nedes abide,
And suffre sorowes ful soure, that shall to ioy turne,
Therfore be nought abashed to byde and to be nedy,
Ne neuer none so nedy ne poore died,
Whan nede had vndone me thus anon I fell a slepe,
And met full marueloussly ẏ in a mans forme
Antichrist came than and all the croppe of trueth
Turned vpsidoune, and ouer tilt the rote, forth, ouerthrew ẏ whole
And false spring and spred and sped mens nedes
In eche a contrey ther he came he cut away trueth, where
And garte gile growe there as he of God were,
Freres folowed that fende, for he gaue hem copes
And religious reuerenced him and rang their belles,
And all the couent furth came to welcome that tirant,
And all his aswell as him, saue onely fooles

Whiche foles were well leuer to dye than to lyue
Lenger, syth Leauty was so rebuked
And a false fende Antechryste, ouer all folke raygned
And ỹ were mild mẽ & holy mẽ, ỹ no mischiefe dyede
Defieden all falsenes, and folke that it vsed
And what king ỹ hẽ cõforted, knowing hẽ any whyle
They cursed & her coũsel, were it clarkes or lewde
Antichryst had thus some hundredes at his banner
And pryde it bare boldly about where he yede
Wyth a Lord that liueth after the likynge of his body
That came agayne Cõscience, ỹ keper was & gydour
Ouer kinde christen, and cardinall vertues
I counsell quod Conscience, come with me foles
Into vnitie, holy church, and holde we vs there
And cry we to kinde, that he come and defende vs
Foles frõ these fẽdes lims, for Piers loue ỹ plowmã
And cry we to all the commune, ỹ they come to vnitie
And there abide and byker, against Belials children.
Kynd Cõscience tho heard, & came out of the planetis
And sent forth his forriours, feuers and fluxes
Coghes and cardiacles, crampes and toth aches
Reumes and radgondes, and raynous scalles
Byles and botches, and burnynge agues
Freneges and foule euill, foragers of kinde
Hadden pricked and prayed polles of the people
That largely a legion losten their liue sone
There was haro we and helpe here commeth kinde
With death that is dreadefull to vndone vs all
The lorde that liued after lust, tho aloude cried
After confort a knight, to come & beare his banner
Alarme a larme quod ỹ Lord, ech life kepe his own
And than met these men, their mynstrels myght pype

And

And their heraudes of armes, had descriued Lordes
Age the hoore he was in the bawarde
And bare ỳ bãner before death, bi right he it claimed
Kynde came after wyth many kene sores
As pockes and pestilences, and much people shent
So kinde through corruptions killed full many
Death came driuynge after, and to dust pashed,
Kynges and Kaysers, knightes and Popes
Learned and lewde, he ne let no man stande
That he hitte euen, he neuer stode after
Many a louely Ladye, and lemmans of knights
Swonden and swelten for sorow of deathes dyntes
Conscience of his curtesye, to kinde he besought
To cease and suffre, and se where they woulde
Leue pryde priuelie, and be perfite christen
And kinde ceased tho, to se the people amende
Fortune gan flatteren then, tho fewe that were alyue
And hight hem longe life, and lechery she sent
Amonges all maner men, wedded and vnwedded
And gathered a great host, all agayne Conscience
This Lechery layde on with a laughynge chere
And with a priuye speache and paynted wordes
And armed him in idlenes, and in hygh bearyng
He bare a bowe in hys hand, & many bloudy arrowes
Were fethered w̄ false beheste, & many a false trueth
Wyth hys vntidye tales, he tened full often
Conscience and his company, of holy kirke ỳ techers
Than came Couetise and caste howe he might
Ouercome Conscience, and cardinall vertues
And armed him in auarice, and hongrily lyued
His wepen was all wiles, to wynnen and to hyden
Wyth glosinges & w̄ glabbinges, he gyled the people

Symony him sent to assayle conscience
And preched to the people and prelates they maden,
To hold with antichrist their temperalties to saue,
And came to kinges counsell as a kene baron,
And kneled to conscience in court afore them all,
And garde good fayth flee and false to abyde,
And boldly bare downe with many a bright noble,
Much of the wit and wisedome of westminster hal
He iustled tyll a Justice, and iusted in his eare
And ouertilt al his truth, will take this apō amēdmēt
And to the arches in hast he yede anone after,
And turned cyuile into symoni & syth he toke thofficial
For a mantell of minuer he made lelly matrimonye,
Departen er death came, and deuourse shaped
Alas ꝙ conscience tho, wold Christ of his grace
That couetise were a christē that is so kine a fighter,
And bold and abiding while his bagge lasteth
And than lough lyke, and let dagge his clothes
And armed him in hast in harlottes wordes,
And held holines a Jape, and hendnes a waster,
And lete leautie a cherle, and lyer a freman
Conscience and rouncell he counted at foly,
Thus leled lyfe for a lytle fortune,
And priked furth with pride, prayed he no vertue,
He careth not how kinde slouth shall come at last
And kyll all earthely creatures, saue conscience onely
Lyfe lept aside and caught him a lemman,
Healthy and Jꝙ he, and heauynes of herte
Shall do the no drede nether death ne Elde,
And to forget death and gyue nought of synne,
Thys lyked lyfe and his lemman fortune,
And gat in their glory a gadling at last,

One

One that much wo wrought slouth was his name,
Slouth were wonder yerne, and sone was of age
And wedded one wanhope a wench of the stewes,
Hyr syre was a syser that neuer swore trueth
One Tomme twotong, atteint of ech a quest
This Slouth was ware of warre, and a slyng made
And threwe drede of dispayre, adozē myles aboute
For care conscience tho cryed apon age,
And bad him fend a sight and afere wanhope,
And age hent good hope, and hastely he shyftes him
And wained awaye wanhop, & with lyfe he fighteth,
And lyfe fleeth for fere to phisike after helpe,
And besought him of his succoure & of his salue had,
And gaue him gold good wonne ỹ gladded his hart
And they gaue him agayne a glasen howne,
Lyfe leued that lechecraft let shulde Elde
And driuen away death with drias and dragges,
And Elde auentred him on lyfe, and at last he hyt
A phisician with a furred hode that he fell in the palsy
And their died that docter er thre dayes after,
Now I see sayd lyfe that surgery ne phisike
May not a myte auayle, to medle agayne Elde
And in hope of his heale good harte he hente
And rode so to reuell a rych place and a mery
The company of comforth men clipped it some tyme
And Elde anone after, and ouer my head shelyede
And made me bald before and bare on my crowne,
So hard he yede ouer my heade ỹ it will be seue euer
Syr reuell taught Elde & I, vnheende go wyth the,
Sithe whan was the way ouer mens heades:
Haddest ỹ bene hende & I, ỹ woldest haue asked leue
Yea leaue lurden & he, and layde on me with age,

And hit me vnder the eare, vnneth may ich heare
He buffeted me about the mouth, and bet out my teth
And gyued me in goutes, I may not go at large,
And of the wo that I was in my wyfe had ruthe,
And wished full witterly that I were in heauen,
For the lyme that she loued me for, & leef was to feele
On nightes namely when we naked were,
I ne might in no maner make it at hyr will,
So Elde and she sothely had forbeaten it,
And as I satte in this sorowe I se kinde passed
And death drewe nere me, for drede gan I quacke,
And cryed to kinde out of care me bringe
Lo Elde the hore hath me byseye.
Awreke me if your will be for I wold be hence,
If thou wold be wroken, wend into vnitie
And hold the there euer tyll I send for the,
And loke thou konne some craft ere thou come thence
Counsell me kynd q I, what craft is best to learne,
Learne to loue q kinde and leaue all other,
Howe shall I come to cattel so, to cloth me & to fede
And thou loue lelly q he, lacke shall the neuer,
Weat ne worldly wede, whyle thy lyfe lasteth,
And there by counsell of kinde, I comsed to runne
Through contricion & confessiõ till I came to vnitie,
And there was conscience constable, christen to saue,
And besieged Sothelie with seuen great Gyantes
That with antichrist holden harde agayn conscience,
Sloth was his slyng and hard assawte made, assault
Proude priests come with him mo then a thowsand,
In paltoks and piked shoes and pissers long knyues,
Comen agayne conscience with couetyse they helden,
By Mary q a mansed priest of the march of Ireland,

I count no more conscience, by so I catche siluer
Than I do to drinke a draught of good ale,
And so sayd sixty of the same contrey
And shotten againe with shote many a shefe of othes
And brode hoked arowes, Gods hert and his nailes,
And had almost vnitye and holynes adowne
Conscience cryed, helpe clergy, or els I fall,
Through imperfite priests & prelates of holy church
Fryers harde him crye and came him to helpe,
And for thei coud not wel her craft, cõscience hem for them
Nede neighed tho nere, and cõscience he tolde (soke
That they came for couetyse to haue cure of soule,
And for thei are pore perauẽter for patrimony hẽ fail
They flatter to fare well folke that bene ryche, (lith
And syth they chosen chele and cheitif pouertte.
Let thẽ chewe as they chosẽ, & charge thẽ w̃ no cure,
For Lomer he lyeth that lyuelode might begge,
Than he ỹ labboureth for liuelod & leneth it beggers,
And sith fryers forsoke, the filicitie of the earth
Let them be as beggers or lyue by Angels foode,
Conscience of this councell tho comsed to laugh,
And curtesly comforted him and called in al fryers,
And sayd syrs sothely welcome be you all
To vnitie and holy church, one thing I you praye
Hold you in vnitie and haue no enuye,
To lerned men ne to lewde, but lyue after your rule,
And I will be your borow ye shall haue bred & cloth purity
And other necessaryes ynowe ye shall nothing fayle,
With that ye leaue lodgike and learne to loue,
For loue lost the lordshyp, both land and schole
Fryer Fraunces and dominike for loue to be holy,
And if ye couet cure, kynd wyll you teache.

God

That

That in measure God made all maner thinges
And set hem at a certen and a seker nombre,
And nempned names newe and nombred the sterres.
Qui numerat multitudinem stellarum & omnibus &c.
Kynges and knightes that kepen and defenden,
Haue officers vnder hem, and eche of hem certē
And if they wage mē to war they wryte hem in nōbre
Or they wil no treasure hem pay, trauaile they neuer
For all other in battel, bene holden bryboys (so sore
Pylors and pikeharneis, in eche a place accursed,
Monks and monyales and all men of relygion,
Their order & their rule wold to haue a certē nombre
Of lerned and of lewde, the lawe will and asketh,
A certen for a certen, saue onely of Fryers.
Therfore cy cōsciēce, by Christ, kinde witte me telleth
It is wicked to wage you, ye wexe out of nombre,
Heauen hath euen nombre, & hell is without nombre
Therfore I wolde witterly yᵗ ye were in yᵗ registres,
And your nōbre vnder notaries signe & neither mo nē
Enuy hard this and bad fryers go to schole, (lesse
And lerne logike and lawe, and eke contemplacion,
And preache men of Plato, and prieue it by Seneca,
That all thinges vnder heauē ought to be in cōmune
And yet he lyeth as I leue yᵗ to the lewde so precheth,
For God made men a lawe, and Moses it taught,
Non concupisces rem proximi tui,
And euel is his holde in parisches of Englande,
For parsons & parische prestes yᵗ shuld yᵗ peple shriue
Bene Curatuors called to know and to heale,
To all yᵗ bene their parishens penance to enioigne
And shuld be ashamed in their shrift, & shame makith
And flee to yᵗ Fryers, as false folke to Westminster

That

That boroweth & beareth thider, & thē biddith frēds
Yerne of fogifenes or lenger yeres loone
And while he is in westminster he wil be before,
And make him mery with other mens goods
And so it fareth with much folke ẏ to fryers shriueth
As sisours & executours they will gyue the fryers,
A percell to pray for them & make them selfe merye,
With ẏ residue & ẏ rēnaūt ẏ other men be swonken,
And suffre the dead in det to the day of dome,
Enuy therfore hated conscience,
And friers to philosiphy he found hem to schole,
The while couetise and vnkindnes, consciēce assayled
In vnitie holy church, conscience healed him
And made peace porter, to pinne the gates
To all tale tellers and tutelers in ydell,
Hypocrisy and he an harde assaute they made
Hipocrisy at gate hard gan to feight,
And wounded well wickedlye many a wyse teacher,
That w̄ cōscience accorded, and Cardynall vertues
Conscience called a leche that could wel shryue,
Go salue tho ẏ sick ben, and through sinne wounded,
Shrift shope sharpe salue and made hem do penance
For their misdedes that they wrought hadden,
And that piers were payde, Redde quod debes,
Some lyked not this leche, and letters they sent,
If any surgeō were in the sege, ẏ softer could plaster
Syr life to liue in lechery laye there and groned,
For fastyng of a fryday, he fared as he wold dye
There is a surgeon in this sege that soft can handle
And more of phisyke he can and fayrer he plastereth,
One frier flatterer is phisician and surgeon,
Quod contricion to conscience do him come to vnitie

For here is many a man hurt through hypocrisie
We haue no nede of Conscience, I wot no better lech
Than person or parishe priest, penitaūcer or bishop
Saue Pierce the plowman, ỹ hath power ouer hē al
And indulgence may do, but if that dette let it
I may wel suffer quod conscience, seinge ye desieren
That Fryer flatterer befet, a phisike you seke
The Fryer hereof harde, and hied full faste
To a lorde for a letter, leaue to haue curen
As a curatour he were, and came wt hys letters
Boldely to the byshop, and his brefe had,
In contryes there he came in, confession to here
And came ther Conscience was, & knocked at ỹ gate
Peace vnpinned it, was porter of vnitie
And in haste asked what hys wyll were
I sayth quod this Frier, for profit and for healthy
Carpe I wold wt cōtrition, & therefore I came hither
He is sicke sayde Peace, and so is many an other
Hypocrisie hath hurt him, ful harde is he of couer
I am surgion sayde the segge, and salues can make
Conscience knoweth me wel, and what I cā do both
I praye the quod Peace tho, ere thou passe further
What hightest thou I pray the, heale not thy name
Certes sayd thys felowe, syr Penetrans domos.
Go thy gates quod Peace, by god, for all thy phisike
But thou kenne some craft, thou cōmest not herein,
I knewe such one once, not eyght winters passed
Came in thus coped, at a court wher I dwelled
And was my lordes leche, and my ladies bothe
And at laste this limitour, tho my lord was out
He salued so our women, tyll some were wt childe.
Heende speach heete Peace to open the gates

Let in the frier and his felowe & make him fair chere
He may se and heare, so it may befall
That lyfe through his lore, shall leaue couetise
And be a drade of death, and withdrawe him frō pryd
And accord w̄ conscience, and kisse either other.
Thus through hende speach, entred the fryer
And came to Conscience, and curtesly him grete
Thou art welcome q̄ Cōscience, canst ȳ heale ȳ sick?
Here is contricion quod conscience, my cosin woūded
Confort him quod cōscience, & take kepe to his sores
The playsters of ȳ person, and pouders beatē to sore
He letteth hem ligge ouerlōg, & lothe is to chaūg hem
From lenten to lenten, he let his playsters byten.
That is ouerlōg q̄ this Limitor, I leue I shal amēd
And goth & gropeth cōtriciō, & gaue him a plaister (it
Of a pryuy payment, & I shal pray for you,
And for all that ye bene holden to, all my lyue longe
And make you my Ladye in masses and in matins
As Fryers of our fraternitie, for a litle siluer.
Thus he goth & gadereth, & gloseth ther he shriueth
Till contricion had cleane for goten to crye & to wepe
And wake for his works, as he was wont to do
For confort of hys confessour, Contricion he lost.
That is the souereynest salue, for all kinnes synnes
Slouthe see that, and so dyd pryde
And commen with a kene wyll, conscience to assayle
Conscience cryed out, and bade clergy helpe him
And also contricion, for to kepe the gate
He lieth & dreameth said Peace, & so doth many other
The fryer with his phisike, this folke hath enchaūted
And plastred hem so easely, they dred no synne
Bi Christ q̄ Cōscience tho, I wol become a pilgrime

And walken as wyde as the world lasteth
To seke Pierce the plowman, that pride may destroy
And that Fryers had a finding, ý for none nede flatteren
And cõtrepledeth me Cõscience, now kind me aueng
And send me hap & heale, til I haue Piers ý plowma
And syth he grad after grace, til I gan awake.

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